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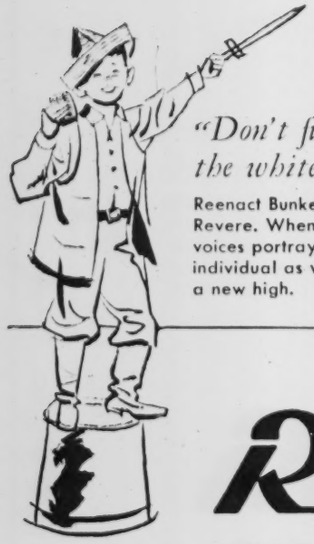

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Name and address of school you teach.....

How long with present employer..... Previous employment.....

Husband or wife's employment..... Salary per month $.....

To whom are payments on auto made? (Name)..... Town.....

Bank you deal with (Name)..... Town.....

Amount you owe bank? $..... Monthly payments? $.....

What security on bank loan?.....

List below OTHER Loan or Finance company (or person) you NOW owe on a loan:

$..... to (Name)..... (Add.).....

Pay rent or real estate payment to? (Name)..... Town.....

Purpose of loan .....

The following are all the debts that I have:

Full Amount I Still Owe	Paying Per Mo.	To Whom Owing	Address
$.....	$.....	.....	.....
$.....	$.....	.....	.....
$.....	$.....	.....	.....

FILE INFORMATION ONLY — Please list below relative information for our confidential files

Name of Relative..... (Relationship).....
Street..... Town..... State..... Occup.....

Name of Relative..... (Relationship).....
Street..... Town..... State..... Occup.....

Name of Relative..... (Relationship).....
Street..... Town..... State..... Occup.....

Name of Relative..... (Relationship).....
Street..... Town..... State..... Occup.....

The above statements are made for the purpose of securing a loan. I agree that if any loan be completed, the U.S. Mail shall be regarded as my agent.

Sign Full Name Here _____ Street Address.....

Town..... County..... State.....

NOTE

Amt. of loan	1st pmt. due date	Final pmt. due date	Prin. and Int. pmt. in ..... Mo. pmts.	Mo. pmt. (except final) $	Final pmt. equal in any case to the unpaid principal and int.	Omaha, Nebraska Date .....

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Default in the payment of any instalment of the principal or charges, or either, shall at payee's option, without notice, render the then unpaid balance due and payable.

It is agreed that the validity and construction of this note shall be determined under and by virtue of the laws of the State of Nebraska.

This note and any evidence of security accompanying it are subject to acceptance by the payee at its office located as shown above. It is understood that if the loan is not approved, this note and any evidence of security accompanying it will be promptly returned to the undersigned.

NO PRINCIPAL PAYMENTS REQUIRED DURING MONTHS IN WHICH TEACHING SALARY IS NOT RECEIVED.

PERSONAL SIGNATURES REQUIRED

_____

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(If married, both husband and wife must PERSONALLY sign)

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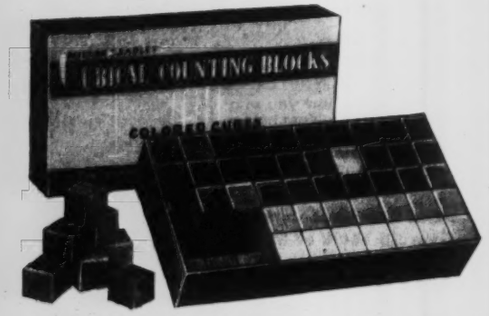

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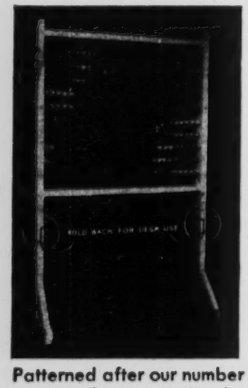

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Talking It Over-

Friendly Chats with the Editor

REGARDLESS of what you teach or what you will be using for your Christmas program this year, I hope you will take time to read the heart-warming letter from *Myriam Toles*, which accompanies her play on page 34. When *Ruth Birdsall* and I discussed it, we were touched by the way in which a teacher and her group worked out the solution of a difficult problem together. Truly creative dramatics serves many purposes in the classroom, and not the least of them is the greater group consciousness which it so often develops.

There are many problems in planning and organizing the material for a good December *Instructor*, and one that is highly involved but really very pleasant is assembling the children's gift suggestions (see pages 81-82). *Betty Noble* takes care of this feature and for the past month her office has looked like a toy store. Each morning's mail brings new excitement as she unwraps another company's prize selection.

Last year many of you teachers wrote us that you duplicated the list and passed it on to the parents, and already we have received letters asking if we are repeating the service this year. It's really a healthy sign that mothers and fathers are turning to the school, and to you teachers, for recommendations on worth-while Christmas purchases.

Yesterday I had an interesting letter from Marcia Keel, *who teaches in upstate New York. Her school, with a fair share of Protestants, Catholics, and Jews, had been discussing a prayer that would be suitable for each group and which the children might say at special assemblies and other appropriate times. One teacher finally turned to a Jewish faculty member and asked if the Lord's Prayer could be modified to fit the entire school. The teacher smiled a bit wryly and replied that the Prayer was composed by a Jew and first prayed by Jewish people and she saw no reason why it wouldn't be very acceptable.*

Miss Keel feels they all had a lesson in brotherhood, and I agree. In fact I'm passing it on to you as a thought for the Christmas-Chanukah season.

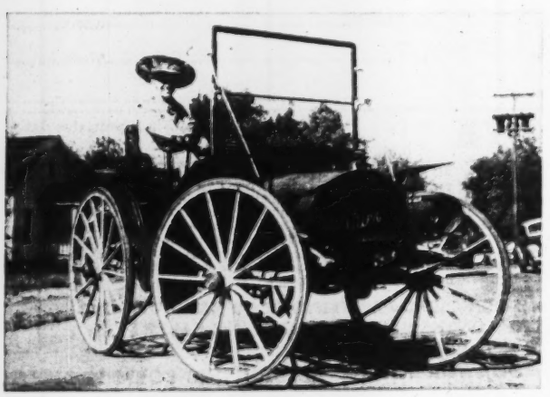
So! I started something last month when I quoted Margaret Mason's *rhyming puzzle and didn't tell the answer. First, someone in our own composing room who couldn't figure it out wanted to know what the magic four letters were. Then the inquiries began coming in the mail, and finally several nights ago Margaret had a phone call from Roanoke, Virginia. An old friend had been working on the verse for hours, and in desperation was phoning so she wouldn't stay awake all night. We won't keep it a secret any longer. In the proper order the words are* vile, evil, veil, Levi, live.

The *John Noons*, whom we visited in Africa last Christmas, are back in America on a visit. *Betty Noon* and *I*, along with other doting relatives, went to the boat to meet them. Later I overheard *Aunt Sara* questioning *Erica* (nearly 11) about the school she attended in Nairobi. It's a very formal British school, a decided contrast to the interesting Westbrook school she had gone to when her family lived just outside of Washington, D.C. When asked to compare the two, Erica thought a moment and then said, "I guess the school in Nairobi prepares you best for college, while the Westbrook school prepares you best for life." Food for thought?

I hope you will enjoy our Christmas card for you on page 11. It was designed by Cynthia Amrine, *and she got her inspiration from a ride she had in the early automobile shown below. It is a 1907* Duer, *belonging to* Harold Gilbert, *who runs the assembly machine that puts* The Instructor *together. In his spare time he tinkers with the Duer and five other old cars he has acquired. For a while Harold drove the car to work and when he brought it to the Company picnic he was the life of the party. Oldsters and youngsters alike wanted a ride, and Harold obliged them all.*

Just in case you can't identify all of us on page 11, turn to page 78, where Cynthia has drawn a key.

Mary E. Dwan



REVIEWS of *New Records*

ELVA S. DANIELS

PART of the thrill of Christmas comes as we unpack the tree ornaments that have been treasured ever since we can remember, and set up the garden under the tree, full of objects that have been collected and used through the years. It is time to fetch out that well-worn copy of *A Visit from St. Nicholas* and Dickens' *Christmas Carol*, or *The Littlest Angel*, and don't forget one of the best loved records, *The Nutcracker Suite*.

This old legend has as many versions as there are storytellers, but many are not written in a style for children. There is a wonderful album, however, that includes both the music and a delightful storybook —*The Nutcracker Suite*, Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra (RCA Victor, WRY 9000, 45 rpm, $3.10). The music is superbly played and the story is told so the music can be played at the appropriate time. The illustrations are charming, and you will appreciate the color picture of Mr. Nutcracker. If your class is beyond the picture-book stage, you may prefer the 33⅓ rpm version (LRY 9000, $5.72) which also contains the "William Tell Overture" and "The Skaters Waltz."

If you like to add something new you should not miss the recorded version of *Amahl and the Night Visitors* (RCA Victor WDM 1701, 45 rpm, $4.90). *Amahl* was the first opera commissioned for television, and was given its world première by the NBC television on Christmas Eve, 1951. The music, although contemporary, is not the nerve-jarring dissonance you might expect. The story leaves the listener with a lump in the throat and a heart full of the warmth of Christmastide. Chet Allen, who has since outgrown his boy-soprano role, is sure to win your heart as the little crippled boy, and each of the Three Kings assumes a real personality. The album contains the complete libretto. The words are crystal-clear, and a class of good listeners will have no trouble in following the plot. Don't miss the new classic which is fast becoming an old favorite! (Also available on 33⅓ rpm, LM 1701, $5.45.)

Your classroom mothers may be planning to give your room a Christmas present. If they ask you for a suggestion why not mention a set of records? May I suggest an album that is a bit different—"Rainbow Rhythms" (Series Three, 78 rpm, three records, eleven rhythms, $4.50). These are piano recordings of original rhythmic patterns and songs. Some of the music is suggestive of snowflakes falling, a cat walking, or ice skating. The rhythmic pattern in each case is strongly accented, and with only a piano playing, it is easier for small folks to follow. This third series features songs, games, and folk dances, as well as imitations and rhythmic skills. You may want to look at the contents of Series Two, which is more basic. These recordings must be ordered direct from: Rainbow Rhythms, P.O. Box 608, Emory University, Georgia.

If you delight in tinkling on the piano a bit, buy the Rainbow Rhythms piano book for $2.98 from the same source. It's chock-full of music easy enough for *you* to play. There are action-story songs, rhythm-band numbers, animal imitations, and folk games.

Are your little pupils reluctant to sing? Try playing song records, and after several repetitions, the tots will soon be singing in spite of themselves. Of course, some songs should be in every child's repertoire: "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star," "Three Blind Mice," "Pat-a-Cake," "Bobby Shafto," and so on. You can find them, and more, on *Songs for Singing* (Mercury-Childcraft, No. 4, 78 rpm, $1.05). The songs present a nice variety of tempi, and are sung in a modern style. The voices are clear and natural, and the instrumentation is light enough not to get in the way. A few sound effects are thrown in for good measure, and it all adds up to pleasant listening.

Any child of preschool age who views television is sure to be familiar with Miss Frances and Ding Dong School. Many of her songs and activities are completely *à propos* to kindergarten children, and if your school does not boast a TV set, buy one of Miss Frances' records. *Riding Along* (RCA Victor, EYA 29, 45 rpm, $1.25) contains a delightful little story with songs about Larry the Lightning Bug, a demonstration of five kinds of bells, and a song about riding in a car, on a cloud, and on a pony. This is an extended-play record.

Where to Get the Records

If records reviewed in this department each month cannot be purchased or ordered from your local record store, you can secure them from either of these two supply houses: Children's Reading Service, 1078 St. John's Place, Brooklyn 13, N.Y. (excellent catalogue classified and graded. $.10), and Educational Services, 1702 K St., N.W., Washington, D.C. (free catalogue).

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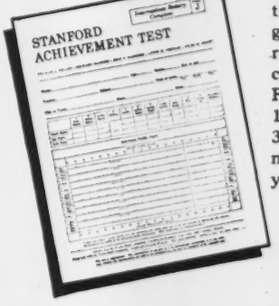

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Books for Children

REVIEWED BY Christine Gilbert

Curriculum Director, Public Schools, Manhasset, Long Island, New York

NOEL FOR JEANNE-MARIE
By Francoise

Jeanne-Marie and her pet sheep Patapon celebrate Christmas. Since Father Noel delivers the Christmas gifts in shoes in France, and Patapon doesn't have any shoes, Jeanne-Marie faces a problem. However, Father Noel places a little *Santon* in Jeanne-Marie's shoes and Patapon gets a yellow satin ribbon with a bow and tinkling bell.

Ages 4-8 — *Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.25*

DANNY'S LUCK
By Lavinia R. Davis; pictures by Hildegard Woodward

Danny's family had told him he was going to receive a seventh-birthday present that would begin with the letter "B," but Danny couldn't imagine why he had to be seven years old to get this special present. The day finally came and he found a real burro in the stable awaiting him.

Ages 4-8 — *Doubleday; $2.50*

THE CHRISTMAS BUNNY
By Willis Lindquist; pictures by Nicolas Mordvinoff

On the day before Christmas, Davy's mother told him to go for a walk in the snow. Davy found that on this magic eve, all the animals in the woods could talk and all were waiting for Santa Claus to arrive.

Ages 4-8 — *Harcourt, Brace & Co.; $2.50*

THE COW VOYAGE
Written and illustrated by Earle Goodenow

Marie Louise, a little Swiss girl, had taught her father's cows to play music with their cow bells. When asked to give a concert, Marie Louise and her cows went to town by boat to give their concert.

Ages 5-8 — *Alfred A. Knopf; $2.00*

WHO BUILT THE HIGHWAY?
Story and pictures by Norman Bate

Modern machinery, especially road-making equipment, fascinates children. Fine text and excellent illustrations portray the different machines used to build a modern highway today.

Ages 4-8 — *Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.50*

THE HEIR TO CHRISTMAS
By Patricia Gordon, illustrated by Garry MacKenzie

Timothy was left an inheritance by his great-great aunt. It proved to be a box of old toys. Through these toys and Christmas ornaments, Timothy felt the warmth and glow of Christmas.

Ages 4-10 — *The Viking Press; $2.00*

STAR OF WONDER
By Robert R. Coles and Frances Frost; pictures by Paul Galdone

The Hayden Planetarium's Christmas show is a presentation of the heavens as they looked at the time of Christ's birth with possible scientific explanations for the great star. This story of the explanations makes "the wonder" even greater.

Ages 6-10 — *McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc.; $2.25*

FREEDOM AND PLENTY, OURS TO SAVE
Written and illustrated by Wilfrid S. Bronson

Graphic text and humorous illustrations make conservation of our natural resources a very readable subject that children will enjoy.

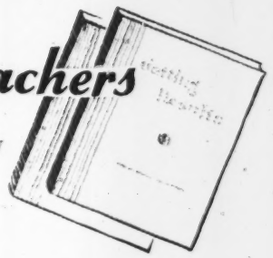
Ages 7-12 — *Harcourt, Brace & Co.; $2.95*

MR. REVERE AND I
Written and illustrated by Robert Lawson

The life story of Paul Revere is told through Scheherazade, his horse. Scheherazade had once been one of His Royal Majesty's horses, but after she was sent to America she became a "has-been" and was discarded to the glue factory. Here she was rescued by Sam Adams and sent to Paul Revere's home.

Ages 8-12 — *Little, Brown & Co.; $3.00*

Books for Teachers



REVIEWED BY Ruth M. Northway

Elementary Principal, Central School, Springville, New York

School Texts

LET'S GO

By Samuel A. Thorn and Jeanne Brouillette

This collection of nine beautifully illustrated stories in the "Science and Conservation Series" focuses on science experiences readily available to all small children. The content stimulates observation of pets, squirrels, sun and rain, trees, birds, seeds, and the everyday environment. All of this is done with a vocabulary of thirty-seven words, which makes possible the use of this book for independent reading. *Beckley-Cardy Co.; $1.20*

JUST IMAGINE!

By Gray, Monroe, and Artley

This transition reader in the "Curriculum Foundation Series" can be used to review primary-grade vocabulary and skills, and promote rapid, fluent reading. Special ways of helping slow children are all worked out, step by step, in the teacher's guidebook and in the pupil's workbook. There are thirty-five fast-moving stories with illustrations in color. *Scott, Foresman Co.; $1.80*

TRUE BOOK SERIES

AIR AROUND US, PLANTS WE KNOW, ANIMALS OF SMALL POND, and HONEYBEES

By Margaret Friskey, Irene Miner, Phoebe Erickson, and John Lewellen

These informal scientific stories of the wonders of nature are designed for primary grades. The text is simple and illustrations are colorful. Children with curious young minds are assured of accurate factual information. *Childrens Press, Inc.; $2.00*

PLANNING YOUR JOB FUTURE

By Emery Stoops and Lucile Rosenheim

This 40-page Junior Life Adjustment booklet is illustrated and organized around questions which upper-elementary children are beginning to ask themselves. Typical are "What do you want to be?" "What can you do well?" and "Learning about jobs." *Science Research Associates; $.40*

Professional Books

CREATIVE EXPRESSION WITH CRAYONS

By Elise Reid Boylston

This book tells how to introduce ideas to pupils and how to guide them in doing creative art work. Resist wash, crayon etching, crayon painting, stencil, rubbed and transfer designs are a few of the stimulating suggestions offered. The 100 illustrations are typical examples of crayon drawings by children, showing a cross section of work at different age levels and stages of development. *The Davis Press, Inc.; $3.95*

EFFECTIVE HOME-SCHOOL RELATIONS

By James L. Hymes, Jr.

In his usual interesting style, the author brings into sharp focus the problems of both parents and teachers in establishing mutual understanding. Part II describes specific techniques on how to run a parent-teacher meeting, how to give school parties for parents, how to get the most out of a home visit, how to get children to co-operate, and how to use films and pamphlets when working with parents. Clever cartoons point up the content. *Prentice-Hall, Inc.; $4.65*

SUPERVISION IN THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

By Edwin H. Reeder

The author, from his long experience, gives his viewpoint as to the basic aims of supervision. He tells why teachers do not make improvements without it, how to initiate a successful supervisory program, and techniques for dealing with problems which have become serious obstacles to success in this field in many schools. Content is well documented, clearly organized, and should be of abundant help to supervisors. *Houghton Mifflin Co., $4.00*

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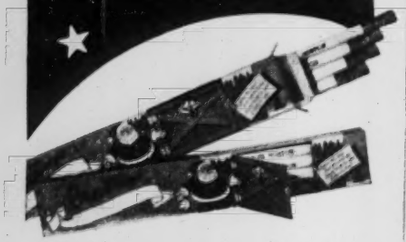

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From the OTHER SIDE of the FENCE

A Parent's Point of View

EDITORIAL COMMENT: The author, a former teacher with a background of fourteen years' experience, retired in the fall of 1952 to have "a full-time fling at homemaking" with her husband and four children.

Now living on Okinawa, she finds that when the children return from school with their stories of classmates, playground experiences, assignments, and teachers, she "sees the school through new eyes."

A Satisfied Customer

THE school bus often delivers a tired and slightly shopworn bunch of children to the neighborhood after school. I have observed, however, that on the day before the Christmas holidays, though the little ones jump off the bus with shirttails flying, dresses soiled, and hair tousled, their faces gleam with the knowledge that the package they are hugging so tightly is a present for Mother or Daddy. And "it's a present that I made myself," they announce even before the front door is closed.

The teacher has sent home a lot of the child in these half-wrapped packages that are thrust at us so eagerly. Though we have had to reduce sentimental belongings to a minimum to be free to travel, we still reserve room in the top dresser drawer for gifts that the children brought home on various holidays.

Money could never buy anything that has delighted us more than the handprints preserved in clay that the children made during their first year of school. Silhouettes of round-cheeked, pudgy-nosed children, and samples of handwriting made in fingerpaint, are among the treasures that make satisfied customers.

Come to Think of It

Speaking of gifts, in this part of the world we call them "presentos." I have had to "presento" my children with new thermos bottles for lunch pails more times than I like to recall.

The first week of school one was knocked off a classroom desk; the next week the lunch pail was knocked off the seat of the school bus; and the third week it was knocked off the desk again. Then I announced, "You will have to do without thermos bottles until after the Christmas holidays."

This has meant a long dry season, I know, but now it is time to "presento" again. Teachers are probably as annoyed by having to clean up the spilled soup or orange juice as I am at having to replace the broken bottles, but come to think of it, eating in a large group with not too much supervision is a new experience for many children.

Possibly a consistent campaign of taking five minutes before lunchtime to discuss "table manners" would net results.

Make the Shoe Fit

Though it appealed to our sense of humor as being incongruous for Niccole to be assigned the part of an angel in the Christmas pageant for three successive years, we were glad she had this opportunity.

For the last two years I notice the school has dispensed with Christmas programs. Probably the reason is that people feel that a pageant has been given many times before, or that carols are a thing of the past. However, for each child the opportunity to be a part of the Christmas story is an experience that he will always remember.

A Pat on the Back

Uncle Sam back home now knows that some American boys and girls are on Okinawa, but in 1948 we were pretty much "at the end of the supply line." We waited for our Christmas trees to come in on ships from the United States. That year the trees failed to arrive.

The teachers knew that they must provide the Christmas atmosphere no matter what was lacking, so many classrooms had contests to see who could think up the best idea for an original Christmas tree.

In the fifth and sixth grades, the youngsters had an exhibit of their original trees. One child used a series of eight cardboard boxes in graduated sizes, with the largest at the base of the tree. He painted these with blue poster paint, and decorated them with stars cut from gift wrapping paper. Another child found a dead branch of a tree. She painted this white, covered it with glue, and sprinkled artificial snow over it. She found a bright red flowerpot, filled it with sand, and pushed the branch into the sand. On it she hung traditional Christmas tree ornaments.

At the time, Niccole was too young to participate in the contest; but to satisfy the primary grades the teachers made flat cardboard trees, and let the children decorate them with original ornaments. There were no ornaments for sale here, and many people did not have any in their homes. We had pine cones. The little children covered them with aluminum foil and hung them on the tree.

A pat on the back to those teachers who kept the Christmas atmosphere in their classrooms even when the going was rough.

Hope A. Diffenderfer

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Merry Christmas

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Harold M. Lambert

PLAYING SANTA CLAUS

The Forgotten Feathers

Ruth Everding Libbey

THE two fluffy white feathers were very lonely. Everyone had forgotten all about them.

"My, but I wish we could get out of this odds-and-ends box," sighed one feather as it peeked through a crack. "I should like to know what's going on downstairs. When I was on Jane's bonnet I saw many exciting things."

"I'd like to see things too," cried the other fluffy white feather. "Did you know that I was once on a lady's fan and went to lots of parties? I was useful then but now no one needs me."

"If someone would only open up this box I'm sure they would want us again," said the first feather. "Why, we'd look every bit as pretty on the Christmas tree as the red balls and silver stars the children took out of that other box which was marked *Christmas-tree ornaments.*"

"What are ornaments?" asked the second fluffy white feather.

"Oh, all sorts of things that make a Christmas tree pretty," replied the other feather, "colored glass balls, shiny stars, twisty twirlers and always a beautiful little angel."

The day before Christmas children kept running up and down the attic stairs.

Once a boy yelled, "I found the twinkly lights! They are 'way up here on this top shelf."

A big girl said, "And I have the holder for the tree."

A little girl asked, "May I carry the ornament box downstairs? I'll be very careful and not break the glass balls."

All the children looked in the box. And everything was there . . . . except the beautiful angel.

"Oh, where can she be?" asked Jane. "We must find the angel. Every year that I can remember she has smiled down on us from the tiptop of our tree. She has golden hair and gauzy wings."

The boy looked 'way up on the top shelf. She wasn't there!

The big girl looked in every nook and corner. But she couldn't find her.

The little girl pulled out every drawer in an old bureau. "I can't find her hiding any place."

Then Jane lifted the lid of the odds-and-ends box.

The two fluffy white feathers were just as surprised as Jane. For there, in the very bottom of the box, was the little angel.

"Your poor little thing," cried Jane. "The moths have eaten your wings! Oh, what shall we do?"

"This box is surely full of odds and ends," said the big girl as she fumbled through quilt pieces and faded hat flowers. "Why can't we make new wings for the angel out of some silk and lace scraps?"

"I always thought wings were made of feathers," said the boy.

"Say, you have given me an an idea!" laughed Jane as she picked up a fluffy white feather. "I remember when I was a very little girl this beautiful ostrich tip was on my blue bonnet. It is just as pretty as ever."

"And here's another one just as pretty," said the little girl, rummaging in the box.

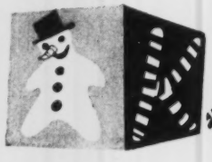
Jane glued the two fluffy white feathers on the back of the angel.

And then the boy climbed up high on the ladder and fastened the little angel on the very tiptop of the Christmas tree.

On Christmas morning after the children had opened their gifts, they all stood and looked up at the little angel as they sang:

"Dear little angel
With soft feather wings
We love you better
Than all our new things."

The two feathers knew they would never be forgotten again.



Wednesday and Putzing Season

THE first time that Emily heard the word "putz" was right after Thanksgiving. Everyone in the third grade was already making plans for Christmas and putz seemed to figure very strongly in those plans.

"You'll come over to see my putz Christmas morning, won't you?" asked Mary Sonnenhalter, who sat next to Emily.

Emily was caught off guard, as she so often was, even after three months in the new school.

"What's your putz?" she asked.

Mary's round face showed unbelieving horror. "Don't you know what a putz is? Everyone has a putz."

Emily reddened swiftly.

"I only meant—what—what's yours like?" she stammered.

Mary was visibly relieved. "You wait," she said very mysteriously. "Ours is better than all the rest." Then, proudly, she whispered in Emily's ear, "The sheep are nearly two hundred years old!"

Emily agreed that two hundred years was indeed an advanced age, especially for sheep. She asked no more questions, for she had already learned that she must not ask her schoolmates the meaning of the strange words they so often used. Indeed, they made it very clear that everyone knew what they were talking about. That was one of the puzzling things about living here in Bethlehem, in eastern Pennsylvania. The other children were always saying something that a little girl who had lived all of her eight-and-a-half years in Indiana couldn't understand. If she asked them what they meant, they always laughed loudly and chanted, "Emily can't speak English. Emily can't speak English."

That was even more confusing to Emily, for Mother had often told her with pride that her grammar was very good indeed and Emily was particularly careful not to say "ain't" and "already yet," which Mother said were "Dutch." Sometimes Emily wished that Daddy had never come to Pennsylvania to teach.

Even Mother had never heard of a putz.

"A putz?" she said absently, when Emily asked her. "I'm afraid I don't know, honey. It's another Pennsylvania Dutch word, I presume. Why don't you ask Mary Sonnenhalter?"

Emily didn't tell Mother that she couldn't possibly ask Mary or any of the other children. That would have worried her, and Emily was trying especially hard right now not to worry Mother because of their secret. She wasn't quite certain when Daddy had been let in on the secret, but she was sure that he knew about it now, for it was he who had talked very seriously to her about sparing Mother.

The matter of the putz continued to rob Emily of the joy and fun of the Christmas season. Every time that Christmas was mentioned that mysterious word seemed to pop up to remind Emily of her misery, but she was careful not to reveal it to the others. Whenever one of them invited her to see their putz, she accepted the invitation casually. If she was very careful, she told herself, they need never know how stupid she was. She would just go to see their putz and then she'd know what a putz was. All might have gone well for Emily had not Mary Sonnenhalter forced her to the wall.

"You, Emily," she asked flatly one day when they were all in the cloakroom putting on their coats, "when are you going to have your putzing?"

Emily thought quickly. "Christmas afternoon," she said firmly. "I hope you can all come."

"Just like the big folks," someone cried. (*Continued on page 70*)

The Better Putz

Geraldine H. Hubbard

The Particular Little Shop

Doris A. Paul

THE tiny shop on the narrow cobblestone street was empty and sad. The sign that had hung on the brass holder had been taken down. Little Miss Teaberry, the seamstress, had taken her thimbles and needles and scissors and threads, the bright cloth, and the sewing machine away to a bigger shop.

The front wall of the little shop had windows with square panes, and a door with a bell on it.

In the back wall there was a sort of combination window and door. The upper part could swing out, and Miss Teaberry would push it open on sunny days so she could look out on the grassy plot and the tree with the wide leaves. Since it served both as a window and a door, she called it her *windoor.*

The side walls (on the east and west) were just walls—that is all.

The inside of the shop was quiet—that is, it seemed so; but if you had the right kind of ears you could hear the four walls talking.

"It's lonely here without little Miss Teaberry and the fine ladies with their silks and satins and flounces and laces and feathers and furs," said West Wall.

"It's lonely without the hum of little Miss Teaberry's sewing machine and the click of her shiny scissors and the little sewing song she hummed all day long," said East Wall.

"I miss the sunlight on the rows of bright thread and the bolts of laces and embroideries and tapes and edgings and bindings," said Back Wall.

"My hinges will get rusty and maybe my bell will lose its tinkle if people don't pass through my door soon. And how I hate dirty windows!" said Front Wall.

"Sh! There's a key in the lock!" said East Wall.

In walked the landlord. With him was a tall man with a long face.

"You would want to rent the shop only to store papers and documents?" asked the landlord. "It is dry and good for that. And there are deep wide shelves."

The four walls sighed.

"What was that noise?" asked the tall man with the long face.

"I heard nothing," said the landlord.

The four walls sighed again.

"I heard it again!" said the tall man with the long face. "Is this shop haunted?"

"It might have been a breeze at the window," said the landlord.

"I don't like it—that sound," said the tall man with the long face. "Good evening, sir." And out he went.

The landlord shook his head and stroked his chin. After he had turned the key in the lock from the outside, the four walls laughed.

"Storage for musty old papers! How horrible!" said West Wall.

"Nobody would ever wash the windows," said Front Wall.

A few days later the landlord turned the key in the lock and in came a fat, red-faced woman with a loud voice.

"It's too little. It's dark, and it faces north. It ought to face south! But then I suppose I could set up my pressing boards here, and heat my irons there. Maybe I could make it do."

The walls sighed, and sighed again.

"There's a draft in here. I felt it on the back of my neck," said the fat lady with the loud voice.

"Oh, no! That couldn't be!" said the landlord. "This is a tight little shop."

The walls sighed three times.

"I felt it again. I don't like it, I tell you. I never did like a breeze down my neck," said the fat lady. And out she bounced.

The four walls laughed out loud after the landlord had turned the key in the lock from the outside.

"I wouldn't have minded the steam from the pressing boards, but that voice!" groaned Back Wall.

"That ugly face with the frown painted on it! How could we live with it?" asked East Wall.

Days passed. More days passed.

"Oh, dear!" said Back Wall. "I'd like so much for someone to open my windoor and say, 'What a beautiful day!' "

Days passed. More days passed.

"Do you suppose just the four of us are going to live on here alone the rest of our lives?" asked West Wall one morning. "I'm homesick for little Miss Teaberry and her fine ladies with their silks and satins and flounces and laces and feathers and furs."

"I'm homesick for the hum of little Miss Teaberry's sewing machine and the click of her scissors and the little sewing song she hummed all day long," said East Wall.

"I want to see the sunlight on the rows of bright threads and the bolts of laces and embroideries and edgings and bindings," said Back Wall.

"Well," said Front Wall, "I'm homesick for all those things too. But we can't wish to have Miss Teaberry back. She had to have more room for more edgings and laces and threads and bobbins and bolts of cloth. And I heard her say she had to have a small fitting room in her shop. It seems that all the fine ladies have heard about Miss Teaberry's delicate stitching. No, we mustn't wish her back."

Great soft flakes of snow floated down and settled on the little ledges on the outside of the square panes.

And then came the day of days. Again there was the sound of the key in the lock, followed by the tinkle of the bell on the door. The landlord and the little man with him stamped the snow off their boots on the steps of the shop, and then came in.

"Suzanne Teaberry told me about this place," said the little man, "and I just had to come to see it."

The four walls looked at each other and smiled and nodded, for this was a jolly little man indeed! He was Miss Teaberry's friend, too! There was a sparkle in his bright blue eyes. His hair and eyebrows were white, and there was a little stoop in his shoulders.

"It's a warm, cozy place in winter," said the landlord, "and very pleasant in the summer. Did you say your name is Jonathan Twiddleby?" he asked.

"That's right," answered the little man. He stood in the middle of the floor smiling with clasped hands, and looked around—first at West Wall, then at Front Wall, at East Wall, and finally at Back Wall. Then he said, "I could brew a pot of tea right here in the corner on my little stove. I like a spot of tea at exactly four o'clock every afternoon."

"Miss Teaberry used to do that very thing," said the landlord.

"I feel as though I belong here," said Mr. Twiddleby. "May I move in tomorrow morning?"

"You may indeed," said the landlord.

As soon as the key turned in the lock from the outside, the four walls all began talking at once.

"He's wonderful! Now we'll have clean windows! The bell will tinkle every day! There will be laughter and sunshine again!"

"What kind of shop do you think this is going to be?" asked Back Wall.

"I believe Mr. Twiddleby is a little old cobbler who makes shoes for children. I make the guess that tomorrow he will move in a cobbler's bench, and boxes of shoe nails and laces and buttons and pieces of leather," said East Wall.

"He couldn't be a baker for there is no place for ovens," said Front Wall.

"Do you suppose he is going to set up a candy shop?" asked West Wall. "Wouldn't it be fun to have jelly beans and candy canes and chocolate drops and striped mints and licorice sticks to look at every day? Then there would be children in the shop, too!"

"Maybe he makes music boxes!" suggested Back Wall. "What fun that would be! Or maybe he mends clocks—little ones and big ones! Wouldn't it be jolly to hear little tock-tick-ticks and big bongs all day long? And maybe a cuckoo? I'd love for him to be a maker or mender of clocks!"

It had begun to get dark while the walls were chattering.

"We'll just have to wait and see!" said West Wall. "I'm all worn out from excitement. I'm going to sleep. And anyway the faster we go to sleep the faster the sun will come up and bring with it nice Mr. Twiddleby!"

The sun had no sooner said "Good morning!" to the milkman in the town than Mr. Twiddleby walked into the shop. Through both doors came boxes carried by Mr. Twiddleby's helpers in red overalls. *(Continued on page 74)*

Gifts Like Shining Stars

Josephine Robertson

DAN was eight, the Christmas of the hard year. He had a tight feeling in his throat whenever he heard the children at the country school talking about where they would hang their stockings, the presents they were making, and the popcorn strings they would drape on their trees. At home there was not a word about Christmas. Finally, Dan could stand it no longer.

"Father," he ventured timidly at supper, "do you think the kitchen or the parlor is the best place to hang up stockings?"

"This is a hard year, Dan." Even the voice of his tall father seemed tired that night. "You know how the grasshoppers and the drought hurt us last summer, and now with your mother sick, it's all we can do to keep going. We'll have to get along without presents this year."

Christmas without any presents! Tears rushed into Dan's eyes. This was too much for even a brave eight-year-old heart. He ran to his cold room under the rafters, hid his face on gentle old Tabby, and cried, not just for himself, but because he wanted a nice present for his mother, too. If she wasn't sick, she could make a Christmas feeling in the air out of nothing at all. But there was an enemy here, something called *pneumonia*. It was hard to fight an enemy you couldn't see.

Tabby purred, as if she understood. Dan lay curled up in the dark, wishing his family had never left New York State where he was born. He couldn't remember the long weeks of the covered-wagon trip to rich farm country across the Mississippi, but sometimes he pretended he could remember how the big wagon creaked and rocked as the horses strained to pull it over the crude tracks across the prairie, while he lay in the little bed his mother had made by opening back the top of her trunk.

All he could really remember was about the farm here, with its cornfields, its cottonwood trees, and the deep spring in a hollow. His father had to work his way through deep snows in the winter to feed the stock. In summer the hot sun gave the ground a special dry, sweet smell and he liked to cool his feet in the trough where he pumped water for the horses and cows.

He remembered last summer's grasshoppers. He thought they were like tiny soldiers in an army. They had no guns or swords but their sharp jaws destroyed everything green. They had made his father sad, and his father was a powerful man. Dan liked to watch him handle the team when he plowed, or swing the ax high when he split wood. He was kind, even if he didn't have much to say.

His mother was different. She was little, with eyes the blue of the chicory flowers beside the dusty road. She loved to talk and pretend and tell stories. When she was sick it seemed as though a dark cloud had come across the sun, because she was the one who always knew how to make things right.

Suddenly he had to be near her. Clutching Tabby tight in his arms, he tiptoed down the hall and stood outside her door. He thought he was very quiet, but she knew he was there.

"Danny . . . come in."

Hugging Tabby, he tiptoed in and stood beside the big bed where she lay, so little and pale.

"You've been crying, Danny."

He shook his head manfully, while his eyes flooded again with tears.

(Continued on page 76)

STORIES for MIDDLE GRADES

Christmas Co-operation

Angela Morgan

EVELYN HARLEY'S mother always said that Allendale was a friendly town and Evelyn certainly agreed. Her father had greenhouses on the edge of town and she often went with Joe when he made the deliveries on Saturday. She felt that she knew everybody in the whole village.

One night she found her father and mother talking seriously.

"Maybe it won't hurt us," Father was saying. "It might create more interest in flowers and help our business in the long run."

"What are you talking about?" Evelyn asked curiously.

"We've had the flower business just about to ourselves here in Allendale for many years," said Father. "Now we are going to have a competitor. Mr. Dimette rented the store on the corner of Main and Price streets to a man who is starting a floral shop."

"What will he do for greenhouses?" asked Mother.

"He's going to be a retailer only, and buy his flowers wholesale from the city," Mr. Harley replied. "I was talking to Bob Ferguson today, and he said that Fred Becksmith really knows the flower business."

"Becksmith?" asked Evelyn in surprise. "The principal came in today to tell Miss Hulbert that we would have a new girl next Monday. Her name is Betty Becksmith." Evelyn's face clouded over. "I was all excited about having a new girl in our room," she said. "We even talked about asking her to join our secret-pal club, but I'm not so sure we'll want her now."

"Why, Evie," said her father with a smile, "that's no way to act. The Becksmiths may turn out to be good friends of ours."

The Becksmiths gave free roses on the opening day to every woman who came into the shop. Many of the merchants sent baskets of flowers in honor of the opening and Evelyn's father did too.

Betty Becksmith was a very nice girl and got acquainted easily. At the next meeting of the secret-pal club, Julie proposed her name. "I'm against it," declared Evelyn emphatically.

The secret-pal club had a rule that everyone must agree on a new member before she was admitted, so Evelyn's vote kept Betty out.

For many years Harley's greenhouse had decorated the Episcopal Church for Christmas. It was the largest and most beautiful church in town and the altar guild always collected a large sum of money for the decorations. Evelyn loved to help her father and mother fix the ropes of smilax that hung from the beams of the vaulted ceiling. Each year her father added some special touch to the decoration, such as the beautiful star of white and red poinsettias that he made last year.

Early in December, the Harleys' Christmas rush began. Evie was helping her mother and father in the greenhouse one afternoon when she suddenly asked, "What spec.. l decoration are you going to have in the Episcopal Church this Christmas, Dad?"

"To tell the truth," Mr. Harley replied quietly, "I haven't been asked to decorate the church this year. The chances are I won't be, since that's the church that the Becksmiths go to."

"Not decorate the Episcopal Church?" said Evie, unbelievingly. "Why, you decorated that church long before I was born."

"I know," her father replied, "but after all, the Becksmiths are members of that church and it

seems only right that they should be given the job."

"I'm tired of hearing about the Becksmiths," said Evie angrily. "Guess what happened at school today. We played a game in which we counted out until everyone in the class had a partner. The partners are to buy Christmas gifts for each other. Guess who my partner turned out to be."

"I bet it was Betty Becksmith," her father said with a smile.

"Yes," said Evie hotly, "and do you know what she said when she got my name? She just laughed and said she guessed we should give each other a corsage for Christmas."

"Well?" said her mother questioningly.

"Oh, I know it was only a joke," replied Evie, "but I didn't like it."

"I hope you get in better humor about it before you go to buy her gift," her father said dryly.

Sure enough, the Becksmiths did get the job of decorating the Episcopal Church. The vestryman, Fred Copeland, apologized to Mr. Harley. Evelyn's father assured him that the church was doing the right thing.

Mr. Harley's Christmas business was very large. By a week before Christmas almost all the poinsettias he had on hand were ordered.

"It's a good thing I have a standing order for extra ones in the city," Mr. Harley remarked.

Every day Evie helped in the greenhouse. She always loved Christmas time, working with the flowers, but this year didn't seem as happy as usual.

On the Saturday morning before school closed, her mother called to her. "I think you'd better go downtown to do some Christmas shopping," she said. "You can ride in with Joe on the truck. You'll have to get Betty Becksmith's gift, and your father and I are counting on you to buy something that you would really like to have yourself. If you do that you can be sure she will enjoy it too."

Evelyn made a little face but she went to get ready, and Joe dropped her off near Mills's Department Store. She was no more than in the door when she saw Betty with Lucy May and Julie. They were all buying a present for Miss Cox and laughing and talking among themselves. "I won't even let them see me," said Evie to herself crossly. "It just shows that you don't know who are your friends."

Then she remembered her mother's admonition about the gift and how she had wanted some nylon plaid gloves Mills's had advertised. There was only one pair left and Evie stood there undecided. She had money of her own to buy the gloves for herself and she could get something else for Betty, but still her mother had said to buy something she really wanted. So she asked the sales girl to wrap up the gloves in a gift box.

When the gifts were exchanged at school Evie was surprised that Betty Becksmith had given her a pair of nylon gloves just like the ones she had picked. "I hope you like them," Betty said shyly. "I asked Lucy May what you wanted and she told me. I got next to the last pair!"

"You did," said Evelyn, suddenly feeling happier inside than she had for a long time. "Well, I got the very last pair for you."

Both girls put the gloves on to show to their friends. "She's really very nice," Evie thought, "if only her father wasn't in the florist business."

The Tuesday before Christmas, Evie decided to go to the city with Joe to get a hassock for her parents. Joe dropped her at McFarland's Furniture Store and as soon as Evie made her purchase, she got on the bus and rode down to Ferguson's greenhouses. Joe had the truck almost filled with the last order of poinsettias.

Evie noticed a man talking anxiously to Bob Ferguson. "That's Fred Becksmith," whispered Joe to Evie. "He's really in a lot of trouble."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Becksmith," Mr. Ferguson was saying. "I realize that you have the Episcopal Church to decorate, but we just can't supply you with the poinsettias. You see many of our old customers gave us their orders months before you ever started your florist business and we just don't have the flowers to supply you. Could you use chrysanthemums or some other flowers?"

"I hardly think so," replied Mr. Becksmith disappointedly.

As Evie listened she pictured in her mind the beautiful Episcopal Church. Suddenly she found herself turning to Mr. Becksmith. "I think we could help you," she said. "Could I make a long-distance call to my father in Allendale?" she asked Bob Ferguson.

Soon Evie was on the phone. "Those poinsettias Joe's loading are already sold, are they?"

"No," answered her father. "Why?" *(Continued on page 77)*

The Little Fir

Nellie Beverly

THE little fir tree stood beside a pathway in the forest. Snow was falling softly, covering its branches and drifting around its feet. The big trees were talking.

"It must be almost Christmas time," a tall spruce said.

"Yes, it must be," answered a white pine. "For several days men have been coming into the forest to cut down Christmas trees."

"What is a Christmas tree?" asked the little fir.

The other trees turned to an old cedar. "Little Fir," said the cedar, "I have lived hundreds of years and have heard much talk of Christmas. When the days are short and snow lies deep upon the ground, people come into the woods. They cut down the loveliest of the trees that stay green all winter and take them home for Christmas trees."

"What do they do with them?" interrupted the little fir.

"I will tell you all that I know. The Christmas tree is taken into the house and a bright star is placed on its top. Long shining strands, golden as sunshine, are woven in and out among its branches. Bright balls all the colors of the summer flowers and many lights that shine like the stars at night are hung upon it."

"Oh! how beautiful," the little fir spoke almost in a whisper.

"But that is not all," the old cedar continued. "I have learned too that Christmas is a time for giving and many gifts are hung upon the tree."

The little fir sighed. "How I should love to be a Christmas tree and have a star on my top and gifts on my branches."

The big tree laughed.

"Who would want you for a Christmas tree? There wouldn't be room enough on your tiny branches for bright balls and even small gifts would weigh you down." The blue spruce spoke scornfully.

"Didn't you hear the old cedar say that only the loveliest trees were chosen for Christmas trees? What chance would you have?" sneered a yellow pine.

"A star on your top and gifts on your branches!" A red cedar laughed so hard that all the snow was shaken from its branches.

The little fir drooped and said no more.

Just then a man and two girls and a boy came around a bend in the path. "Here's a swell Christmas tree, Daddy," said the boy, pointing to a spruce with well-shaped branches.

"It is just the right size for our living room. It will look nice by the corner window." The man began to chop down the lovely spruce.

While they waited for their father, the children rolled snowballs along the path. The smallest girl noticed the little fir. "Look at this little Christmas tree, Susie, standing here all by itself."

"Oh, my, Andrea, that isn't a Christmas tree. It's too small. How could you decorate it?" Susie asked.

"Even if it is small, I think it would be a pretty Christmas tree. See, I could put a star on it all by myself." When Andrea stood on tiptoe she could reach to the top of the little fir.

"Come on, children," called their father and they scampered down the woodland path. Andrea lingered a moment. "Good-by, little Christmas tree," she said.

As soon as they were gone, the big trees began talking. "You see what happens to Christmas trees, Little Fir. How would you like to be cut down and taken away from the woods?"

"If I could be all shining and beautiful—" the little fir began, but an old balsam rudely interrupted.

"You might as well forget it. No one is going to choose you. As for me, I wouldn't want to be a Christmas tree and be dragged into a house."

The little fir was too sad to make any reply. A few days later some men with axes came down the path. The little fir stood up very straight and spread out its tiny branches, hoping that someone would say, "Let's take this little fir," but no one did. The men with axes passed by without a glance. *(Continued on page 76)*

Christmas—Thanks to Jeb

Joshua Copeland

IT WAS the day before Christmas, 1831, and most people were busy making preparations for the holiday. But for the weary members of Captain Ebner Halleck's wagon train, it was just another day on the march.

Jeb Stewart suspected they would travel on Christmas, too. Captain Halleck and the men were meeting now and Jeb thought that with so little game to kill for fresh meat, the wagon train would keep on the march.

Jeb turned to his mother who was sitting in the wagon, mending one of his homespun shirts. "It seems like we should have a day of rest for Christmas," said Jeb crossly. "We've already come six hundred miles and have only a hundred miles to go."

His mother smiled. She knew Jeb was remembering the day when their party had formed at Independence, Missouri. There had been only seven wagons then, but they had met many more at Council Bluff. Captain Halleck had signed up a party until sixty were in the group.

They had been a gay party as they started out, but there had been hardships on the way. When the party had crossed the Arkansas River, the Taylor family had been lost in the swift current. Later two of the wagon owners had decided the trip was too hard and had left the party to set up farms on the prairie. But fifty-seven brave wagonloads of pioneers were still together—with the goal of Santa Fe ahead.

As Jeb watched his mother sew, he heard the cry of a prairie wolf in the distance. "Do you remember last Christmas in Ohio?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered slowly. "Aunt Hester and Uncle Franklin came with Cousin Julie Ann and Cousin Paul. And do you remember the mince and pumpkin pies I made?"

"And the turkey we fattened up after Thanksgiving," Jeb added. Then he looked at his mother curiously. "Does it make you sad to be talking about all this?"

For a moment Jeb thought she was going to cry—then she turned to him and smiled through her tears. "No, Jeb," she said, "it doesn't make me sad. We're going to a new land, a brave land—and we're going to have a wonderful life when we get there."

The voices of the men could be heard in the distance. "Captain Halleck's meeting is over," said Mrs. Stewart. "We'll see what news your father brings."

A few minutes later Big Dan climbed into the wagon. "Nothing much was decided," he sighed. "We won't march until ten o'clock tomorrow morning because there are three horses to be shod and Abner Fritz and Will Hepburn have to repair their wagons."

"Isn't there going to be any Christmas celebration at all?" asked Mrs. Stewart.

"We haven't anything special for Christmas dinner with the supply of game so small," replied Big Dan.

Then the family retired for the night and soon the entire camp was in darkness.

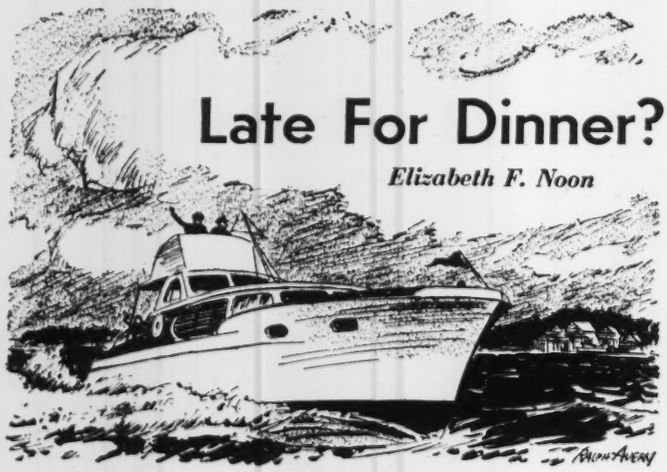
"Merry Christmas," shouted everyone the next morning as they cooked their breakfast.

Jeb's father came up to him carrying a (*Continued on page 77*)

Upper-Grade Stories

Late For Dinner?

Elizabeth F. Noon



IT WAS a cold foggy morning as the "Wish-Me-Well" limped toward the fishing town of Ocean Falls. Captain Allerton watched anxiously as Olaf tried to guide the boat through the narrow channel. Two hours before, as they passed the little town of Namu, one of the blades on the propeller had struck a log and snapped, and it was hard to keep the vibrating boat on its course.

Tad Allerton stood gloomily at his father's side peering through the fog. "Such luck! Ocean Falls is twelve miles off our course," he groaned. "How long will it take to get it fixed, Dad?"

"I don't know," his father replied. "I'm not even sure we can get the part. At best it will be five or six hours."

Tad turned away and went in search of his sister, Tam. He found her lying on her bunk with a book at her side. "Everything has happened to us on this trip," he said disgustedly. "We're never going to make it now."

Tam nodded. "I've been trying to read, but all I can think of is the men at the Swanson camp. What a Christmas they'll have this year!"

"What a Christmas they won't have, you mean," returned Tad.

A little later, with careful maneuvering, Olaf steered the boat into the harbor, dropping anchor at Turner's Boat Repair Shop. Then he and Captain Allerton climbed off the boat in search of help. Soon Mrs. Allerton and Tam bundled up to buy some fish for a chowder. Tad was left alone on the wet deck.

"What a trip," he thought. He remembered how they had started out with high hopes. His father had served in the Navy during the last war. He had loved the sea and it was pretty hard to return to being a landlubber, but after his discharge it had seemed best to return to his old job with the Steveston Lumber Company in Vancouver. The big ambition of the Allertons was to buy a small boat so they could go sailing in the coastal inland waterways of British Columbia.

One day early in December, Mr. Allerton had unfolded his big plan. One of Steveston's biggest lumber camps was at the head of Swanson Bay, miles from civilization. For several years the company had sent a ship with a load of fine turkeys for Christmas dinner and gifts and supplies.

That had given Mr. Allerton an idea. With his friend, Olaf Anderson, and Mrs. Allerton, Tam, and Tad, he would have a crew of five. They could easily take the boat to Swanson Bay for Christmas and return after the holiday. Mr. Steveston had been dubious about the plan at first, but because of Mr. Allerton's fine record in the Navy, he had given his permission for the trip.

"Can we miss school?" Tam had asked anxiously.

"Yes," her father had replied. "It's only three days before vacation, and I talked to the principal this afternoon. We will sail on the seventeenth of December."

Tad's father had explained that they would travel on a forty-foot diesel-powered ship, the "Wish-Me-Well." He would be the captain, Olaf Anderson the first mate, and Tad the second. Mrs. Allerton and Tam would have charge of the galley.

Then he had taken a chart from his brief case and shown them the route. They would make two stops on the way. They would travel only by daylight, with the "Wish-Me-Well" making at least a hundred miles a day. "For five Christmases the 'Wish-Me-Well' has arrived on time," his father told them.

Tad's mother had made a careful list of provisions and by the night of the sixteenth everything was stowed away in the tiny craft. Down in the hold were three crates of live turkeys and the bags of mail and gifts, as well as other supplies for the camps. The Allertons had smuggled aboard

Christmas presents they would distribute to each other.

It had been a cold bright morning when they left Vancouver, with Olaf Anderson at the wheel. Spirits were high—the Allertons were going to sea! Tad remembered how excited Tam had been as she made up her bunk. "Isn't it thrilling?" she had shouted. "I'm a lady mate in the Navy."

The first day out had been uneventful. They were due at Port Neville about midway of the second day and Olaf had brought the boat to dock right on time.

The next morning the fog had been so heavy that they hadn't been able to leave Port Neville until about nine o'clock. They had to get to Kingcome Inlet on O'Brian's Bay by nightfall if they were to keep on schedule, and Olaf had kept the boat running at a steady pace. "Honk, honk" went the foghorn every few feet. About eleven o'clock a misty rain had begun to fall, which had slowed them down considerably, and by nightfall the "Wish-Me-Well" had had to drop anchor and finish the trip to Kingcome Inlet the next morning.

The foreman of the camp had given them some oysters he had dug that morning and Tad remembered the big oyster pie his mother had made, and wished he had some of it that moment.

It was the next morning that the "Wish-Me-Well" had had its first real trouble. The rocky reef of Sointula Island extends into Queen Charlotte's Strait, and despite the care with which Captain Allerton had mapped the course, suddenly Tam had shouted, "Rocks ahead!" Olaf was on the bridge and he had quickly turned the boat from its course but not fast enough. A moment later, the bottom of the boat had scraped against the rocks.

Together Captain Allerton and Olaf had surveyed the trouble. At first they had thought that they could move all the weight to the port side of the boat and work their way loose, but after several hours of pulling and hauling they had found it wouldn't work.

Olaf had dropped wearily while Captain Allerton had radioed for help. The S.O.S. had brought a cutter from O'Brian's Bay but it was late that afternoon before it arrived. After much pulling and tugging the boat was finally loose, but darkness had set in and it had soon been time to drop anchor. Less than twenty miles had been covered during the day.

Captain Allerton had appeared anxious as the family ate their supper of fish and baked potatoes. "If the weather is clear we can still make it," he had announced. "We'll start earlier in the morning and sail later at night."

As if the weatherman had understood, the next morning had been bright. The "Wish-Me-Well" had gotten a good start.

"In fact," Tad thought, moving to a drier spot, "it would have been all right if it hadn't been for the stop at Margaret Bay."

Just as they had entered the wide part of Queen Charlotte's Strait, a message had come in on the wireless from Mr. Steveston directing the Captain to stop in Margaret Bay for some saw blades which were urgently needed up at Swanson. "The men are counting on you for Christmas dinner," Mr. Steveston had concluded, and Captain Allerton had assured him, "The Swanson Bay camp will have the best Christmas ever."

Tad remembered how they had all started off to the store to get the saw blades. Part way down the street Mrs. Allerton and Tam had left them to buy groceries.

"The blades will be ready," his father had remarked. "After all, they expected us yesterday."

But when they reached Harl Crotan's shop, the door had been locked. A *(Continued on page 78)*

Karen Fixes It Up

Margaret Quimby

HONEST to goodness, I suppose when I grow up, I won't be any more observant than my father. But it just amazes me how dumb grownups can be sometimes. Understand me, my father is really swell. There is nobody in our whole country with a better reputation for being fair. But he seems to lack what our teacher calls the power of perception. I bet when you read this story you will agree that your father is the same way.

It all began last August when Pop was standing by the bull pen on our Lazy C Ranch. He was chewing on a piece of grass and complaining how hard it was to get help since the new Army Camp had started over in Cook County, when a scrawny-looking fellow limped through the yard and asked him for a job. I can still see Pop looking him over.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Tim Tuckerby," replied the boy in a low voice as if he were half-ashamed.

"Where do you come from?"

"Chicago," the kid replied.

"Have you ever been on a horse?" Pop demanded.

"No," said Tim, by this time even more ashamed than before. "I'm just a city kid, Mister."

"What are you doin' in these parts if you can't ride a horse?"

"I was drafted in the Army," replied Tim, "but during my basic training I pulled a ligament in my knee and got a medical discharge. I have a little limp but I can work hard just the same."

"Why don't you go back to Chicago where you came from?" asked my father.

Tim looked at Pop defiantly. "Look, Mister," he said, "I was never out of Chicago until I got inducted in the Army. I like it out here and if you don't want to give me a job on this ranch I'll go someplace that will." That was all my father needed and he called Sock Hamilton, our foreman, and told him to add Tim to the payroll.

The next two weeks were certainly rugged for that guy. Every time he got on a horse he fell off, and he was just as clumsy as could be. He used to watch my older sister, Ellen, ride and he looked so wistful, I felt downright sorry for him. Every time she would saddle up to ride off with some friends, Tim would look at them as though they had a Cadillac Convertible with wire wheels.

He didn't say much but Sock told my father he tried hard, and to tell the truth, by the time Ellen went back to college and school started for me too, I found myself really liking Tim a whole lot. Understand, he wasn't my dream man but he was a regular guy.

I guess my father liked him too because when he laid off the extra cowhands late in September he decided to keep Tim on. Tim seemed to change, too. He was bigger and stronger.

Every Sunday morning Pop always had the hands eat breakfast with us. One December Sunday Pop was sitting at the head of the table and he came up with a big announcement. "Tim," he said, "you've been working here at the Lazy C for about five months now and I've decided that you have earned a vacation. I am going to see that you have time off at Christmas to spend with your family in Chicago."

I looked up from my pile of pancakes and, of all things, Tim's face went pale. Pop must have noticed it too, for he blustered on, "Never mind, Boy. If you haven't the money saved for the fare, I'll advance it to you."

"Suppose he doesn't come back," joked Sock.

"He'll be back," replied Father heartily. "When I judge a fellow and decide he's worth taking a risk on, that's that."

Tim didn't say a word for the rest of the meal. I asked my mother about it when we were washing the dishes and she had noticed it too. "Don't bother yourself, Karen," she said. "Your father probably embarrassed him."

"I'm not so sure that's it," I replied, because as I said in the beginning of the story, I think I have more perception than my father and mother do.

Later when the chores were done I noticed Pop sitting in his office off the dining room. Tim was standing in front of him and twisting his hat. "I don't think I'd better go home at Christmas time," he said.

"What's the matter?" asked Pop. "Don't you have any family back in Chicago?"

"I haven't any mother or father. I do have sisters but they are married and will be having Christmas with their children. They won't need me," Tim replied. "Besides, I think I should stay here."

"There's nothing like an uncle from Montana to make Christmas a success. You go ahead and plan that trip."

"Yes, sir," mumbled Tim and he turned and went out.

I kept thinking about it all the time at *(Continued on page 79)*

VERSE FOR

Balls on the Tree

Ernestine Newton

The red ball tells of Santa Claus
Arrayed in gay attire,
Of candy canes and holly berries,
And stockings by the fire.

The green one tells of mistletoe,
For girls to stand beneath,
And evergreens with spicy scent,
To make the Christmas wreath.

The blue one tells of Christmas Eve,
Beneath a frosty sky,
Where carollers sing of "Peace on Earth,"
And where the reindeer fly.

The gold one tells of Jesus' birth,
Betokened by a Star,
Whose heavenly light shone round the Babe,
In Bethlehem afar.

With all these Christmas joys foretold
In every shining ball,
I love to decorate the tree
With these the best of all.

Christmas Joy

Luciana Hutzelman

When Christmas comes to our house,
I feel so good inside
That I just want to laugh and sing
For it is Christmastide.

The air is full of everything
That makes one wonder so
The bells, and wreaths, and holly red,
And bright lights all aglow.

The fresh snow looks all sparkly,
And the stars shine out so bright.
There's joy and song and laughter
In honor of that night.

For 'twas the night the Christ child came,
Joy flooded all the earth.
That's why I feel so good inside;
It's the day of Jesus' birth.

Our Christmas Tree

Maude Wood Henry

We dance and sing most merrily
As we go round our Christmas tree,
Go round and round the Christmas tree,
Our lovely Christmas tree.
On the topmost twig is a Christmas star,
A glimmering, shimmering, silver star,
That gleams and beams on us below
As round and round the tree we go—
Oh, such a shining star!
With gold and silver balls, and strings
Of tinsel and beribboned things,
Are gifts of every shape and size
Hinting of mystery and surprise,
While 'neath the tree upon the floor
Are more and more and more and more!

Merry Christmas!

Eleanor S. Devlin

Far across the river,
High in the hills,
The little folk were busy
Working at the mills.
All through the summer
While days were long,
They were weaving woolly milkweed
And singing this song:
Mittens for the rabbits
(Snow is very cold),
Jackets for the chipmunks
(Theirs are getting old),
Blankets for the beavers
(They live where it's damp),
Mufflers for the red deer
In their winter camp.
Now in December,
Down from the hills
The little folk have carried
The goods from the mills.
They've wrapped them and hid them
In a hollow oak,
And they've sent round a greeting
To the furry folk.
They've wrapped them and tied them
With ribbons bright and gay,
And they'll wish every creature
A merry Christmas Day.

Mary

William Arnette Wofford

Mary, the gentle mother,
When winter dusk was done,
With Joseph by the manger,
Sang to her little son:

"Oh, sleep, my little Jesus;
My love will keep you warm.
The gentle sheep and oxen
Will guard you from all harm.

"The shepherds and the wise men
Came far to see you here.
So sleep, my little Jesus;
You have no need to fear."

Mary, the loving mother,
Sang softly to her son;
And cattle in the stable
Knelt round them one by one.

Did Jesus Have a Little Lamb?

Mary Agnesine Obinger

Little Jesus, when the shepherds
Came to see you in the night,
Did they bring a little lambkin,
Soft, and warm, and woolly-white?
And did you put your arms around it
When it cried for mother sheep,
And let it snuggle up beside you
While you closed your eyes in sleep?

Christmas Eve

Eleanor A. Chaffee

A star upon the midnight sky,
And love lit in the heart:
Tonight in all the world's bright joy
We have a living part.
Carols round the hearth fire,
Wreaths upon the door,
And all the tide of wonder
Across the earth's white floor:
A song for every dreamer,
And hope for everyone.
God bless us all, and in his care
Keep us from sun to sun.

Santa's Stand-Ins

Dorothy Brown Thompson

Once upon a Christmas time, old Santa was so busy
He held his head, and vowed his job had simply made him dizzy.
The workshop overflowed with toys he scarcely had begun
Which surely must be finished; yet he couldn't get them done.
Such lots of children wrote for toys—he tried to make so many—
And if he didn't have some help, then no one would have any!

When news was noised about the world of Santa Claus' distress,
The volunteers to help him came by hundreds, more or less,
But with the stipulation (which might well give Santa pause),
That they should look and dress just like the only Santa Claus!
For if they made the toys, they said, then wasn't it the same?
So each wore red, and whiskers, too, and answered to his name.

Now Santa is a kindly soul, and when he knew their whim,
He said that any dress they wished was quite all right with him;
And those whose whiskers didn't match, the thin ones, and the tall,
Were his own Santas just the same, because he loved them all;
And if he thought them rather queer, he never let them see.
"They try," he said. "They do their best, because they're fond of me."

And this is how it happens, when the toys are in the pack,
That Santa's doubles leave the Pole and hurry briskly back
To all the cities where they live. And then about the streets
It truly is amazing all the Santas that one meets!
Remember, when results are quaint (and sometimes even grim),
What Santa said. They do their best—because they're fond of him!

CHRISTMAS

Old Santa Can Get Through, You Know

Helen Kitchell Evans

The wind can howl around your house,
Oh yes, the wind can blow and blow,
But let the wind do what it likes;
Old Santa can get through, you know.

Refrain:
Old Santa knows the way, you bet!
He hasn't failed to get through yet!

The sky can get as black as ink,
And clouds can spill out tons of snow,
But never worry, never fear;
Old Santa can get through, you know.
(*Repeat refrain.*)

The rains may come, the rivers swell,
And all their banks can overflow,
But Christmas time will be the same;
Old Santa can get through, you know.
(*Repeat refrain.*)

When Christmas comes, then go to bed,
My friends; why must you worry so?
Just go to sleep and do not peep!
Old Santa can get through, you know.
(*Repeat refrain.*)

Signs of Christmas

Aileen Fisher

Shops and songs and smiles and snow
Shimmer everywhere we go.
Songs and smiles and snow and shops
Shine from streets to building tops.
Smiles and snow and shops and songs
Dazzle all the merry throngs.
Snow and shops and songs and smiles
Sparkle now for miles and miles.
Signs of Christmas—how they glow:
Shops and songs and smiles and snow!

Oh, Wonderful Secret!

Naida Dickson

A child in a manger,
A star in the sky,
White sheep on a hillside,
A lone cuckoo's cry. . . . .

Oh, how could the world know
A King had been born?
No bulletins posted!
No trumpeting horn!

Oh, wonderful secret,
Too joyful to keep!
The angels must sound it
To men watching sheep!

And wise men could read it
Clear-written on high:
A King in a manger!
His star in the sky!

On Christmas Eve

Nona Keen Duffy

On Christmas Eve
When shadows fall
A gladness settles
On us all!

Come, everyone,
Let's carols sing.
Around the earth
Let music ring!

While all are glad,
At Christmastide,
See none are left
Alone outside!

On Christmas Eve,
The Christ child came.
Let's sing and praise
His holy name!

Santa, the Superman

Debbie G. Nettles

Old Santa is a superman
To sizz through space the way he can,
And guide eight reindeer through the snow
To places where he wants to go.
And that is why, I understand,
He travels swiftly and can land
On housetops tall as any hill
And never, never take a spill.

And though he is so big and fat,
He's still an expert acrobat,
And glides down chimneys with the ease
Of actors on a high trapeze.
Perhaps his clothes are fireproof,
And when he starts down from the roof,
He drops a folding ladder, zip,
To take him down and back, round trip.

The most amazing thing, it seems,
He moves as quietly as dreams;
I listen hard and wish and wish
But cannot hear the slightest swish.
Yet, Christmas Day I wake and see
That Santa really visited *me*.
He's *bound* to be a superman!
Who else could manage such a plan—
To drive eight reindeer through the air
With toys for children *everywhere?*

Why the Cattle Kneel

Marion L. Miller

GROUP—The shepherd sat at the stable door,
His daughter beside him on the floor.
DAUGHTER—Father, why is the East so bright?
FATHER—A great star lends it a lovely light.
DAUGHTER—Why do the sheep kneel rustling down?
FATHER—To nuzzle gentle Mary's gown.
DAUGHTER—Why does the big ram bow his head?
FATHER—He bows before the Saviour's bed.
DAUGHTER—Why do the cattle bend so low?
FATHER—Because on that Christmas long ago
Across the heavens a star was hurled
And a Child was born to save the world.
DAUGHTER—Well, I don't see any baby here.
FATHER—But the four-footed creatures do, my dear.
GROUP—And that is why they kneel; their way
Of honoring that first Christmas Day.

The Piano

Mary Jo Plymale

Plunk, plunk, plink, plink,
Plunk, plunk, plink.
This is the finest
Of music, I think.

My tiny piano
Was under the tree
On Christmas morning.
Santa gave it to me.

That is the reason
I like it, I think.
Plunk, plunk, plink, plink.
Plunk, plunk, plink.

The Gifts for Us

Mabelle C. Willmarth

BOY—
"Choo, choo," says the train.
"Puff" comes the smoke from its stack.
And merrily, merrily, round and round
It glides on its gleaming track.

BOYS' CHORUS—
Oh, Santa Claus! Oh, Santa Claus!
That is the train for me.
That is the Christmas gift I want.
Please leave it under our tree.

GIRL—
"Ma-ma," cries the doll.
"Drip" come the tears from her eyes.
And beautifully, beautifully, curl on curl,
The hair on her plastic head lies.

GIRLS' CHORUS—
Oh, Santa Claus! Oh, Santa Claus!
That is the doll for me.
That is the Christmas gift I want.
Please leave it under our tree.

PEOPLE WORSHIP . . . .

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in meeting houses.

Religious News Service Photo

in synagogues.

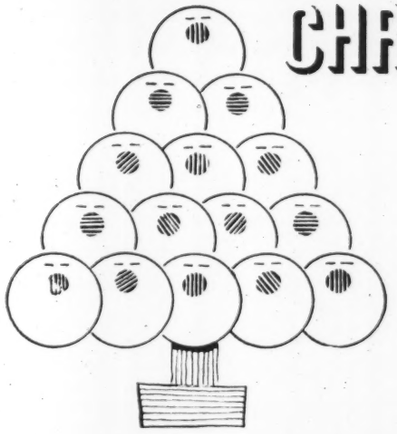
Religious News Service Photo

in churches.

Religious News Service Photo

in cathedrals.

CHRISTMAS IN THE KINDERGARTEN



A Tree to Make

REGINA VOLK

HERE is something Christmasy to do with milk-bottle caps—the kind that have a hole for a drinking straw covered by a flap. Wash each one thoroughly.

With crayon, the children may color the plain sides of the caps, making the part of the flap that shows through the hole some bright color and the rest of the cap green. Fasten the caps to a sheet of tagboard or construction paper, overlapping to get a tree effect. The bright circles look like ornaments. The lower part of each cap can be fastened to the background with sticky tape. Use glue for the bottom row to make a neater appearance. Add a paper or crayon trunk and holder.

A variation would be for each child to print his name in the center of a cap. Only the small circles would be colored.

Our Party Is Different

RUTH LAUDERDALE

WEDNESDAY of the week before the Christmas holidays we make cookies. Thursday we make gelatin dessert. Then Friday at lunch time we have a party. It is a howling success!

A few days before cooky-making day I phone each mother about my plan, asking her not to tell her child because I want to tell all the children Tuesday. Then I ask her to send a small box by her child on Wednesday, to hold cookies.

Tuesday, the last ten minutes before dismissal time, I ask the children: "Do you think we could make some cookies for Christmas here in the kindergarten? Would tomorrow be a good day?" The answers and facial expressions are worth all the work involved.

Then I talk about the importance of clean hands and fingernails when we cook. "Be sure hands do not touch *anything* else. Be very careful with cooky cutters and rolling pins – do not let them touch *anything* else."

Tuesday night I make plain sugar-cooky dough at home and store it in the refrigerator. I make four times my recipe. This allows for some raw dough to be eaten, some broken cookies, some to be eaten, some to take home, a few to hang on the Christmas tree, and some to keep for the party.

Our kindergarten is in a church building, so we use the church kitchen. Wednesday morning I get the kitchen ready. I spread newspapers over the long center table, then cover it with two layers of waxed paper. I allow several inches to cover the edge of the table and fasten it underneath the table edge with adhesive tape. The rolling pins (6 or 8 for our 24 children) and cooky cutters (many animal shapes) are distributed down the center. Six piles of cooky dough are evenly spaced down each side of the table. I prepare the counter for the baked cookies.

I can take twelve children at a time to the kitchen. We can be there one hour and fifteen minutes. Then the other group has its turn. A former kindergarten teacher takes care of the group left in the kindergarten room and they have their stories and music.

The church secretary helps the children roll out their dough if necessary. I lift the cutout cookies with a spatula, place them on the cooky sheets, and get them in the ovens. I press a wire ornament hanger in some of the cookies before they are baked. These are for the tree. I must remember to watch the cookies as they brown and remove them from the pans as soon as they are baked.

At first the children are speechless; they are enthralled with the business close at hand. Soon a line of chatter starts; they exchange cooky cutters, or ask, "Are you through with the rolling pin now?" *(Continued on page 74)*

Sandy's Reindeer

A Story to Tell and to Play

RACHEL INGRAHAM

ONE day in December Sandy's big sister Marjorie took him downtown to a department store. They rode on the moving stairs up and up until they came to the toy department. Sandy and Marjorie and all the other children waited in long lines. Soon it was Sandy's and Marjorie's turn to go through the doorway into Toyland.

Music was playing as they walked along a narrow dark hall. On both sides were windows as big as store windows and behind each pane of glass was a pretty picture made of doll-size houses and people.

In each window was a part of the story of "The Night before Christmas." There were the stockings "hung by the chimney with care." There were the children "all snug in their beds." Sandy laughed when they came to the picture showing the daddy wearing a nightcap and nightshirt. He was peering out of the window "to see what was the matter." Sandy wished he could touch the reindeer. They looked as if they were really flying through the air.

When Sandy and Marjorie came to the end of the picture story, they walked through the other doorway. Sandy blinked at the brightly lighted room.

"How would you like to talk to Santa Claus now?" Marjorie asked.

Sandy looked and saw Santa Claus sitting in a big chair. Girls and boys were waiting to talk to him.

When it was Sandy's turn he stood close to Santa and Santa put his arm on Sandy's shoulder, "Hello, young man," Santa said. "What would you like to have me bring you for Christmas?"

Sandy thought about the drum he wanted. He thought of roller skates, and he thought of the funny dancing man he saw on one of the toy counters. But he didn't say any one of those things. Sandy stood on tiptoe and whispered to Santa, "I want a reindeer."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Santa, looking very surprised. "A reindeer? You can't have one of *my* reindeer. I need them all to draw my sleigh."

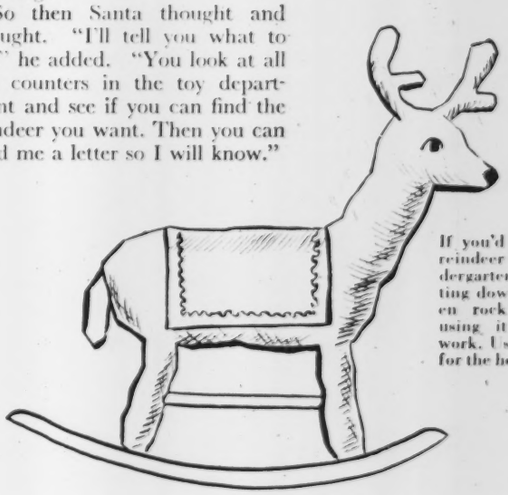
So then Santa thought and thought. "I'll tell you what to do," he added. "You look at all the counters in the toy department and see if you can find the reindeer you want. Then you can send me a letter so I will know."

Sandy thought that was a good idea. He asked Marjorie to help him look for the reindeer.

"Here is a reindeer ornament," Marjorie said, as they stopped to look at the tree decorations.

"I don't want something for the tree," Sandy said. "I want a reindeer to play with."

At the stuffed-toy counter the clerk said, "Here is a nice cuddly reindeer." *(Continued on page 72)*

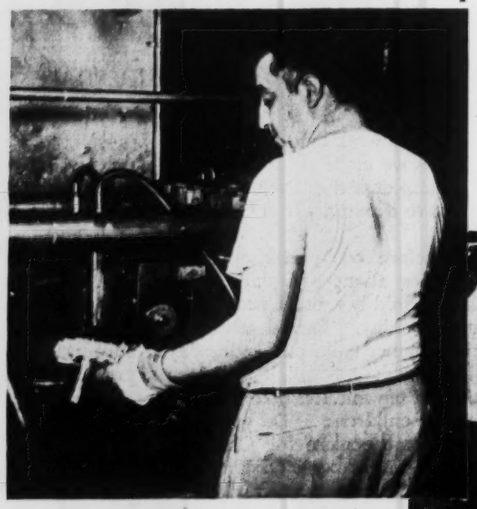


If you'd like a rocking reindeer for your kindergarten room, try cutting down an old wooden rocking chair and using it for a framework. Use papier-mâché for the head and antlers.

All Aboard for the

The Story Behind Things We See Every Day

1



A TOY engine as it races around a curve needs to be heavy to "have traction" as the engineers call it. The locomotive bodies are made from a zinc alloy which is molded into shape in a die-casting machine.

2

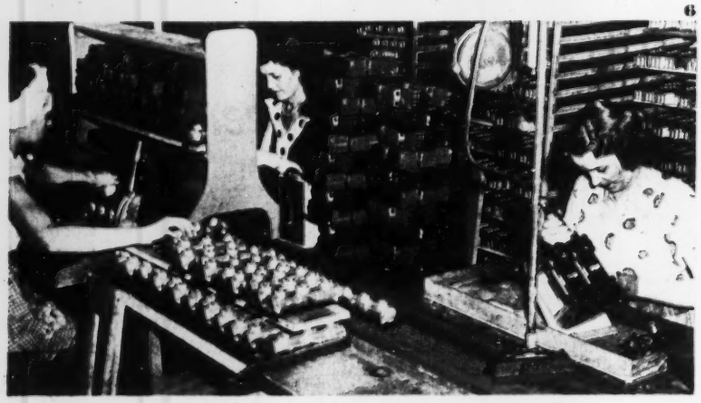
NOW the engine bodies ride along on the conveyor belt, stopping for filing to remove rough edges, burnishing and smoothing to a high shine, and drilling.

Pictures, courtesy of the Lionel Corporation

5

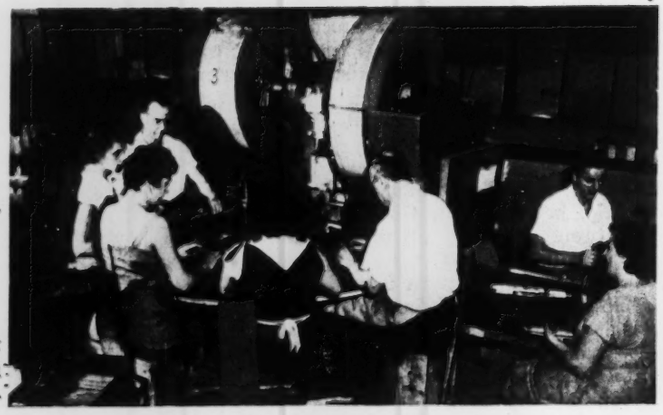
WHEN the bodies and their engines have been joined, the tester checks each one before it is packaged for shipment.

6



JUST like real engines, the toy ones work hard pulling the oil cars and cabooses like the ones being assembled above.

7



THOUSANDS of miles of track are put together by dial presses each year. Each person adds a piece as the dial revolves. Track sections are ejected, ready for packing.

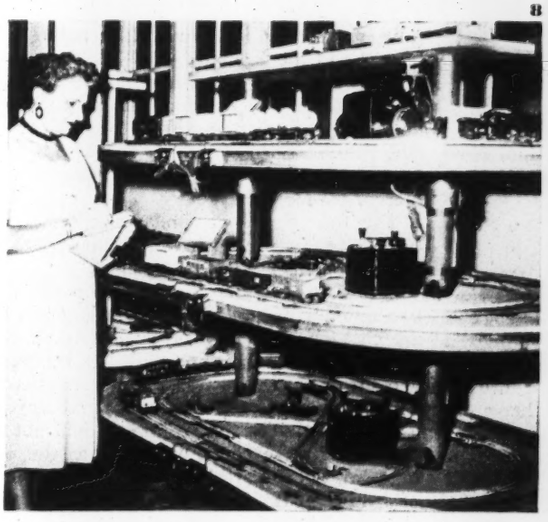
TOY TRAIN *Special*

3

PAINT is sprayed on and baked hard in conveyor ovens. Women finish the body assembly (below).

4

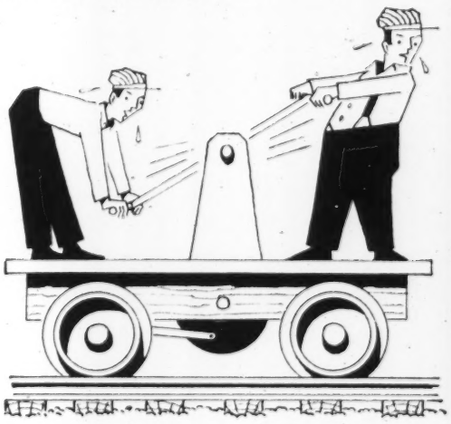
8



COLORFUL displays like the one at right are prepared by the manufacturers. Children and grownups like to watch trains pass through tunnels and whistle at stations.

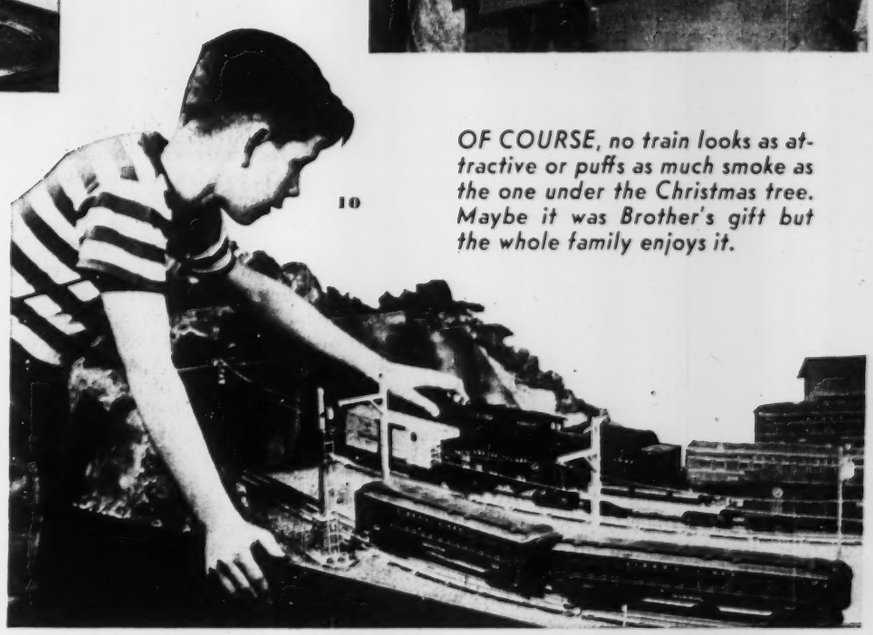
9

TRAINS are picked at random from the finished lots and run until they are worn out. Engineers then perfect the weak points.



10

OF COURSE, no train looks as attractive or puffs as much smoke as the one under the Christmas tree. Maybe it was Brother's gift but the whole family enjoys it.



ENJOYING ART

"COUNTRY CHRISTMAS"

HARRIET GARRELS

Specialist in Art, Elementary Schools, Washington, D.C.

How often have you wished that *this* Christmas might be an old-fashioned holiday? Many of us in the troubled world today would like to escape in a sunny yellow sleigh, into a world of snow.

Children too would like to help hitch up the placid farm horses and pile into this old two-seater, now occupied by two comical speckled fowls. They would also enjoy the pink roses on the sleigh.

Miss Lee perched the hen and rooster where they would cause us to smile. The delightful sense of humor which enlivens her paintings is like a personal trade-mark. What other artist would have painted the little structure to the left such a gay red?

She uses rosy pink in many of her pictures because it is a joyful color. So is the vivid red she chose for the barn. And the brilliant blue of the house is as fresh as paint.

The cozy little house welcomes us and bids us enter into the very heart of the picture. Its candy-striped curtains are festive and its white-framed door is inviting.

Notice the shape of the house. It is *asymmetrical*, just the opposite of *bisymmetrical*. In other words, the room at the left is not balanced by the room at the right. Its lack of formal balance is emphasized by the pattern of the boards.

A more subtle sort of balance is achieved by placing heavy masses in the right half of the composition. What about the sleigh? Although it is large, it does not look heavy because of its color. It is most interesting in shape. Its contour or outline swoops up and down like a roller coaster, creating a strong rhythmic pattern, and its runners form another rhythmic pattern of diagonal lines.

Rhythm means regularly repeated movement. The double sleigh gave the artist a chance to repeat the same lines.

By the subtle use of delicate shadows, a three-dimensional quality is suggested in the sleigh, while everything else is crisp and flat as though cut from paper.

Notice the tree trunks. There is no modeling to make them seem round, and they cast no shadows. This gives the picture a naive, decorative quality quite similar to children's work. She uses this style deliberately.

The trees remind us of trees drawn by children. When the children look at them, they will soon spy the rope swing in one and the owl perched in the other. They will notice, too, the little birds silhouetted like black specks against the soft snow.

Miss Lee uses just enough light blue smudges to create the feeling of softness. The faraway, tinted hills roll up and down like another roller coaster.

Leading our eyes up to the gray wavy clouds which promise more snow tomorrow, is the softly swirling smoke. For contrast and variety, the tree trunks look rough. Irregular vertical brush strokes of brown and black-brown suggest an uneven surface.

Mother's coat has a still different feel. Mother adds the human touch the picture needs to complete the cozy, heart-warming atmosphere. She steps briskly, wears gay clothes, and is certainly a good housekeeper, by the looks of the curtains. Inside the dear little farmhouse we are sure she has everything ready for a very merry Christmas!

THE ARTIST

Doris Lee is one of our outstanding popular living American artists. As a child she and her brothers and sisters made innumerable visits to grandparents and other relatives, who lived on farms in Illinois. She paints many appealing scenes of rural life as a result of these experiences.

Born Doris Emrick in 1905, she was educated in boarding school and Rockford College in her native Illinois. As a little girl she received her first art training "on Mrs. Bigby's back porch" where she was taught by a neighbor. At Rockford she was a student instructor in fine arts. A few years later her alma mater conferred upon her the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

After marriage to Russell Lee, she went with him to Paris where she studied art with André L'Hote. She continued her studies in this country in Kansas City and San Francisco. In the latter city she worked with Arnold Blanch, to whom she is now married.

They are joint authors of *Painting for Enjoyment*. Their studio home, which is extremely modern in appearance, is at Woodstock, New York. Doris Lee has called this artists' colony in the Catskill Valley "home" since 1931, but she travels extensively.

Always making pencil sketches as she travels, she adds color notes such as "pumpkin yellow" and "the blue of bluing." In 1952, she and her husband took a three-thousand-mile journey in North Africa, making pictures of the Arab world which were reproduced in LIFE Magazine.

Reproductions of her work also appear in *Coronet*, *Fortune*, and *The Saturday Evening Post*. She illustrated *The Great Quillow*, a book for children.

Miss Lee's first award came to her from the Chicago Institute of Art, which owns several of her paintings. Other honors followed and her work can be seen in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Whitney Museum in New York, Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo, and in many other collections. She painted two murals for the walls of the Post Office Department Building in Washington, D.C.

"MADONNA of the HARVEST"

ELSE BARTLETT

The Madonna in this painting seems to be a warm, human mother holding her child, but the two figures are symbolic of mother and child the world over.

We could call the painting "Madonna of the Harvest." The fish and the grain and the grapes bring to mind the parables of Jesus, and the picture of the lamb could illustrate the hymn "The Ninety and Nine."

The symbols used are so universal, however, that they do not limit the illustration to the Christian religion. The sheaf of wheat belonged to old Dame Ceres, and is traditionally the symbol of food, specifically bread. The sheaf of wheat has been used by practically every nation in the world, including the Greeks and the Romans.

The lamb is a traditional symbol of the old Hebrew faith (the blood of the lamb on the doorpost for the first Passover; the sacrifice of Abel; the sacrifice of Isaac)—and also of the Christian faith (Agnus Dei, Lamb of God, the symbol for Jesus).

The four circles of similar size dominate the composition in an unusual manner. Yet the whole effect is very pleasing.

A picture consisting of a central panel and two flanking panels is called a triptych. In art class, individual triptychs could be designed on folded paper. Originally, centuries ago, triptychs were made for altarpieces. They were often painted on wood and hinged. The side panels of this painting would not fit exactly over the center painting, as the old ones did, but the artist has used the same sort of arrangement. It seems to add dignity and grandeur to the Mother and Child to have a design of rich colors flanking their picture.

A tableau scene could be planned for the Christmas program, using the same arrangement children representing the Mother and Child in the center, with painted harvest panels at the sides. Papier-mâché fruits and vegetables could be used, giving a three-dimensional effect.

Older children could write original stories on the reason for combining the central painting with the harvest panels. A question to stimulate their thinking along this line might be: "If you were the artist who had just finished this painting, what story would you tell about it?"

If this painting is projected on a screen, your entire class can look at it together. They will enjoy hearing one another's comments, and many creative ideas will result.

In case your class or school finds an unusual use for this painting, write us a letter telling about it.

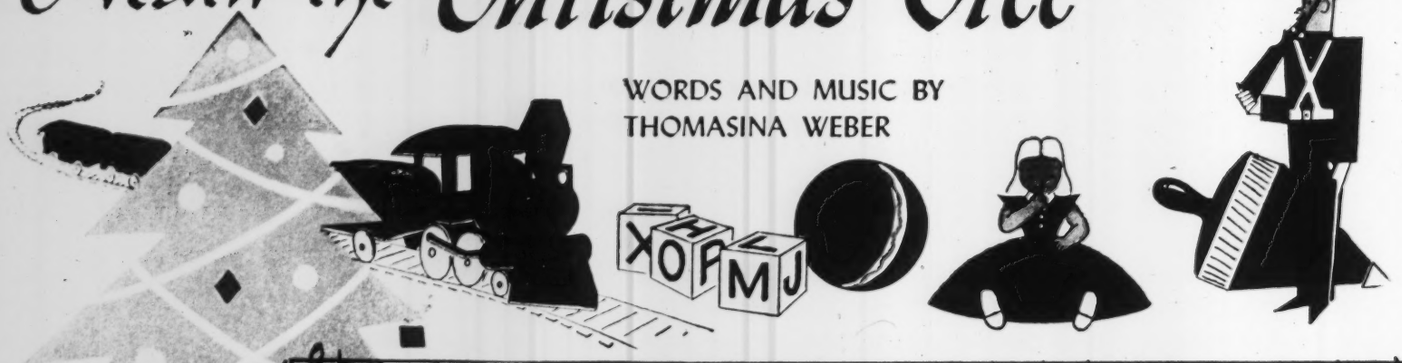
Painted by Lemuel B. Line

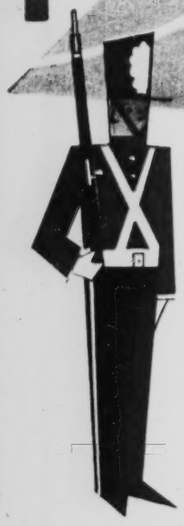
Courtesy, General Mills, Inc.

"Fairest Lord Jesus,
Ruler of all nature"

'Neath the Christmas Tree

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
THOMASINA WEBER





The toys all sat 'neath the Christ-mas tree, And they were qui - et as they could be, 'Cause the

lit - tle toy sol - diers warn - ing - ly Stood guard 'neath the Christ - mas tree. So the

doll did - n't whis - per and the bell did - n't ring, The train did - n't whis - tle and the top

did - n't sing, The ro - ly - po - ly clown with the great big grin Chuck-led soft - ly while the cuck-oo

in the clock stayed in; For San - ta gave or - ders that there should be No sound till morn-ing when

they would see All the chil-dren reach-ing hap - pi - ly For the toys 'neath the Christ-mas tree.

Christmas Is a PAGEANT

Karin Asbrand

Photos by Charles W. Asbrand

EVERY year at Christmas Christians gather at the manger all over the world to sing praises to the Prince of Peace. Prayers and psalms are chanted and carols are sung by exultant throngs; pictures and pageants in churches and schools proclaim again that Christ was born in Bethlehem.

The power that is Christmas reaches out to us through the centuries and touches the hearts of all. And because we love it so much, we want to make it live again, and to keep it alive through many centuries to come, just as it has been kept alive for two thousand years in spite of all the forces of evil that have tried to destroy it.

What better way could there be to tell the Christmas story than by means of pageantry? Christmas pageantry is no ostentatious showing of something gaudy or cheaply theatrical, but it is a beautiful manifestation of that love and peace which Jesus brought to earth, of spiritual good for all peoples, of good will toward all men. Whether we take part in a pageant or merely witness one, we cannot help but bring back with us into our homes some of that spiritual glow that goes along with it, and the promise of a better world.

For all of us, young and old alike, a pageant is an inspiration, whether it is a little classroom pageant with only a few small participants or a mammoth affair depicted on a huge stage. A little child will be as much impressed with a small pageant presented in a classroom or even in the home by his own friends as with a more elaborate production. Presented in this way, the story will stay with the small child longer than if it is read to him out of a book.

The simplest pageant is often the most beautiful, because, after all, Bethlehem was a simple little town and Mary a sweet and lowly maid. Even the youngest child can help paint the scenery. Perhaps the setting is the stable in Bethlehem with the Judean hills in the background, the sky darkly blue with a sprinkling of gold stars, and one star especially large and dazzling bright. One background will suffice for the entire pageant with perhaps a scenic drop or painted screen at one side of the stage for the chorus.

Lovely costumes can be made from scraps and remnants, or materials such as sateen or cheesecloth. The chorus looks very striking in white with red cambric capes trimmed with a sprig of holly or spruce, and little red caps or berets. Or they may wear long white robes with a sprig of holly pinned to the shoulder, or choir robes.

The characters are chosen with care and forethought. Every girl wants to be Mary, but every character in a pageant is as important as Mary. When you take the part of Mary, or Joseph, or an angel, a king, or a shepherd, you become a part of a beautiful story. If the characters actually live their parts the story becomes as real to the audience as though they turned back the pages of time two thousand years. What your eyes have seen you will never forget. One small kindergarten child, breathlessly watching the Wise Men come down the aisle bearing gifts, tugged at his mother's sleeve, and whispered, "Where did they leave their camels? On the roof with Santa's reindeer?"

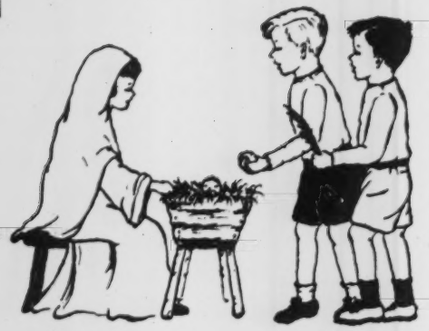
The girl who plays the part of Mary feels the rapture of the moment. She imagines the Babe in her arms. She is overwhelmed by the deep desire to try to be as good as Mary was. The influence of the pageant and her own part in it will live with her throughout her whole life. The boy who is Joseph feels protective about this girl who is supposed to have been entrusted to his care, and reverent about the Baby. The shepherds see again the glorious light of the Star in the East, and make the audience see it, too. They hear the angels sing, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo," and they hear the angel say, "Fear not, for I bring you tidings of great joy that shall be to all men." The audience hears it all, too, and feels its exaltation. The three kings carrying the gifts in their hands get the emotion in their hearts that they would like to bring Him their dearest treasures on this glorious night of His birthday.

Christmas is a pageant for all peoples, for all races and creeds. It is a universal manifestation of beauty and goodness for the whole world to enjoy. When we create or produce a pageant, we relive, and help others to relive, that beautiful story of old when a Babe was born in a manger to begin a crusade for world peace. And we help to keep firm the foundation for that peace which we hope will some day shelter the world, even though it sometimes teeters so precariously. So let us retell the Christmas story with pageantry. Let us sing again the Christmas carols that will never die because we keep them alive every year. In this way we can all help spread peace and good will.

The illustrations are photographs from a pageant at the Ames School in Dedham, Mass. Every year new ways of telling the Christmas story in pageantry appear in the publications of religious organizations, THE INSTRUCTOR, and other periodicals. If longer or more elaborate pageants are desired or if you want to buy as many printed copies as are needed for production, consult the catalogues of such publishers as: Baker's Plays, 569 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.; Eldridge Pub. Co., Franklin, Ohio; Willis N. Bugbee Co., 428 So. Warren St., Syracuse, N.Y.

TWO PLAYS FOR PRIMARY CHILDREN

One about the Christ Child and One about Santa Claus



A Birthday Long Ago

Gladys J. Ruth

Teacher, First Grade, Stoneman School, San Marino, California

This Christmas playlet grew out of a child's suggestion that the class act out the song "Away in a Manger." It took little time, it made the Christmas story more meaningful, and the class enjoyed entertaining their friends.

Since the children, during the few rehearsals, were encouraged to express themselves in their own vocabulary, the cast, consisting of Mary and three Bethlehem boys, soon had their parts memorized. Songs were learned in the regular music period.

The scene was given in the classroom so little attempt was made to create a set. A chair for Mary and a manger with a doll for the Child were placed in front of a wall hanging. A desk lamp hidden from the audience by an apple crate made a spotlight for Mary and the Child.

A soft blue scarf draped around Mary's head and shoulders was the only costuming.

The Chorus was grouped at the far side of the room.

(*Mary enters, seats herself on the chair, and assumes a position of adoration, bending slightly over the manger.*)

(*Room lights off, and spotlight on Mary.*)

(*Chorus sings "Away in a Manger." During the second verse Mary picks up the Child and rocks him gently.*)

(*At the end of song the three Boys of Bethlehem stand in front of Chorus in a conversational grouping.*)

FIRST BOY—This morning I heard my mother and father talking. They said a little baby was born in Bethlehem who will be our new king. Mother said to call him the little Lord Jesus.

SECOND BOY—My mother told me about him, too. Bethlehem has been so crowded this last week that all the rooms in the inns were taken by the people who came to enroll for the census. Mother said the little Lord Jesus was born in a barn because there was no other place for his mother and father to stay.

THIRD BOY—I wish we could take a present to the little king—a present for his birthday.

FIRST BOY—I know what I'd like to give him.

SECOND BOY—So do I. Let's run home and get our presents. We can meet by the big tree on the corner.

THIRD BOY—Good! Let's do it.

(*All exit.*)

(*Chorus sings "O Come, Little Children"*—Octavo 1677, Hall and McCreary Co., Chicago. *Mary puts Child in the manger.*)

(*Enter the three Boys, if possible by another doorway. They approach the manger scene.*)

MARY (*looks up*)—Hello, boys.

BOYS—Hello.

FIRST BOY—Is this the little Lord Jesus?

MARY (*leans over the baby*)—Yes, this is the Baby Jesus.

FIRST BOY—We have brought some presents for his birthday. (*Holds up an interestingly shaped stone.*) I brought him my favorite stone that I found one day by the river. See! a shell once pressed there.

MARY—Thank you very much. (*Takes stone, looks at it.*) When my baby grows older I hope he will like to play on the river bank and climb the hills above it. (*Puts stone down.*)

SECOND BOY (*shows Mary a bird's feather*)—One day in the grove I found this feather. When you hold it up to the light it has lots of pretty colors in it.

MARY (*accepts the feather*)—Thank you. I want my baby to like and admire the birds and animals. (*Puts feather down.*)

THIRD BOY (*holding out a bunch of field flowers*)—Under a wall where the sun was warm, I found these flowers. I think the Baby Jesus will like them.

MARY (*taking flowers and sniffing them*)—I know he will, and thank you.

FIRST BOY—It's getting late now so we must go home.

MARY (*smiles*)—Good-by, boys. Thank you for remembering the birthday of Jesus. (*Holds up stone as she talks.*) This will remind me to teach my baby to love the hills and valleys around him. (*Holds up feather.*) I will teach him to love all the birds and animals that live in the out-of-doors. (*Holds up flowers.*) He will grow to love the flowers that bloom and the trees that swing in the wind.

(*Chorus sings "Wind through the Olive Trees" or "Long, Long Ago" in* THE INSTRUCTOR, *Dec. 1943.*)

(*Boys return to places; Mary resumes position of adoration.*)

(*Room lights go on.*)

"Dear Santa"

Mildred Dewar

Teacher, Second Grade, Portsmouth School, Portland, Oregon

CHARACTERS

LETTER WRITERS—Ten.
SANTA CLAUS
MRS. SANTA
DOLLS—Any number of various types.
COWBOYS—Two or more, each riding a broomstick horse and carrying a hat and a lasso.
WOODEN SOLDIERS—Two.
JACK-IN-THE-BOX—Dressed in a clown suit, hidden in a large box.
SKATERS—Several couples dressed in winter outfits.
CLOWNS—Two or more.
GOOD-NIGHT GROUP—Any number, in sleepers, carrying Teddy bears.

SETTING

Scene 1.—The space in front of the curtain represents a street. A large replica of a postbox is at one side.

Scene 2.—Santa's workshop or living room. There is a fireplace (optional), a table, two chairs, and a wastebasket. Near one exit a custodian's sack or a large army blanket is arranged to look like Santa's toy sack. Fastened to the sack are packages, candy canes, and any toys desired.

Scene 1

(*Letter Writers enter, one at a time, mail letters in the big postbox, and remain on stage. Then all sing "When Santa Claus Gets Your Letter." After singing, they march off stage and sit in front row of auditorium seats.*)

Scene 2

(*Santa sits in one chair and has his feet, without boots, up in the other chair. He is snoring.*)

MRS. SANTA (*entering*)—Poor Santa! He is so tired. It is almost midnight. He should be on his way. (*Tickles his foot with a feather.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*jumping up*)—You caught me napping!

MRS. SANTA—Is your sack all packed, Santa?

SANTA CLAUS—No, but it is almost ready. I have a few more letters to read.

MRS. SANTA—Let's hurry. It's getting very late. (*Hands Santa his glasses.*) I'll help you. (*She takes letters from the table and hands them, one by one, to Santa, who reads each one aloud.*)

(*As Santa finishes each letter, the toys requested enter and perform. They exit into the sack.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*reading*)—"Dear Santa, Mary and I would like to have big dolls. Lovingly, Jane."

(*Dolls walk in, stiff-legged, to music. They go to front of stage, bow, say "ma-ma," and exit.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*reading*)—"Dear Santa, would you bring cowboy suits to my brother and me? Thank you, Harry."

(*Cowboys enter riding. They twirl lassos, wave hats, and shout in cowboy style. No guns. Exit.*)

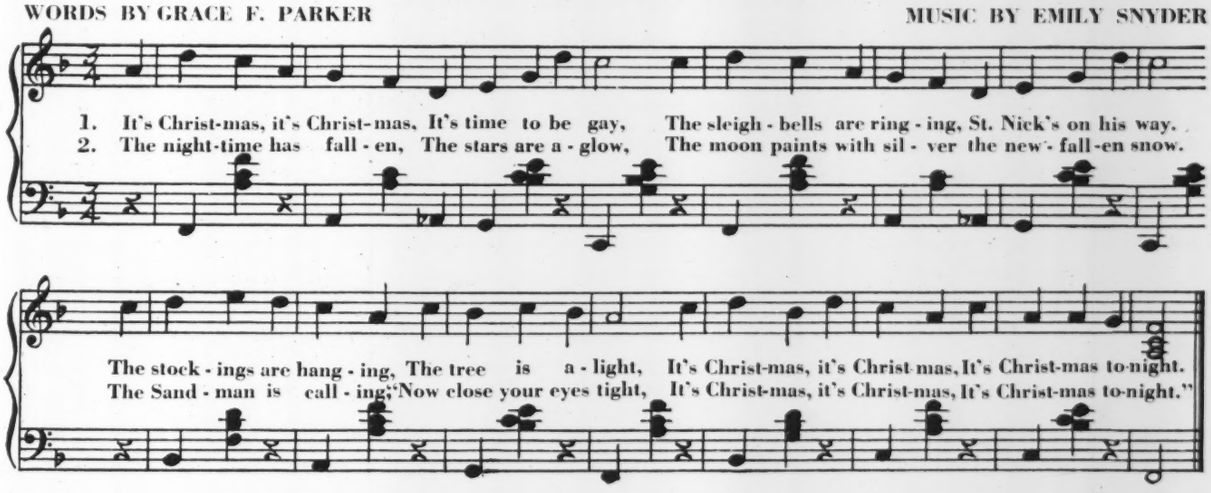
SANTA CLAUS (*reading*)—"Dear Santa, do you have any wooden soldiers? Jim."

Wooden Soldiers enter as a record plays "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers." They do a simple drill and exit.) (*Continued on page 71*)

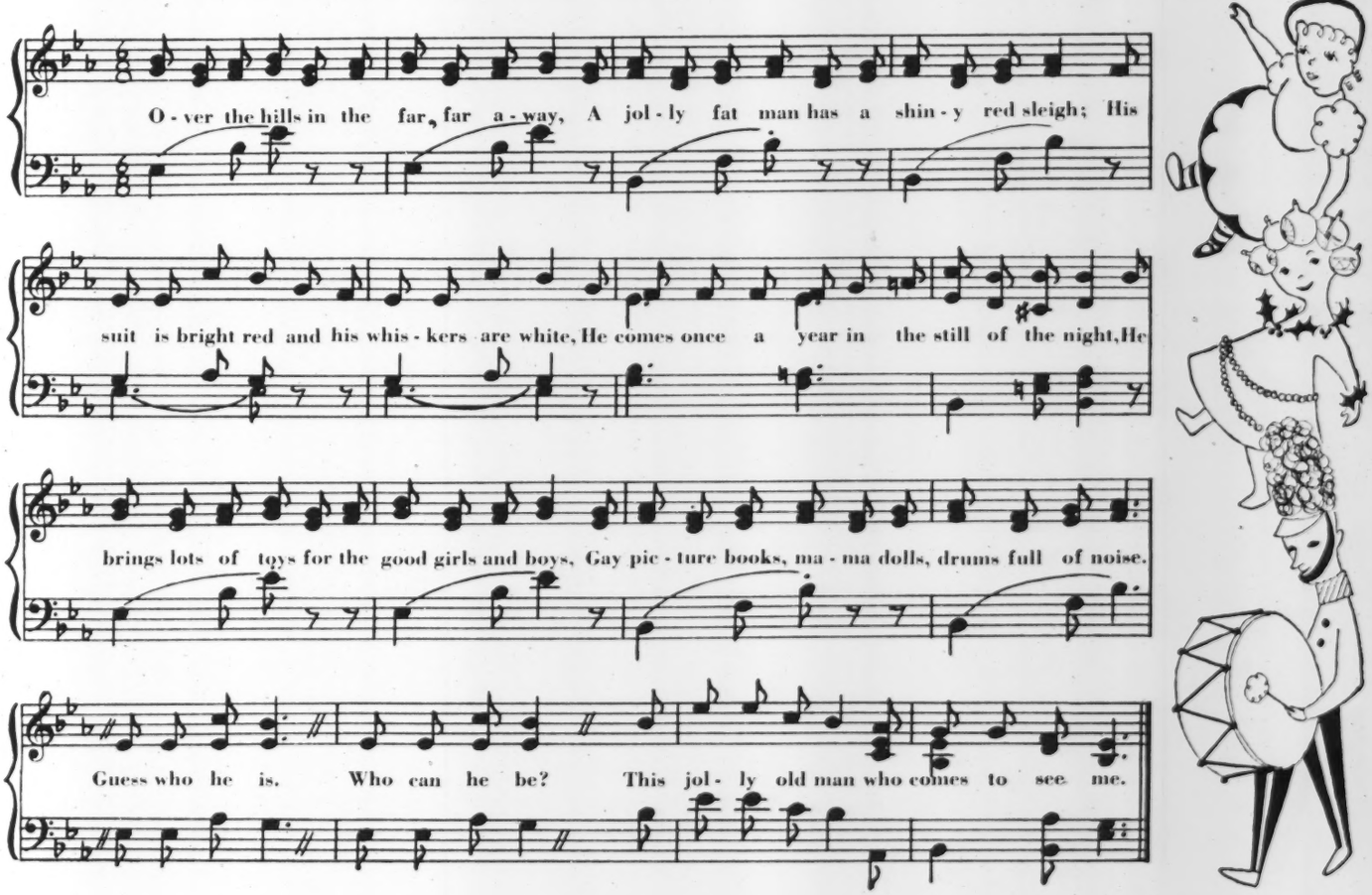
It's Christmas

WORDS BY GRACE F. PARKER

MUSIC BY EMILY SNYDER

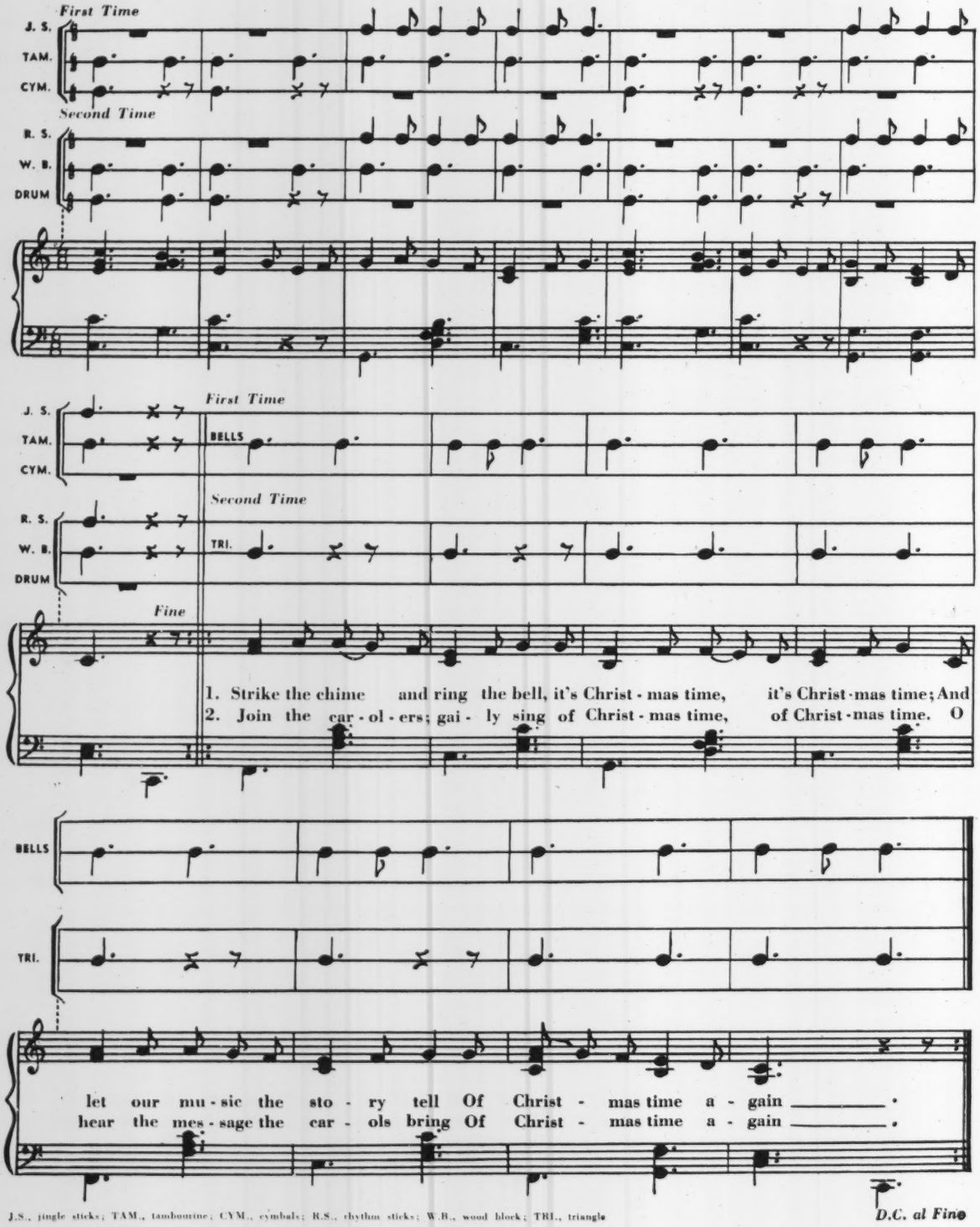

1. It's Christ-mas, it's Christ-mas, It's time to be gay, The sleigh-bells are ring-ing, St. Nick's on his way.
2. The night-time has fall-en, The stars are a-glow, The moon paints with sil-ver the new-fall-en snow.
The stock-ings are hang-ing, The tree is a-light, It's Christ-mas, it's Christ-mas, It's Christ-mas to-night.
The Sand-man is call-ing, "Now close your eyes tight, It's Christ-mas, it's Christ-mas, It's Christ-mas to-night."

Santa Claus Song

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
LEAH PATT RIVENBURG

O-ver the hills in the far, far a-way, A jol-ly fat man has a shin-y red sleigh; His
suit is bright red and his whis-kers are white, He comes once a year in the still of the night, He
brings lots of toys for the good girls and boys, Gay pic-ture books, ma-ma dolls, drums full of noise.
Guess who he is. Who can he be? This jol-ly old man who comes to see me.

A RHYTHM-BAND SCORE

Christmas-Time MARCH

WRITTEN AND ARRANGED BY EMMA LOUISE DUNCAN

First Time
J. S.
TAM.
CYM.
Second Time
R. S.
W. B.
DRUM
First Time
BELLS
Second Time
TRI.
Fine
1. Strike the chime and ring the bell, it's Christ - mas time, it's Christ - mas time; And
2. Join the car - ol - ers; gai - ly sing of Christ - mas time, of Christ - mas time. O
let our mu - sic the sto - ry tell Of Christ - mas time a - gain .
hear the mes - sage the car - ols bring Of Christ - mas time a - gain .
D.C. al Fine

J.S., jingle sticks; TAM., tambourine; CYM., cymbals; R.S., rhythm sticks; W.B., wood block; TRI., triangle

Music Fills the Air

MARY D. SARE

CHARACTERS

SINGERS—Any number.
REBECCA—A girl of Bethlehem.
ABRAHAM—A boy of Bethlehem.
SHEPHERDS—Three.
WISE MEN—Three.
ANGELS—Four or more.
NARRATOR—One to four.
LITTLE CHILDREN—Any number.
MARY JOSEPH

COSTUMES

Consult illustrated Bible stories for costume ideas.

SETTING

Small, undecorated evergreen trees are arranged from stage center diagonally toward up right or up left and on out through curtain, which is draped back. This is to suggest a road that lies between Bethlehem and the rural homes of Rebecca and Abraham. A large star visible through the opening in the curtain tells the onlookers that the stable birthplace of the Christ Child lies below. Two rocks are near stage center. These are to sit on.

(*Singers off stage sing any Christmas song.*)

(*As song ends, Rebecca and Abraham are seen walking along the road toward the front of the stage. Hesitatingly they look behind them once or twice, as though they would like to go back to Bethlehem.*)

REBECCA—But, Abraham, he is just a very small baby, like your baby brother. And yet they say he is king.

ABRAHAM—It is so wonderful, Rebecca. The Prophets said all this. They said a child would be born and the government would be upon his shoulders.

REBECCA—Some people will never believe he is king. But I know he is. I know it truly.

ABRAHAM—How do you know?

REBECCA—Because of the light around him, and the beauty of that little barn. All the animals were quiet too, Abraham. They know too.

ABRAHAM—Yes, they were quiet and I heard music—wonderful music. I believe the angels were close by and singing to the baby. You are right, Rebecca. He is our king, even though we have many friends who will not believe.

REBECCA (*sitting on a rock*)—But what can we do to show that we know he is the king? There must be something we can do to honor him.

ABRAHAM (*sitting on the other rock*)—I did kneel before his crib.

REBECCA—Oh, so did I! But if we, even though we are small, could only show others our love for him, I would be so happy. How I wish we could tell in some big way that we have seen the holy Christ Child.

(*Soft music of "O Little Town of Bethlehem" can be heard as the Shepherds are seen coming along the road.*)

ABRAHAM (*standing*)—Rebecca, here come the shepherds. They left their flocks near the town and came to see the baby king. Perhaps they will know of some gift we can give him.

REBECCA—Let's ask them.

(*Shepherds are talking and gesturing as they approach.*)

FIRST SHEPHERD—It is a wonderful thing that has happened to us this night.

SECOND SHEPHERD—We must hasten to tell the others we have seen the king about whom the Prophets have spoken.

ABRAHAM (*stepping out into the road*)—Excuse me, Shepherds, but maybe you can help us. We, too, have visited the Holy Babe and we want to do something to show we believe in him and love him.

REBECCA (*anxiously*)—Perhaps there is some small thing we could give him.

THIRD SHEPHERD—The doing is for your parents, my children. Go home now before you are missed and your people start searching for you.

REBECCA—But can't you give us some idea of what we could do?

FIRST SHEPHERD—Go home, little ones. That is your place to serve.

(*Shepherds move on and exit.*)

ABRAHAM (*sighs and sits down again*)—I'm afraid we are too young to pay tribute in the right way, Rebecca.

REBECCA (*stands for emphasis*)—Not I. I shall think of something to give the baby.

(*Soft music, choir or instrumental, "We Three Kings of Orient Are," as Wise Men are seen coming along the road through the opening to the front of stage.*)

ABRAHAM (*stands up*)—Sh-h-h, Rebecca. See, it is the Wise Men, the great ones from the East who brought all those splendid gifts.

REBECCA—Let's ask them about something we could give. They know about nice gifts.

(*Wise Men walk along, with heads bowed reverently.*)

ABRAHAM—Excuse us, reverend sirs. Will you help us?

FIRST WISE MAN—What is it, my son?

ABRAHAM—We have seen the baby king, too, and we want to do something to show he is the King of Kings.

SECOND WISE MAN (*to the others*)—See—even the children sense that this is no usual birth.

THIRD WISE MAN (*quoting reflectively*)—"We shall be led by a Child—and we shall be as children." This is truly a thing the Prophets have mentioned.

REBECCA—Please tell us what gift we can give.

SECOND WISE MAN—Give yourselves—your minds and your hearts and your hands.

REBECCA—Oh, yes, we mean to do that. But we want to give a gift so that everyone will know that we are doing it for the king.

THIRD WISE MAN—Little one, material gifts are costly. Each of us spent a great deal of money on the gifts we laid beside the manger.

FIRST WISE MAN—Your mother or father or your neighbor will be able to tell you what gift you can afford to buy.

(*Wise Men exit.*)

REBECCA (*sadly*)—Oh, they do not understand.

(*Soft humming of "Silent Night" as Angels enter and surround the boy and girl.*)

FIRST ANGEL—We heard your wish, Rebecca and Abraham. And we have come to help you.

ABRAHAM—Oh, you are the Angels we heard singing near the manger.

SECOND ANGEL—Yes, we are. And we have come to tell you what birthday gift you can give the little Lord Jesus.

THIRD ANGEL—You may start the glorious songs of joy that will echo down the ages, songs of praise for the babe who is to be the light of the world.

FOURTH ANGEL—Rebecca and Abraham, you may give your voices to the baby king. Sing sweetly and tell everyone you meet to join in the song.

FIRST ANGEL—And when you are grown, tell your children to sing the songs of Christmas, and be sure that they tell *their* children to sing. Always, then, the children shall sing, and because the children sing, their parents will sing and all will "make a joyful noise unto the Lord."

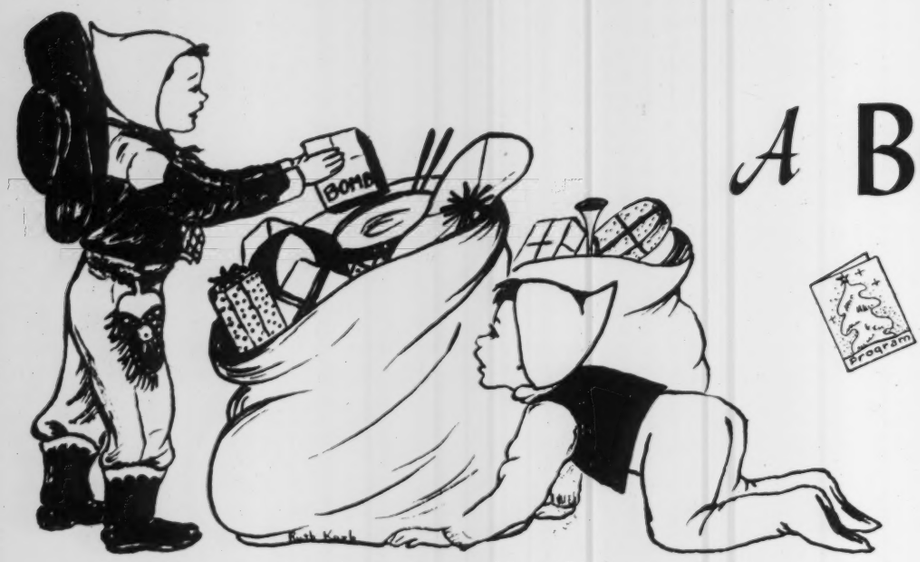
REBECCA—Why, we can have a chorus here on earth like the angels' chorus.

SECOND ANGEL—That is exactly right. Join us now and we shall teach you to glorify the Christmas birthday of the infant Jesus in song.

(*Angels and Rebecca and Abraham sing "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing" as they leave the stage.*)

(*As they leave, a Narrator, or group of Narrators if you wish to use more people, comes to center of stage from the opposite side.*)

NARRATOR—Yes, Rebecca and Abraham gave a wonderful gift to the Christ Child. They started the singing that has come down through the centuries. Most of their songs unto the Lord were chants. (*Continued on page 71*)



A BOMB for Santa

Imogene Mattice

(Santa is seated in an easy chair at the left, downstage. He is yawning and stretching. His Elves are seated about the stage in a semicircle, working on last-minute toys and gifts. Some are sewing, their threads long, and their actions noticeable. Upstage from Santa is a pile of bundles ready to place on the sleigh. A few toys stick out. Mrs. Santa is walking around dusting with a feather duster here and there.)

(Santa rises, stretches, and sings "Ho-hum!" The Elves echo each "ho-hum." Then the Elves sing their stanza of the same song with Santa echoing "ho-hum.")

MRS. SANTA—You must be tired, Santa, dear. *(She goes up to Santa and flicks duster over him with a few casual flicks.)* Come now, you must take a nap before you start on your long journey.

SANTA *(stretching)*—Well, I suppose I really should. But I'm so afraid I'll forget someone. *(Addresses Mrs. Santa.)* Are you sure we've remembered all the children on the list?

MRS. SANTA *(picks up a long scroll and lets it unroll to the floor)*—Yes, I'm quite sure everyone has been remembered.

SANTA—Good!

MRS. SANTA—I wonder how many cowboy suits you will deliver this year. Every girl and boy in the world seems to want a cowboy outfit.

NIXIE—The children love you, Santa, and they will be happy with the gifts you are bringing this year, I am sure especially the cowboy suits.

(Elves sing "Dear Santa.")

SANTA—Thank you, my good Elves. And now I'll take my nap, but when it's time to start, I'll be back.

MRS. SANTA—Everything will be ready, Santa. Have a good rest.

(Exit Santa.)

MEASLEY *(comes forward and strikes a belligerent attitude, his arms folded)*—Oh, bosh!

ELVES *(startled)*—What?

MEASLEY—You heard me. Oh, bosh! I'm tired of Christmas! I'm tired of good will and love. *(Mocking voice.)* Merry, merry Christmas! I'm tired of it!

ELVES *(shocked)*—Oh! Oh!

MEASLEY—I'm quitting! I'm through! *I'm on strike!*

(All are very shocked.)

MRS. SANTA *(amazed)*—You're on strike?

MEASLEY—Have we had any vacation? *(Looks around and answers himself.)* No! Do we get portal-to-portal pay? No! I'm quitting! I'm through! I'm on strike! Let's all strike.

NOXIE—Now look, Measley, we don't want to strike. We like to work for Santa. We love Santa

MEASLEY—All right, then. I'm a one-man strike. Hurray for—Who am I rooting for? Hurray for myself! Hurray for Measley!

MRS. SANTA—Oh, Measley!

MEASLEY—I want time and a half for overtime!

TUPPER—We can't ask Santa to give us more money. He doesn't get paid himself. He gives all his time to making others happy.

MEASLEY—I want Saturdays and Mondays off.

MRS. SANTA—Oh! Oh!

MEASLEY—I want warm air-conditioning. Freeze, freeze! I'm tired of freezing!

MRS. SANTA *(sadly)*—Never did I think you would act this way, especially on Christmas Eve, Measley.

PEE WEE—Maybe he's tired. I know I am. *(Stretches.)* I'm going to take a nap. *(Goes behind the pile of Christmas bundles and lies down.)*

MRS. SANTA—That's it! You must be tired, Measley. Why don't you take a nap?

MEASLEY—I'm not tired. It's just that this North Pole isn't what it's cracked up to be. I want to go where the grass is green. I want to be a cowboy.

ELVES—Oh, my goodness!

MEASLEY—Well, I don't care. I've wanted to be a cowboy ever since we made those dozens and trillions of cowboy suits and hats and guns. *(Sings "I Want to Be a Cowboy.")*

(Elves sing the same song substituting "he" for "I.")

NIXIE—Now that you've got that off your chest, Measley, come on. It's time to get Santa's reindeer hitched to his sleigh.

MEASLEY—Don't ask *me* to help. I'm through with Christmas. Just a lot of hard work. I'd do away with it, if I could.

ELVES *(shocked)*—Oh, no!

MEASLEY *(turning to leave)*—Good-by. Get back on the job, now. *(Mockingly.)* All the little boys and girls have to be remembered, you know. *(Exits.)*

MRS. SANTA—Oh, dear!

NOXIE—Oh, please don't worry, Mrs. Santa; we can get along without him.

MRS. SANTA—Yes, I know. He isn't hurting anyone but himself, really. Christmas is in your heart, first of all. If there is not Christmas in your heart, how can you feel Christmassy toward anyone else? *(She sings "Christmas Joys" and the Elves join in the chorus.)*

MRS. SANTA—We can't allow Measley to upset our Christmas spirit. Let's go and have our supper; then we'll come back and load Santa's sleigh.

ELVES—Food! Oh, boy, food! *(All exit, following Mrs. Santa.)*

(Measley comes sneaking in when they leave. He is dressed in a cowboy outfit, and he carries a package in one hand. On it is written in large letters, BOMB. *He slides it into an opening near the top of one of the pack bundles. Pee Wee peers around the sack, watching, and rubbing his eyes as if he had been awakened from sleep.)*

MEASLEY *(to audience)*—I'm going to finish this Christmas business once and for all. I've put a bomb inside one of Santa's bundles. *That* will fix *everything!* No more Santa: no more Christmas! And *I* am going to run away and *be a cowboy!* *(Exits.)*

PEE WEE *(comes crawling out on his hands and knees, eyes wide, mouth open)*—Oh! *(He gasps.)* Oh! Oh! *(Stands up and runs back and forth excitedly.)* What shall I do? *(Continued on page 72)*

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

SANTA—A good-sized child, preferably, dressed in a Santa suit.

MRS. SANTA—A tall child dressed in a long full-skirted dress and a generous white half apron. Her hair is worn on top of her head, and she wears spectacles.

MEASLEY—Measley is dressed like the other Elves, at first. Later he wears a cowboy costume.

PEE WEE—A small child. Wears an elf costume.

GOOD FAIRY—Wears an airy type of dress that is long and full and white, of course. Bright stars pasted on the dress will give it life. Tinsel, in loops to the waist and banding the sleeves, will help catch the light and make her dress sparkle. She wears a bright crown with a large star above her forehead. (These can be made of cardboard and dusted with "glitter.") She carries a star-tipped wand, which has been dusted with glitter.

NIXIE, NOXIE, TUPPER—These Elves have speaking parts, as do Measley and Pee Wee. They wear elf costumes.

ELVES—All the Elves wear a kind of coverall garment with attached feet and hood with peaked cap. Patterns for such costumes can be found in any standard pattern book. Sleeveless boleros in various bright colors help distinguish one elf from another.

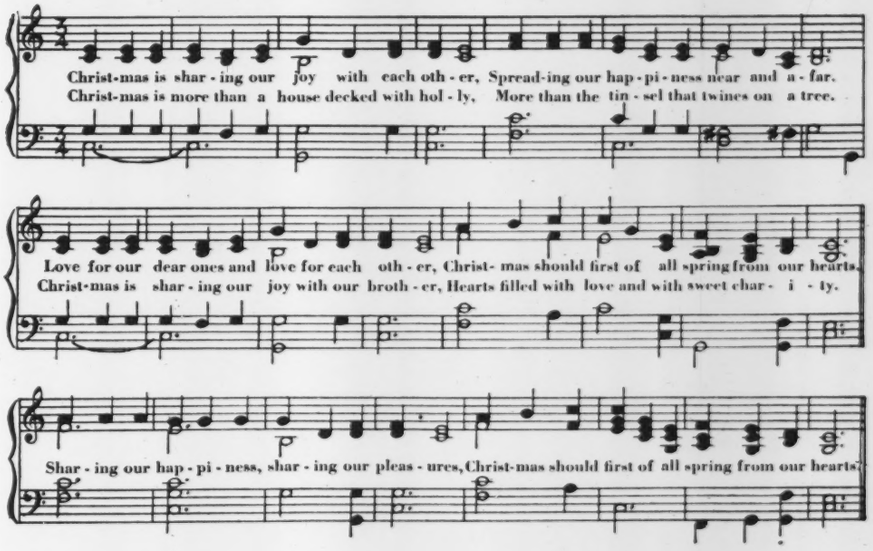
FAIRIES—Their dresses should be very full and short, like ballet skirts, of material that is light but firm so that it stands out stiffly from the body. Dress up their costumes with stars, tinsel, and glitter. String together bright round Christmas ornaments for crowns.

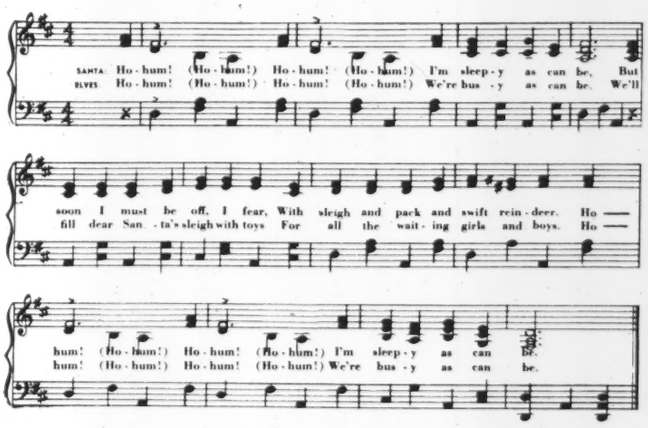
SETTING

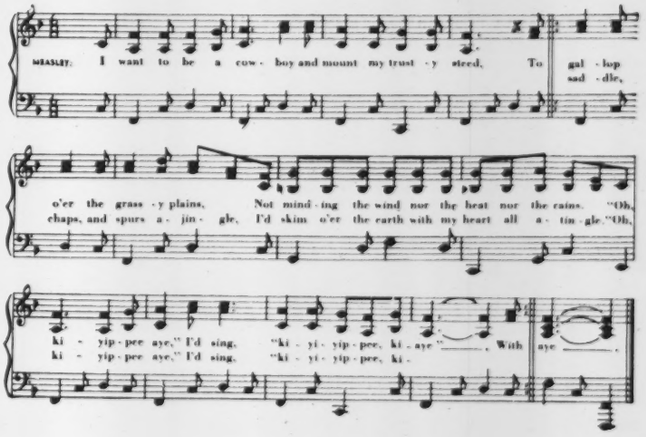
Santa's workroom at the North Pole. It is Christmas Eve.

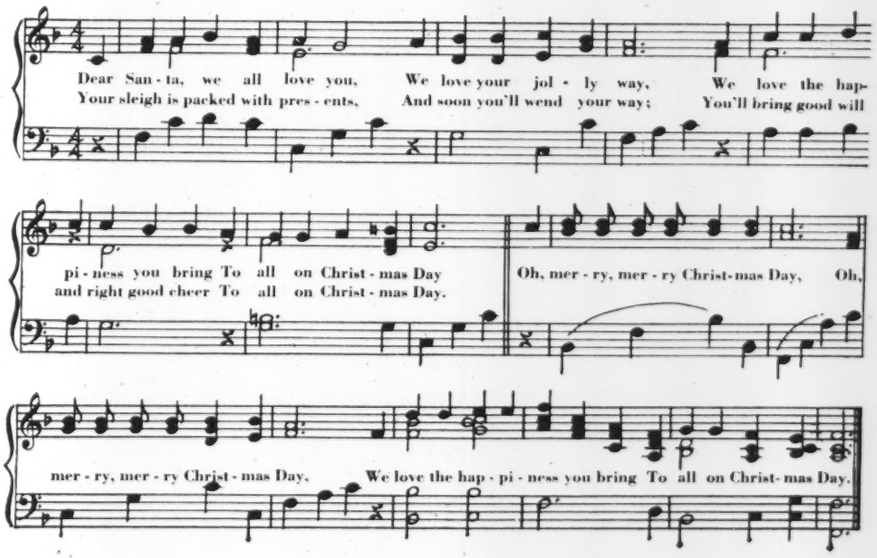
These songs are to be sung by the children who take part in the play "A Bomb for Santa."
Two of them, "Christmas Joys" and "Dear Santa," are appropriate for other occasions also.

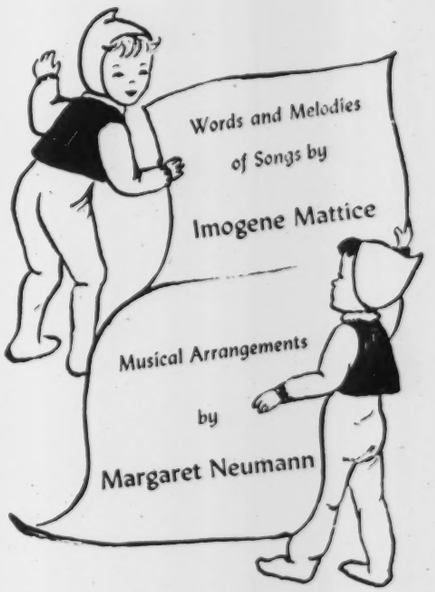
Christmas Joys

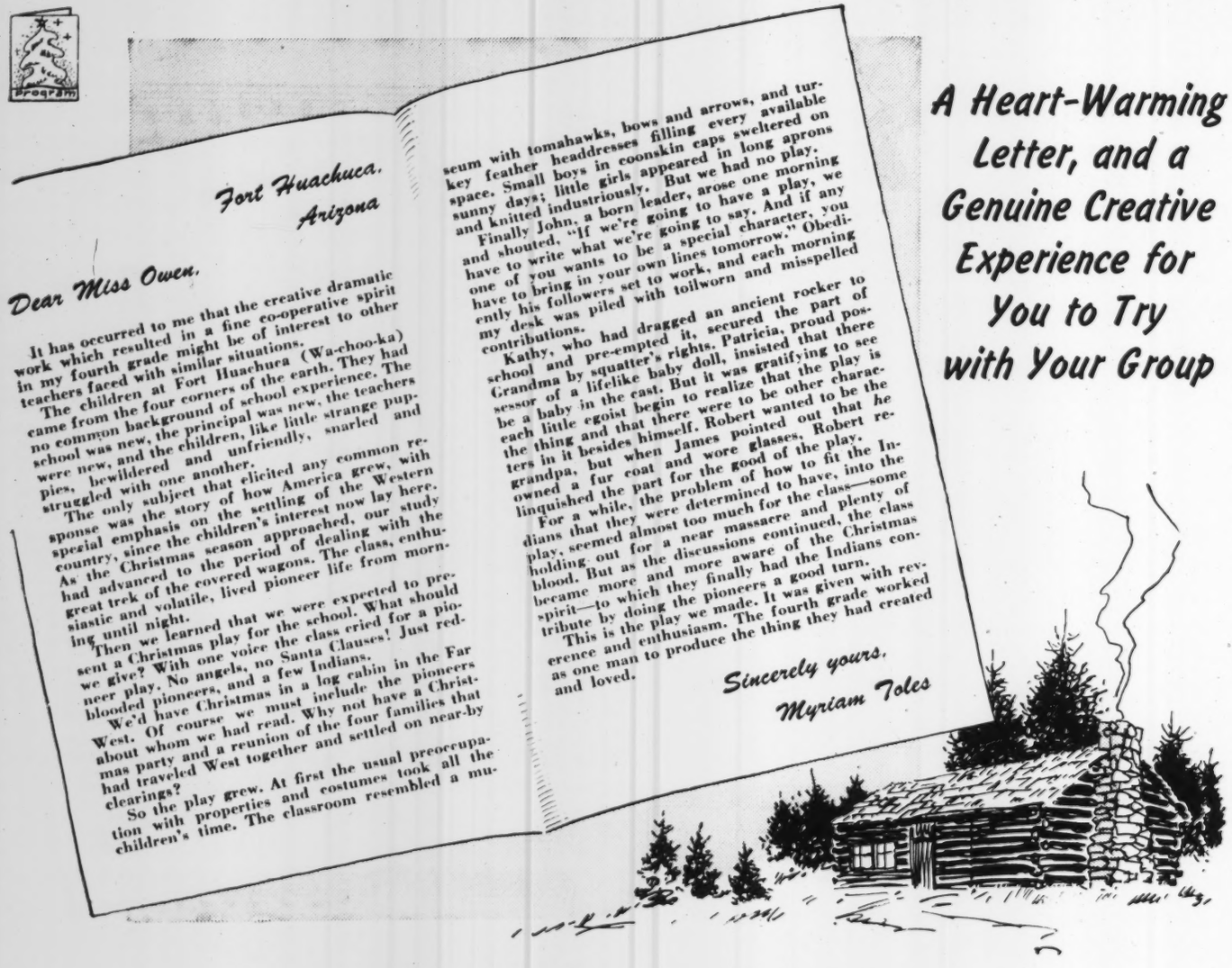

Christ-mas is shar - ing our joy with each oth - er, Spread-ing our hap - pi - ness near and a - far.
Christ-mas is more than a house decked with hol - ly, More than the tin - sel that twines on a tree.
Love for our dear ones and love for each oth - er, Christ- mas should first of all spring from our hearts.
Christ-mas is shar - ing our joy with our broth - er, Hearts filled with love and with sweet char - i - ty.
Shar - ing our hap - pi - ness, shar - ing our pleas - ures, Christ-mas should first of all spring from our hearts.

Ho-Hum!

SANTA: Ho - hum! (Ho - hum!) Ho - hum! (Ho - hum!) I'm sleep - y as can be, But
ELVES: Ho - hum! (Ho - hum!) Ho - hum! (Ho - hum!) We're bus - y as can be. We'll
soon I must be off, I fear, With sleigh and pack and swift rein - deer. Ho —
fill dear San - ta's sleigh with toys For all the wait - ing girls and boys. Ho —
hum! (Ho - hum!) Ho - hum! (Ho - hum!) I'm sleep - y as can be.
hum! (Ho - hum!) Ho - hum! (Ho - hum!) We're bus - y as can be.

I Want to Be a Cowboy

WEASLEY: I want to be a cow - boy and mount my trust - y steed, To gal - lop
sad - dle,
o'er the grass - y plains, Not mind - ing the wind nor the heat nor the rains. "Oh,
chaps, and spurs a - jin - gle, I'd skim o'er the earth with my heart all a - tin - gle. "Oh,
ki - yip - pee aye," I'd sing, "ki - yi - yip - pee, ki - aye ——, With aye ——.
ki - yip - pee aye," I'd sing, "ki - yi - yip - pee, ki -

Dear Santa

Dear San - ta, we all love you, We love your jol - ly way, We love the hap-
Your sleigh is packed with pres - ents, And soon you'll wend your way; You'll bring good will
pi - ness you bring To all on Christ - mas Day
and right good cheer To all on Christ - mas Day.
Oh, mer - ry, mer - ry Christ-mas Day, Oh,
mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas Day, We love the hap - pi - ness you bring To all on Christ-mas Day.





Fort Huachuca,
Arizona

Dear Miss Owen,

It has occurred to me that the creative dramatic work which resulted in a fine co-operative spirit in my fourth grade might be of interest to other teachers faced with similar situations.

The children at Fort Huachuca (Wa-choo-ka) came from the four corners of the earth. They had no common background of school experience. The school was new, the principal was new, the teachers were new, and the children, like little strange puppies, bewildered and unfriendly, snarled and struggled with one another.

The only subject that elicited any common response was the story of how America grew, with special emphasis on the settling of the Western country, since the children's interest now lay here. As the Christmas season approached, our study had advanced to the period of dealing with the great trek of the covered wagons. The class, enthusiastic and volatile, lived pioneer life from morning until night.

Then we learned that we were expected to present a Christmas play for the school. What should we give? With one voice the class cried for a pioneer play. No angels, no Santa Clauses! Just red-blooded pioneers, and a few Indians.

We'd have Christmas in a log cabin in the Far West. Of course we must include the pioneers about whom we had read. Why not have a Christmas party and a reunion of the four families that had traveled West together and settled on near-by clearings?

So the play grew. At first the usual preoccupation with properties and costumes took all the children's time. The classroom resembled a museum with tomahawks, bows and arrows, and turkey feather headdresses filling every available space. Small boys in coonskin caps sweltered on sunny days; little girls appeared in long aprons and knitted industriously. But we had no play.

Finally John, a born leader, arose one morning and shouted, "If we're going to have a play, we have to write what we're going to say. And if any one of you wants to be a special character, you have to bring in your own lines tomorrow." Obediently his followers set to work, and each morning my desk was piled with toilworn and misspelled contributions.

Kathy, who had dragged an ancient rocker to school and pre-empted it, secured the part of Grandma by squatter's rights. Patricia, proud possessor of a lifelike baby doll, insisted that there be a baby in the cast. But it was gratifying to see each little egoist begin to realize that the play is the thing and that there were to be other characters in it besides himself. Robert wanted to be the grandpa, but when James pointed out that he owned a fur coat and wore glasses, Robert relinquished the part for the good of the play.

For a while, the problem of how to fit the Indians that they were determined to have, into the play, seemed almost too much for the class—some holding out for a near massacre and plenty of blood. But as the discussions continued, the class became more and more aware of the Christmas spirit—to which they finally had the Indians contribute by doing the pioneers a good turn.

This is the play we made. It was given with reverence and enthusiasm. The fourth grade worked as one man to produce the thing they had created and loved.

Sincerely yours,
Myriam Toles

A Heart-Warming Letter, and a Genuine Creative Experience for You to Try with Your Group

A LOG CABIN CHRISTMAS

MYRIAM TOLES
and her Fort Huachuca Fourth-Graders

Characters

HAWKES FAMILY
JOHN—Father.
SARAH—Mother.
GRANDMA
PETER—Aged 8.
JIMMY—Aged 9.
MADGE—Aged 7.
CARTER FAMILY
SAM—Father.
GRANDPA
AMY—Mother.
BABY—A doll.
SMITH FAMILY
JUD—Husband.
ANN—Wife.
JOHNSON FAMILY
ROB—Father.
MARY—Mother.
MARGARET—Aged 11.
INDIANS—Two or more.

The Carter, Smith, and Johnson families may be expanded to permit all the children in the class to participate.

Setting

The interior of a log cabin is indicated by a cardboard fireplace with two iron cooking pots suspended over the coals, and a few wooden bowls and a candlestick on the mantel above. Also, there is a paper window frame pinned to the monk's-cloth curtains. Near the window are a rocking chair and a crude table. A bench and two or three stools complete seating accommodations.

NARRATOR (*in front of the curtain*)—The Fourth Grade has been studying the thrilling story of the pioneers. The play we are presenting brings to a close our study of this period. But we know that we shall always be interested in reading and learning more about those brave Americans who settled this country and gave us the privilege of living in this great, free land. To make our study more real, we followed in imagination the progress of four pioneer families—the Carters, the Johnsons, the Smiths, and the Hawkeses—who started out from Pennsylvania in four covered wagons. Identifying ourselves with them, we crossed the rivers and mountains, rode through sunshine and storm, until we arrived in the Far West.

Tonight is Christmas Eve. We pioneers—members of the four families—will gather together to renew the friendships of that long hard trip, and to enjoy Christmas together. Our play takes place in the log-cabin home of the Hawkes family.

Scene 1

(*Sarah quietly stirs the food in the cooking pots; then goes to the window to peer out anxiously. Downstage, left center, Grandma rocks in a plain old rocker as she tells a Christmas story to Peter, Jimmy, and Madge.*)

MADGE—I could listen to you all day, Grandma.

JIMMY—So could I!

SARAH (*severely*)—Well, you aren't going to! You young 'uns go on out and get some more wood for this fire. The wagon folks ought to be coming along any minute. Hurry up now!

GRANDMA—Do as your mother tells you!

PETER—Come on, Jim! Madge! (*Children exit reluctantly.*)

GRANDMA—I declare, Sarah, I'm right worried. It'll soon be dark and not a sign of the folks.

SARAH—I know it. I've fretted all afternoon. I wasn't half as worried when we all crossed the Platte River and the Johnsons lost their wagon and oxen.

GRANDMA—My, that seems only yesterday.

SARAH—The Carters are planning to bring their old grandfather with them. Oh, my! And the new baby! Land sakes, a little baby out in this cold!

GRANDMA—It has been a year since we left them at their clearing. I hope they've done as well as we have.

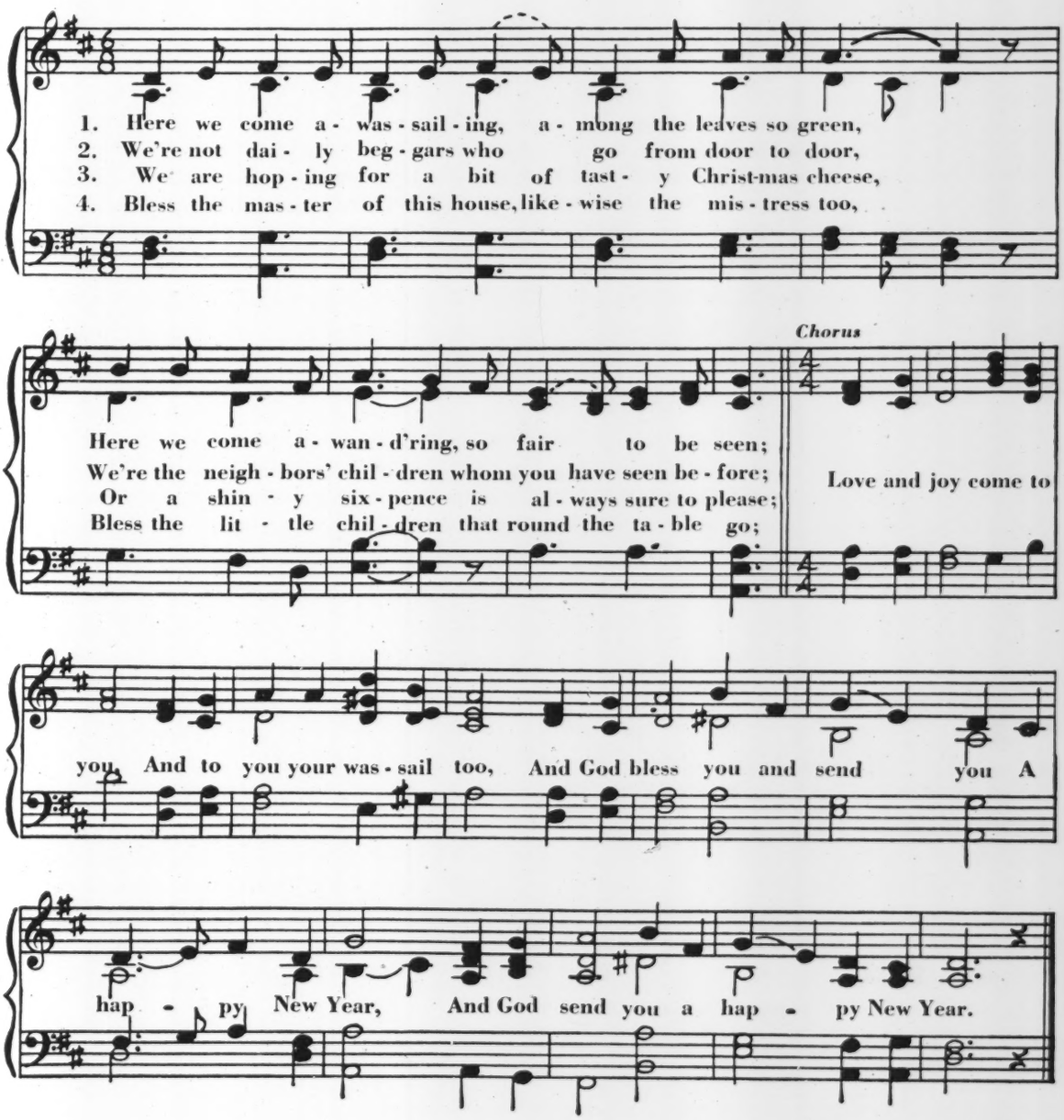
JOHN (*enters with armload of wood, throws it down by fireplace, rubs his hands*)—Here's some wood, Sarah. Well, it's getting late and colder than a New England blizzard. Keep the vittles warm, Mother. The Carters will be half starved. They probably left their cabin at sunup this morning. It's too bad that Christmas isn't in the summer.

(*The children enter with more wood.*)

(Continued on page 75)

The Wassail Song

This old English carol gives a picture of the "waits," who roved the streets of England during the holiday season, playing their instruments and singing carols. In return, they hoped to receive food or money, and they sang their blessings upon the household. Although the "waits" became nothing more than beggars, it was considered bad luck to turn them away, and the custom became a boon to many an undernourished peasant.

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY ELVA S. DANIELS

1. Here we come a - was - sail - ing, a - mong the leaves so green,
2. We're not dai - ly beg - gars who go from door to door,
3. We are hop - ing for a bit of tast - y Christ-mas cheese,
4. Bless the mas - ter of this house, like - wise the mis - tress too,
Chorus
Here we come a - wan - d'ring, so fair to be seen;
We're the neigh - bors' chil - dren whom you have seen be - fore;
Or a shin - y six - pence is al - ways sure to please;
Bless the lit - tle chil - dren that round the ta - ble go;
Love and joy come to you, And to you your was - sail too, And God bless you and send you A
hap - py New Year, And God send you a hap - py New Year.

AUDIENCE-TESTED PROGRAMS

Christmas Beckons to the Future

Clara Dayton

Music Co-ordinator, Tularcitos Elementary School District, Monterey County, California

I SHOULD like to tell you how our school retold the Christmas story for all its children to understand. I have long believed in the power of music to accomplish many desirable educational goals, and I use it wherever possible to encourage international understanding and good will. Thus came about the idea of presenting "Christmas in Many Lands." One cannot hope to express the actual beauty of children's song on paper; there could not exist, however, greater sincerity or reverence than that of children as they express their sympathy for the Holy Infant. Since I am a music co-ordinator who visits the school one day weekly, "Christmas in Many Lands" necessarily became a co-operative enterprise among teachers, children, and myself.

Every classroom at Tularcitos was encouraged to read about, discuss, and select from among many diverse and unfamiliar observances the one it wished to portray. So it came about that the second grade chose customs of Norway and Sweden; the third grade, France; fourth grade, Germany; fifth and sixth combined, Mexico; seventh and eighth combined, Holland. The first grade supplied angels and gift-bearers (from everywhere). Our Holy Family group consisted of seventh- and eighth-graders assisted by some lovely boy and girl angels from grade two, and the three wise men from grade three. These comprised our living crèche.

Since our school does not as yet have an auditorium, we arranged two classrooms with a removable partition between, so that one was the "stage" and the other seated our audience.

"Deck the Hall" was first sung by the entire school, while a few of the upper-grade girls stepped through the aisles with garlands of holly and decorated as they walked. It was a very gay beginning—from Wales, of course! Next came the first-graders singing a song about Christmas bells and "Our Christmas Pie" (English), which was dramatized as well.

A short original play followed in which the setting was "home" with "Mother" and her two "children." Briefly, she told them that Christmas is observed in many different ways throughout the world, and then she related the Christmas story from the Bible. As it concluded with "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," the entire school sang "Silent Night." Next the French children sang the lovely "Bring a Torch, Jeannette, Isabella" and "The First Noel." During the last verse of this carol the three Wise Men entered, bringing their gifts to the crèche. Kim, a third-grader, told of some French customs at Christmas time, and left a spray of holly at the manger to exemplify that tradition.

The Swedish "Saint Lucias" with crowns of candles on their heads entered next, and served the audience cookies from their little trays. One girl received the *Julklapp,* or huge surprise package, and squatted on the floor to unwrap the many folds of paper and "boxes within a box" until she held up for all to see the gift—a jack-in-the-box! All at once, riding on their goats (broomsticks, that is), came the second-grade boys, dressed with pointed caps and long white whiskers as *Jule-Nissens,* from Norway! They knelt before the girls, and were given cookies. They stood in a group as Linda, our narrator, described the full meaning of these impersonations and customs. Finally, the group sang "I Am So Happy on Christmas Eve," a Norwegian carol.

Some beautiful small angels from first grade encircled the manger and sang to the Infant Jesus, followed by gift-bearers from that grade who knelt before the crèche and offered "real" gifts of white-wrapped food packages, to be given later to the needy.

The Dutch children were very eager to introduce St. Nicholas, or *Sinterklaas,* garbed in his Bishop's robe. He listened appropriately to hear whether children had been good all year. After the wooden shoes were ceremoniously filled with hay for his horse, and placed where he could not fail to find them, the children were much surprised to discover that he had left presents for the good ones, and a switch for the "bad" boy of the household. These children first sang "A Child Is Born in Bethlehem," Dutch carol, in beautiful modal tonality, and after the above dramatization, during which our narrator described the Dutch customs, the children gathered around the white sheet upon which St. Nicholas had deposited their gifts, and sang "The Simple Birth."

Our "Mexican" children were beautifully garbed in authentic costumes of their country, and entered seeking a sheltering place. At the head of the procession, or *posada,* were carried miniature statues of Mary, Joseph, and angels. After being refused admission to several "homes," one was finally opened to them, whereupon the beautiful Mexican lullaby, "O, Ru-ru-ru, My Little Jesu," was sung. Then came the piñata, brilliantly decorated, and upheld in its colorful framework by two boys. The narrators described the *(Continued on page 73)*

Our Musical Program

Bertha Eleeda Malcolm and *Monica B. Holcomb*

Art and Music Teachers, North Junior High School, Niagara Falls, New York

SINGING most impressively, "God Bless the Little Things at Christmas Tide," the newly organized seventh-grade chorus made its first appearance on our Christmas program. This selection was composed by a member of our own music faculty. It is available from Harold Flammer, Inc., New York. "Carol of the Bells," arranged by Wilhousky (Carl Fischer), was also sung. The children's smiling faces glowed as they sang. All had white blouses. The girls wore little metallic-paper bows in their hair; the boys wore metallic-paper ties.

In the photograph you will note the holly thumbtacked on the white wall at the back of the stage. The holly formed a large frame in which carols were projected from the stereopticon machine. The entire audience of about one thousand sang from these slides. Pinned to the heavy blue velvet curtains were cheery angel heads with metallic-paper wings. They were singing too!

Choir boys lined up along the front of the platform added much to the general festive atmosphere. For these the art students used heavy construction paper (24″ x 36″) of many different colors. They were able to cut both the gown and the arms from one sheet of paper. The arms were stapled to each other and then to the already stapled gown. The heads were then stapled to the front of the circular gown, and then the arms were stapled to the white book. The circular collar of gold or silver metallic paper was pleated and attached to the choir boy with strips of transparent tape.

A. F. Brinklow, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

THAT YOU CAN DEVELOP CREATIVELY

Volumes of Christmas

Doris Wagner

Teacher, Vocal Music, Public School, Southampton, New York

THIS program began with a small family assembled in front of the curtains. After some preliminary conversation, the children asked their father to read to them. As he consented, the curtains opened revealing seven giant books. (See photo.) The children opened one before leaving the stage.

Seated in the orchestra pit, a chorus of one hundred children in grades four through seven sang a series of songs for each episode. As they sang, children in costume came out of the books and acted or danced to illustrate the music. Characters for each episode were in place before the curtains opened, and emerged on cue.

The first group of songs tied in with the book title *Children's Christmas*. They were: "Jingle Bells," "Suzy Snowflake" (sheet music), "Here Comes Santa Claus" (sheet music), and "Jolly Old St. Nicholas."

As the characters came from the Bible and from the book entitled *Messengers*, the chorus sang: "Angels' Message" (*American Singer, Book 4*), "Rise Up Shepherd an' Foller" (THE INSTRUCTOR, December 1952), "Three Kings" (Provençal Tune), "What Child Is This?" (Greensleeves), "Mary's Lullaby" (Polish Tune).

While the chorus sang "Twelve Days of Christmas" (*Choral Octavo 1129*, Hall & McCreary Co., Chicago 5), performers emerged from the book entitled *Gifts*, each carrying a placard of colorful drawings.

Chanukah

Blanche Holzman

Teacher, Third Grade, Public School 20, Brooklyn, New York

Chanukah, or Hanukah (*Hah'noo-kah*), is the Jewish Feast of Dedication. It is observed in December and lasts for eight days. The feast was first celebrated in 165 B.C. to mark the rededication of the Jewish Temple in Jerusalem. A candle is lighted on each successive evening and there is an exchange of gifts and expressions of good will.

Here is a brief play from which emanates the happy holiday spirit of the festival. The setting is the dining room in a modern home. Characters are: MOTHER, FATHER, BARRY, JOAN.

JOAN—Tonight is the eighth night of Chanukah. During the past week, we have lighted Chanukah candles every night. What fun we have had! We had a party every night after we blessed the candles. Mother and Father gave us presents—but tonight we shall have the best time of all! Here comes Mother with the candles and the Menorah.

MOTHER (*enters carrying candles and the Menorah, a special candleholder*)—What are you children talking about now? I can guess! You are waiting for Father to light and bless the candles. (*Places candles in holder.*)

FATHER (*enters*)—Good evening, everyone. Since this is the last day of Chanukah, I have a special surprise for you. Barry, you may light and bless the candles tonight.

BARRY—Thank you, Father. I'm ready. (*Bows head over candles.*) Praised be thou, O Lord, Our God, Who hast commanded us to kindle the lights of Chanukah!

ALL (*in unison*)—
Rock of Ages is our song,
Sing it clear and sing it strong.
(*They sing "Rock of Ages."*)

(*Father exits; returns with two gifts which he and Mother present to the children. Children open and exclaim over the gifts.*)

BARRY—Now let us play the dreidle game.

(*Children play. They may spin a top or play jacks, if dreidle is not available. Parents sit and look on. All speak about the games.*)

MOTHER—Will you dance for us now? (*She plays Hora music or puts on a record.*)

(*Children dance to Hora music. Hands joined in skating position, they skip in circle, reverse, skip forward four, back four.*)

CHILDREN (*look at Menorah as they repeat together*)—The Chanukah candles, with their whispering flames, light the sacred fire within us and a bright glow fills our souls—a light of joy, courage, and hope. May we continue to carry this picture of the feast of Chanukah within our hearts every year. Eight candles shining bright and clear—
Happy Chanukah until next year!

NOTE: Hora music may be found in *Physical Activities Bulletin* (Board of Education, New York, N.Y.). Music for "Rock of Ages" is in *Hanukah—Program Material for Young Adults and Adults* (Jewish Center Division, National Jewish Welfare Board, 145 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y.).

Busy Bells

Adele Weir

Teacher, Fifth Grade, Bauerstown School, Shaler Township, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

THOSE who are looking for a novel idea to use as a short number on a varied program may like this one. The characters are bells: Liberty, Freedom, Door, Dinner, School, Fire, Church, and Jingle. Children can make their own "costumes"—big bells of oak tag and appropriate crowns.

Each bell tells what it does—in verse or prose. Together they say:
Let every bell ring out at Christmas time.
Together they make a joyful chime,
Proclaiming that God, who gave His son,
Rich blessings bestows on everyone.
"The blessing of liberty," says Liberty Bell.

Each other bell proclaims its blessing.

Sweet Angie

Dorothy Weyburn
and
Elizabeth Jurma

Will Carleton Elementary School, Detroit, Michigan

THE record "Sweet Angie, the Christmas Tree Angel," by Jack Scholl and M. K. Jerome (Blossom Music Corp., RKO Bldg., Radio City, N.Y.), inspired this program number.

Mother sat in a rocker at the side of the stage and talked with her children, who were not satisfied that they knew the meaning of Christmas. They did not feel "all glad from the inside out."

Mother drew their attention to the angel ornament on the top of the tree. The lights went out and the Glee Club sang "Sweet Angie." When the lights came on, a live "angel" appeared on stage. She summoned fourteen helpers to explain the meaning of Christmas. Each robed helper wore a letter in the phrase *Merry Christmas*. (See photo.) In a rhymed couplet each helper mentioned something beginning with his letter that enables us at Christmas to feel "all glad."

The Glee Club sang the last verse and the chorus of "Sweet Angie," the lights on the stage were dimmed, and the spotlight was focused again on the top of the tree. The children slept and the mother rocked.

The Magic Candle

J. LILIAN VANDEVERE

Characters

TOWNSPEOPLE—Any number.
MAYOR, MARIA, JOSEF, POOR MAN } Adults who are a part of the group of Townspeople.
SALLY—A practical girl.
TOM—A strong boy.
NAN—A bright girl.
MARK—A rich boy.
DAVID—A singer.
JENNIFER—An artist.
MARY—A girl who is kind.
BILLY, LOIS, WILMA, RACHEL, EARL } Younger children.

Costumes

Although this is an allegory with an Old World atmosphere, it can be done without special costuming. It is winter and the setting is out of doors. Use variety in colors of outdoor clothing.

Setting

A village square. Center front is an arrangement like a low stone wall. In fact, it may extend clear across the stage at a height of six or eight inches, subject to audience visibility. In the center, on a part that is about as high as the shoulders of the smallest children, is an electric candle. This is connected with an electric outlet so that it can be lighted on cue. An effective backdrop would be a panorama of a storybook-type village with snow on the rooftops and lights shining through tiny cutout windows.

(The Townspeople are gathered about the candle, those at the back tiptoeing and crowding for a better look.)

TOWNSPEOPLE *(one after another, excitedly)*—What is it? Let me see! Sh! here comes His Honor, the Mayor.

MAYOR *(stepping into the midst of the crowd, which makes way for him)*—Well, well! What's all this? Why such a gathering at this hour?

BILLY—It's the strange candle, Your Honor.

(Simultaneously the Townspeople say "candle" as though each were ready to answer.)

WILMA *(above the murmur of the crowd)*—And the sign.

WOMAN *(at edge of crowd)*—What does it say, Your Honor? Read it to us, please.

MAYOR *(goes nearer to candle)*—I declare! How came this thing here? Let me see! *(Adjusts glasses and reads the sign rather pompously.)* "Good people of Fairview, know ye by this that there stands before you a magic candle. *(Alarmed murmurs from the crowd, some stepping back a bit.)* It is a symbol of the light that the Christ Child brought to the world. But listen well! It will light only for the right person. The heart of that one will reveal what the candle needs to set it aglow." *(He turns to the people.)* Well, there you have it! Magic right in our own village square. Any of you may try to light the candle, but personally I feel I am not the one.

(Townspeople murmur: "Neither am I." "I'd be afraid to try." "Do you think it is a trick?" and so on, as they drift away, leaving Maria and Josef, who stand apart visiting.)

(Sally enters carrying a lighted electric lantern in one hand and an unlighted pencil-type flashlight in the other. She goes up to the candle.)

MARIA *(to Josef)*—Look, there is Sally. What do you suppose is on her mind?

SALLY *(aloud but not to anyone in particular)*—I don't see what all the fuss is about. I'll just light this candle from the light of my lantern. All it needs is a flame. *(She pretends to light her flashlight from the lantern and holds it lighted up to the candle, but the candle does not light. She turns away, shaking her head.)*

JOSEF—She is a practical girl—doesn't believe in magic. See there! Isn't that Tom, the boy who is so strong? I wonder what he plans to do.

(As Tom approaches the candle, Billy comes along in another direction lugging a heavy load. He pauses to rest.)

BILLY—Boy! I wish I were as strong as you are, Tom. Then I wouldn't mind carrying this heavy bundle.

TOM *(proudly)*—Yes, I'm pretty strong all right. *(He does not offer to help Billy, who struggles on, but goes to the candle.)* I think you will light when you see how strong I am. *(He lifts a huge rock over his head to demonstrate his strength, but the candle doesn't light, so he becomes angry.)* So you're a magic candle. Why, I could crush you to powder and tear down this foundation as though it were made of paper. You'd better light for me. *(But the candle does not light, so Tom exits angrily.)*

MARIA—Poor Tom, he doesn't understand that the way strength is *used* is more important than strength itself.

JOSEF—Now here comes a girl who knows a great deal. She gets high marks in school. Perhaps she will know how to light the candle.

LOIS *(enters as Nan proceeds toward candle)*—Oh, Nan, please read what it says about the candle. I can't read yet.

NAN *(carrying school books)*—Don't bother me, little one. Run along now. I believe I can make the candle light. *(Addresses candle, while Lois moves off in disappointment.)* O candle, I have studied hard in school and I know a lot about light. Listen to this. *(She recites some scientific facts but the candle does not respond.)*

JOSEF—My, didn't that sound learned, though!

MARIA—There are still many things for Nan to learn.

(Maria and Josef move slowly toward exit.)

MARK *(enters, followed by Poor Man)*—There's no use in your asking me; I'm not going to give you any money.

POOR MAN—But you are a rich man's son and always have plenty of money. I don't want you to give it to me. Just let me earn some to buy myself a warm coat.

MARK—Oh, don't bother me. I'm going to see if I can light this candle. *(Goes up to it.)* What a poor cheap little candle! It's hardly worth noticing. Still if it is a magic candle, I think I can get it to light. I bought a golden candleholder for it. See! *(He brings a candleholder out of his pocket.)* I paid a lot of money for this. *(Speaks to candle.)* If you will light for me I'll set you in it. *(The candle doesn't light. Mark puts candleholder back in his pocket.)* All right—no light, no golden holder. *(Exits.)*

(Poor Man sighs, turns ragged coat collar up around his neck, and exits.)

(Enter Wilma and Rachel and Earl. Wilma is crying.)

RACHEL—What is the trouble, Wilma?

WILMA—My granny is so old she can't go to the church services any more. She used to love to hear the choir sing, so I asked our neighbor David, who is a choir boy, to sing for her but he said he was too busy.

EARL—Well, I'd sing for her if I could but my voice sounds like a rusty wagon wheel. Look! Here is David. *(Continued on page 80)*

CHRISTMAS ART

SWEET-POTATO SANTA

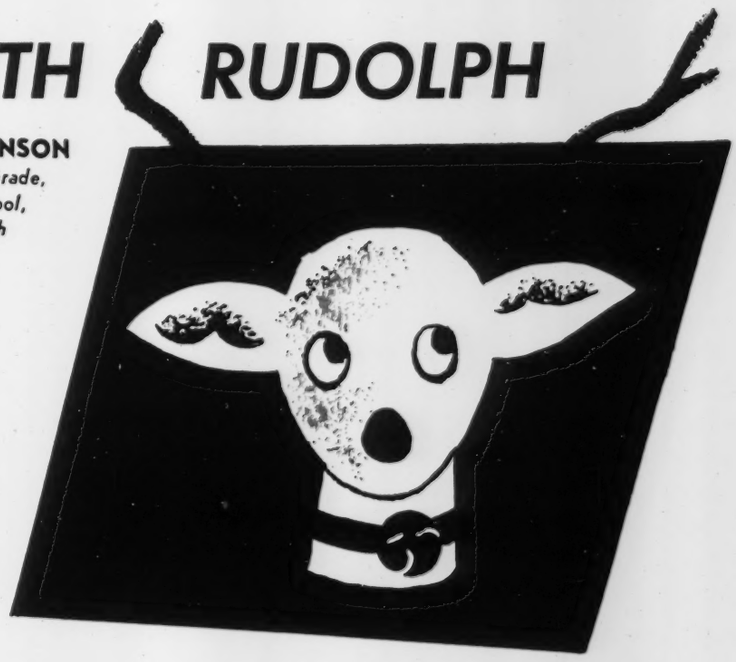
ELSE BARTLETT

CHOOSE a fat sweet potato with a curving end that is shaped like Santa's hat. Cut off the lower end to make a flat base. Paint the larger piece with red water colors. About one third of the way up from the bottom paste a belt of narrow cellophane tape. Draw one arm and hand in mitten on a double piece of red paper that matches the red paint. Cut out, and insert the arms in deep slits made in the potato with a kitchen knife.

From a "cotton picker" carton, pull out enough cotton for the beard. Cut a V-shaped piece out of the top of the beard. Twist this piece on both ends for a mustache. Attach beard and mustache to the potato by sticking pins straight in. Wrap the bottom of the cap, the sleeves, and the bottom edge of the potato with thin strips of cotton. Pin or cement in place. Use black tacks for the eyes and a red thumbtack for the nose.

MORE FUN WITH RUDOLPH

SHIRLEY HIGGINSON
Teacher, Third Grade,
Elementary School,
Dragerton, Utah



OUR CLASSROOM TREE

WHAT kind of decorations shall we put on our Christmas tree?" I asked my third-grade class one December morning.

"Rudolph," they shouted almost unanimously. So Rudolph it was. First we molded an egg shape from a ball of clay. We pulled the neck out of the same ball. We used twigs for antlers, which we pushed into the soft clay, pressing it firmly. Then they were set aside to dry.

We painted the heads with white poster paint. Circles were punched from red paper for Rudolph's nose. Circles of brown paper made the eyes. Paper ears were satisfactory because they didn't break.

CHRISTMAS ANGEL

CHILDREN PAINT JOYOUSLY AT CHRISTMAS TIME

IRENA MARIS

Teacher, Grades 2-3, Cannon School, Danville, Illinois

IN PREVIOUS years I always dreaded the painting period. It seemed to me that the children grew tense, spilled the paint, and wriggled around with an obvious reluctance to begin. I remember the dismal things I hung on the bulletin boards after such a lesson.

I tried to think of a simpler and easier and more joyous way of using our beautiful tempera colors and big brushes. The children themselves gave me the clue to our new way of painting. In their free periods they liked to start with one color, no matter whether they painted people, houses, or animals. Then they would fill in, design fashion, with a contrasting color, using unequal areas of light and dark. So an idea was born. I found that this way they actually drew with paintbrushes and were never hampered by wondering what color to use.

WISE MAN WITH CAMEL

HOLIDAY motifs were popular with the children. Anticipation of the good times ahead gave impetus to their work. Painting was an outlet for their pent-up energy.

They had already learned to begin large, with the object of filling the 12″ x 18″ paper. Manila or bogus papers made good surfaces to paint on. The children started with pink or red, aqua, green, or blue—any color of their own choosing. The spaces left were filled in with interesting spots of contrasting colors. Some designs went over the first colors.

After several lessons of this sort, the children seemed to lose all their tenseness and frustration. They painted with big brushes full of paint, and if some of it dropped on the paper it just gave them an inspiration for a new design. The results pleased them. They couldn't believe they had done such different paintings!

3 KINDERGARTEN AND PRIMARY IDEAS

JANE TURNER

1 OUR POSTMAN AT CHRISTMAS

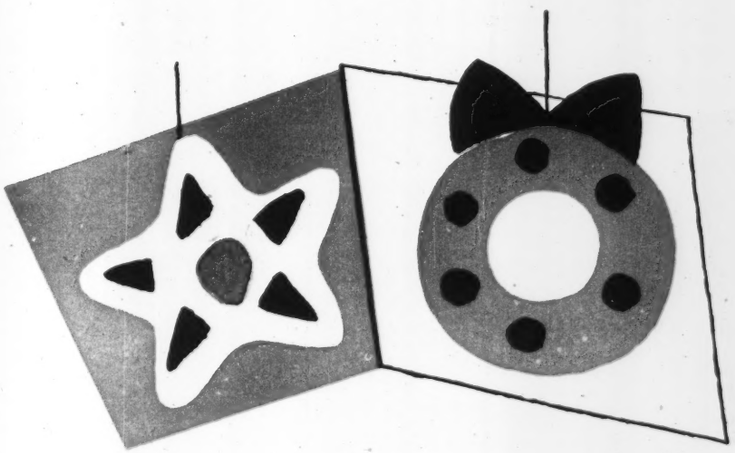
AS THE holiday draws near and children's imaginations are moved by the mysterious packages that arrive via the postman or department-store delivery, they need little encouragement to make a picture. Who does not remember peering into broken parcels to guess the contents, or tiptoeing into a storeroom to peek at the new express wagon, carefully called the "N-O-G-A-W"?

GREEN APPLES

SUNFLOWER-SEED DESIGNS ON RED-PAINTED PAPER PLATES

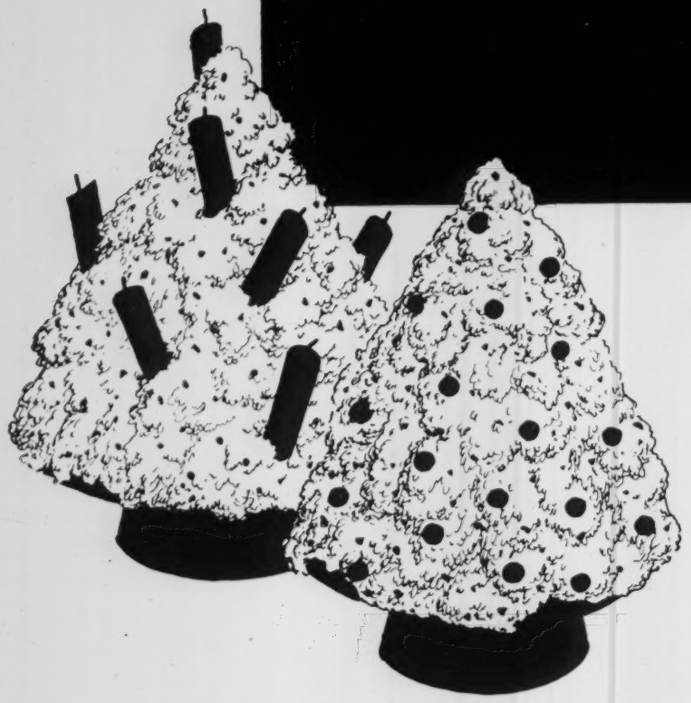
CRANBERRY CHAINS

2 OUTDOOR TREE FOR BIRDS



3 WE DECORATED OUR ROOM WITH COOKY DESIGNS

COOKIES are something every child enjoys cutting out. Bring some cooky cutters to show the children. For your room decoration, use many cooky shapes. Draw each one large on the center fold of a 12″ x 18″ manila or white paper, opened flat. Fold and cut out. (In making animal cooky shapes, no fold is needed.) Decorate with crayons, paint, and stick-on trimming such as brass paper fasteners or star seals.



WAX TREES *Bernice Walz*

MAKE little wax trees by pouring melted paraffin into waxed-paper cones, set in drinking glasses to harden overnight. For decoration, melt wax, with a piece of wax crayon for color, let cool slightly, and beat with an egg beater till fluffy. Spread on tree with a fork. Cooky decorations may be pressed into the soft wax. Use a nut cup for the tree base.

POINSETTIA

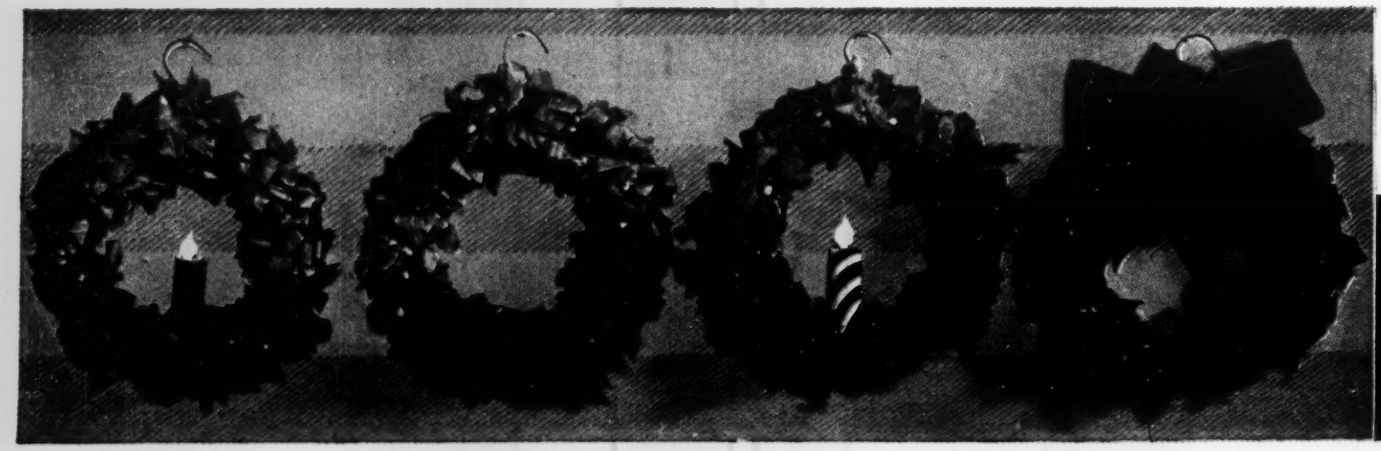
CENTERS are pea-size wads of cotton wrapped in crayoned muslin. Sew to a piece of doubled stove-pipe wire with strong thread. Without breaking the thread, string on it eight red crepe-paper petals 2½" long, eight 3½" red petals, and four 4" green leaves. Arrange around the centers, and fasten thread securely. Wrap stem with a strip of green crepe paper, and fasten with paste.

Fern Dunker

CHRISTMAS WREATHS

BEND a wire coathanger into a circle; wrap with newspaper to be about 2" thick; cover with pasted strips of paper; and dry. Wind neatly with green crepe paper. Cut leaves through several thicknesses of crepe paper. Paste on many leaves, scored down the middle, and curled. Pin on crepe-paper balls for berries.

Nora A. Reimer



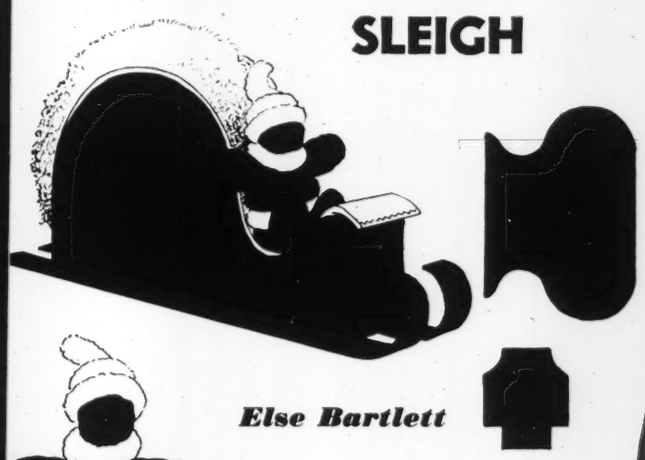
John's Place

CHRISTMAS PLACE CARDS

FOR an elf place card, start with a small box. Cover with striped or small-design paper. Arms and legs are colored pipe cleaners knotted inside box. Head, hands, and feet are cut double from paper. The head is drawn rather large, with a small tab for pasting where the neck should be. Fill box with nuts or small candies.

Dorotha Seeley

TAPE-DISPENSER SLEIGH



Else Bartlett

TRACE the bottom of the dispenser on red paper. Trace the sides in one piece with the bottom. Narrow strips curled at the ends make runners; a small oblong with tabs makes the front. Santa is two red pipe cleaners and one white.

ANGELS ***Roberta Wigton***

USE a paper cone made from an 18" half-circle. Fasten with paper fasteners. Cut off 3" at the top for the neck. The dress is two white face tissues, held at the neck with a rubber band. Cut the wires which bunch two copper-mesh pot scrapers and make into three rolls, for the hair, neckline, and skirt trimming. The head is a light bulb and the wings are paper.

GIFTS MIDDLE-GRADERS CAN MAKE

THE INSTRUCTOR '53 Art Contest HONORABLE MENTION

WASHCLOTH CATS

Anne Digilio

Teacher, Sixth Grade, New Cassel School, Westbury, New York

THE children wanted to make a gift that would be both pretty and useful. I said I would bring in some old towels and facecloths to experiment with.

The next day we assembled our supplies and got to work. The class had brought ribbons, sequins, and pipe cleaners. Someone started rolling a washcloth. Somehow this washcloth roll suggested an animal to them. Before long, somebody said we could make it into a cat. We later rerolled the washcloth (with a paper towel placed flat on it) from both ends to meet in the middle. This double roll was folded just off center, to make the back legs slightly longer than the front. A ribbon was tied about one third of the way down from the fold. This formed the head. Sew on the features (beads or sequins), and the ears and tail (chenille pussy willows).

We cut felt scraps into football shapes for hats, slipping the ears through slits in the felt. The feet were pinned to a wrapped cake of soap.

SHOE-SOLE BLOTTER ESPECIALLY FOR DAD

Grace A. Randall

THIS is a Christmas gift for Father to use on his desk. The child draws his shoe sole on a piece of paper, and transfers the shape to a red or green blotter. This is pasted to a slightly larger piece of folding tag of the opposite color from the blotter. Draw the same shape, leaving a small margin of the folding tag showing around the blotter on the underside.

On the shiny paper side, a snapshot of the boy or girl is pasted. One of the small-size school photos looks nice. Using a white crayon, a white pencil, or white ink, letter a message starting with "Upon my sole . . . ."

If there is room for a small calender, this will make the gift of triple value to Dad!

GIFTS FOR YOUNGER CHILDREN TO MAKE

WALL MEMO PAD

Lillian A. Evensen

Teacher, Second Grade, Main Street School,
East Templeton, Massachusetts

CUT house shapes for these memo pads from trial papers 6" wide by 8½" high. (We used pencil pads 2⅜" x 3¾".) The shape can be cut easily by folding from the roof peak through the middle of the doorstep, and cutting both sides at one time. Transfer to cardboard or oak tag. Use crayons or colored construction paper to finish the houses. A snapshot of the child is pasted inside the shutters, which open or close on a fold. A pencil pad fits in the doorway. Use the first sheet for a Christmas greeting.

POTATO-PRINT HANKIES

Frances B. Howe

Teacher, First Grade, Raymer School,
Toledo, Ohio

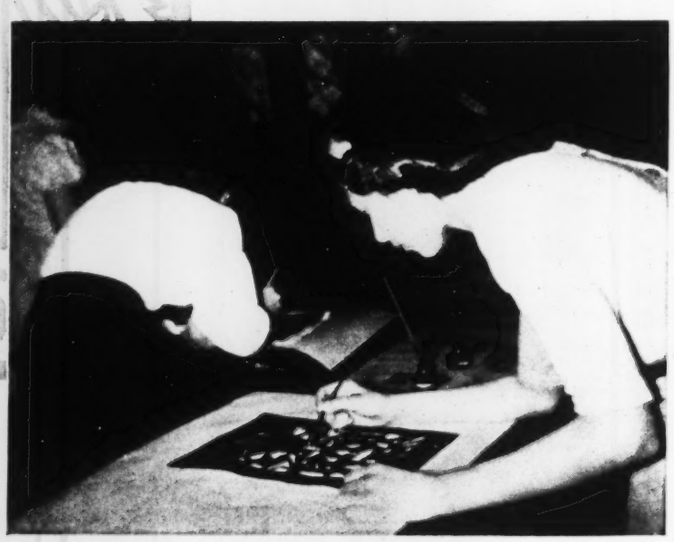
WE HAD so much fun with potato printing, we decided to print hankies for Mother. Each child needed a half potato, an old fingernail file, and a small piece of manila paper. He drew around the potato several times, giving him areas in which to draw trial designs. He then cut out the one he liked best and laid it on his potato. With the point of the file he punched around the design vertically, a quarter of an inch deep. He cut in horizontally to meet the first cuts, taking out small pieces at a time. Colorful plain cotton material was cut into nine-inch squares with the pinking shears. Each child chose his color hanky and a color of textile paint to use on his potato design. We painted the potato each time before printing. Many of the children chose to put their designs in a specific formation, while others preferred to put their prints in an allover pattern. Either way, they were happy with the gift for Mother, which they made themselves. Some children who worked faster than others had time to make several hankies.

Children like to use COLORED INKS

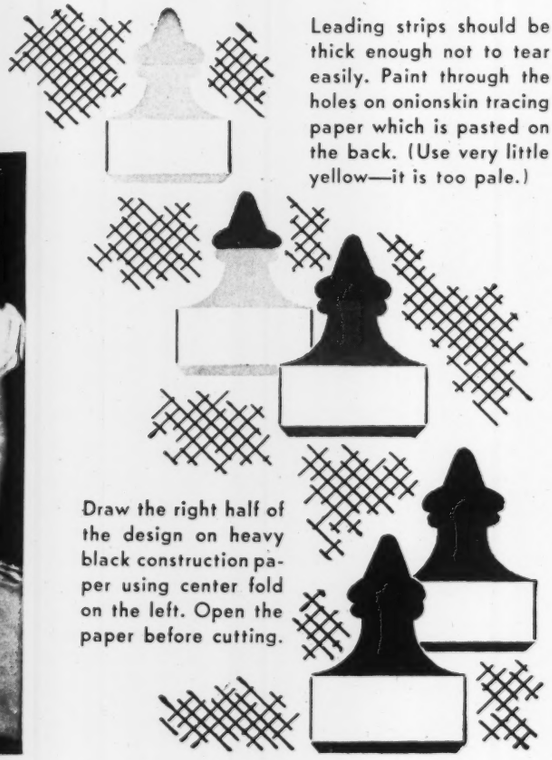
JESSIE TODD

Instructor in Art, Laboratory School,
University of Chicago

- Colored inks appeal to children because of their transparency and variety of color. Each type of paint is a new challenge!
- Children get more emotional reaction from brilliant colors surrounded by the black frame of stained-glass windows than from other color schemes.
- Painting in ink is fast, so it lends itself well to anything where free effects are desired. Use a different brush in each bottle, to keep the colors clean.
- After one stained-glass window painting is complete with the black cutout frame, tack it on a classroom window where the light shines through it. This will give the other pupils a guide to the color intensity needed to make their own inked spaces effective.
- The introduction of colored inks in this manner can lead to further projects on a different scale. Large windows can be made on tracing cloth or silk (with blotting paper underneath while working), for stage settings in Christmas or Easter programs.



MAKE the window design with a number of large spaces for the stained glass, so that the colored inks will be effective against the thinner black divisions which represent the leading.



Leading strips should be thick enough not to tear easily. Paint through the holes on onionskin tracing paper which is pasted on the back. (Use very little yellow—it is too pale.)

Draw the right half of the design on heavy black construction paper using center fold on the left. Open the paper before cutting.

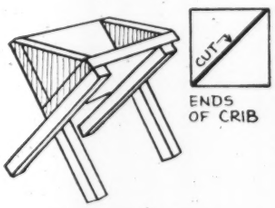
STABLE of BETHLEHEM

Grace Gannon

CHILDREN can build this stable of Bethlehem. A discarded wooden crate from your grocer's will give you enough wood for the project. The stable is built low so that it will fit on a bookshelf.

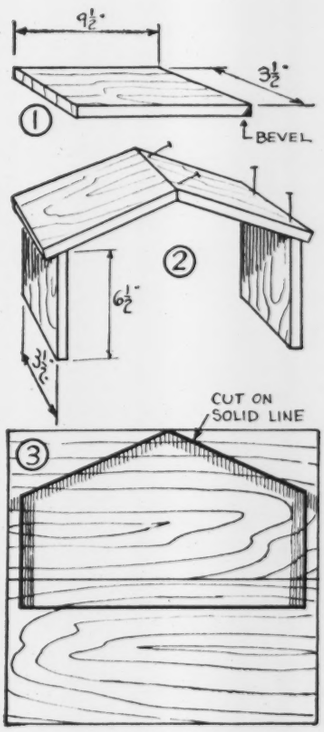
The animals look more real if rounded on the edges with sandpaper and painted to resemble fur.

CAMEL: Use 2½" x 1½" x ¾" wood. Cut hump as shown. Glue the neck and head; nail. Nail on legs and feet.



MARY: Cloak from sheeting. Head covering like a shawl. Gold-paper halo.

CRIB: Glue together 2 pieces of wood, 3" x 1½" and 3" x 1", at right angles on the 3" edges. Cut a 1" square in two diagonally and glue to make the ends. Cut 4 legs ½" square, two of them 3" long, the others 2½". Saw the shorter ones in half. Glue in the middle on either side of 3" legs. Glue legs to crib. Make a tiny-clothespin baby.

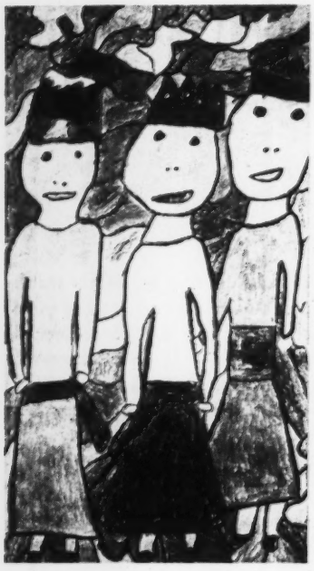


STABLE: Bevel the 3½" edges of the roof pieces, so they will meet at the right angle. Glue and nail together. Bevel the sides to fit the slant of the roof. Glue and nail sides to roof. For the back, use thin wood from the sides of the crate. (If it must be pieced, hold together with tape until nailed in place.) Trace the roof and sides of the back, saw it out, and nail. Keep the floor even with the back. Nail it to the sides, leaving extension in front. Sand. Finish with varnish.

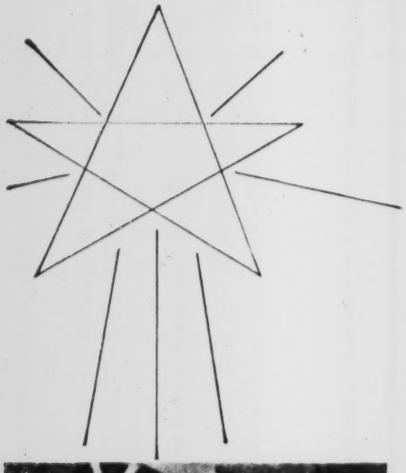
JOSEPH, WISE MEN: Round off shoulders of a block of wood 1½" x 3½" x ¾". Cut and nail a 1" round head to the block. Make a cloak and cape from sheeting. Paint the face, and glue on rope or yarn hair and whiskers. Make hands of plastic or paper. A small piece of wood simulates feet, and gives the figure balance.

MARY is made in the same general way. Dress as described at left.

MATERIALS FOR STABLE:
Roof—2 pieces 9½" x 3½" x ¾"
Sides—2 pieces 6½" x 3½" x ¾"
Floor—1 piece 5" x 13" x ½"
Back—1 piece 10½" x 13"
Straw to put on stable floor
Star of yellow paper



OUR CHRISTMAS WINDOWS



Katherine Carruthers

Art Instructor, Central Elementary School, Lordsburg, New Mexico

WE MADE Christmas designs that looked like stained glass to decorate every window in our school last year. They pictured different Nativity characters. They emphasized the spirit of Christmas and were enjoyed by all.

Heavy brown paper was cut for each pupil, a little bigger than the size of the windowpanes (21" x 11"). The two second grades made angels. The third grades made shepherds. One fourth grade made wise men; the other group made the Madonna and Child. The three fifth grades made any of the three subjects they chose.

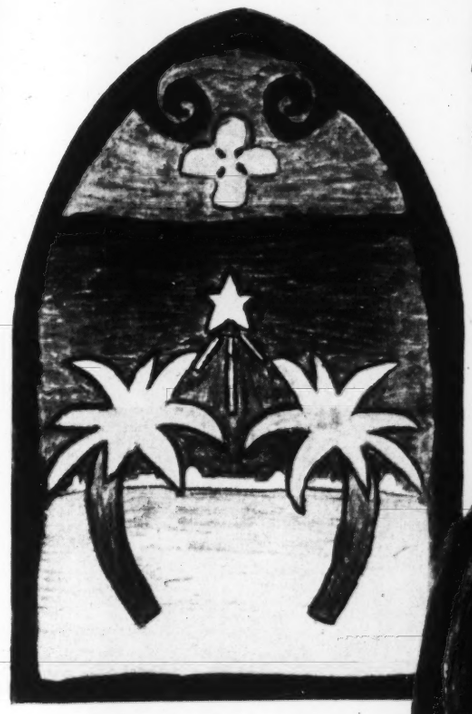
The pupils were given white chalk and each drew his own version of the figures from the first Christmas story. When the space was filled, each one planned the background of his picture, coloring small areas with crayons to represent pieces of colored glass. Mineral oil was used on the back of the paper to make it translucent, but any kind of oil will do. You can melt the wax in the crayons by pressing the picture, wrong side up, with a hot iron.

Before school closed for vacation, the pictures were placed in the windows, pressed flat against the glass, and thumbtacked to the wood bordering each pane. The classrooms have five big windows, with three panes across the bottom. We used fifteen pictures in each room. Our pictures were left up through the holidays. Somehow the school didn't look so deserted during this vacation.

polish
CRAYON DRAWINGS
with old Nylons

RUTH SOCOLOFSKY

Elementary Art Supervisor,
Public Schools,
Manhattan, Kansas



Polishing crayon pictures proved to be one of the most engrossing projects of the year. We also like to polish crayon etchings to a patent-leather sheen. This is done after the etching is complete. Melted crayon pictures, so exciting in themselves, can also be given added interest by polishing. Easter time would be good for more windows.

MAKING polished crayon pictures put new life and zest into our work with crayons. Children who had been producing weak, conventional pictures worked creatively. Their enthusiasm was wonderful to experience.

The process of producing a polished crayon picture is extremely simple. The child may plan his picture by sketching it lightly.

He then colors heavily with the point of the crayon so that a thick coat of wax covers the paper. Outlining each shape with black, after the other colors are completed, is effective.

The polishing should be done with a light even stroke, to avoid smearing the colors and wrinkling or tearing the paper. We found pieces of old nylon hose very satisfactory.

Be sure that the paper is free of crumbs or flakes of crayon before beginning the polishing process.

TRIM YOUR

ORNAMENTS FROM TAPE AND PACKAGE CANDY

CANDY can add to the Christmas festivities in more ways than one. Of course it will be eaten at class parties, but did your children ever use it to make gay tree decorations?

Any of the small round flat package candies can be strung individually with colored cellophane tape. Or, whole packages in their foil wrappers can be decorated with colored tape and hung from the tree.

Different-shaped ornaments can also be made by taping candies to an empty round center from a tape dispenser. Or tape three foil-wrapped sticks of gum into a triangle and hang a candy in the center for a bell.

LOIS SAXELBY

SUGARPLUM TREE

CHILDREN can make a "goody tree" for a party table centerpiece. A tree is made of a cone of heavy silver paper. A dowel stick holds it upright in a coffee can filled with clay or sand. Hang foil-wrapped candy kisses, lollipops, peppermint balls, and chocolate squares any way that the children suggest. Gaily decorated tapes hold the candies on the tree. The miniature candle favors on the table are peppermint sticks taped on a circle.

TREE

KINDERGARTEN TRIM

VELMA FELTON

LIDS from ice-cream cartons and flat wooden spoons were used to make ornaments for our Christmas tree. If the top side of the lid has printing on it, it can be covered with other paper. The crayon designs started with a cross or a circle. Holes were punched in the tabs. Spoons can be the basis for pin wheels, circles of folded paper springs, or just be covered with metal papers. A four-pointed star can be outlined, and stapled on either side of the bowl of an ice-cream spoon. A small nail makes a hole in which the metal hanger is inserted.

MÂCHÉ BALLS

JESSIE TODD

AN ORANGE can be the foundation for a papier-mache ball. Our boys rubbed grease on the orange first. Then they covered it with several layers of paper-towel strips about ¾″ wide, soaked in school paste thinned to creamy consistency. It was put in a warm place to dry overnight.

The next day they cut the papier-mache covering around the middle with a sharp knife. The orange was dug out (and eaten). A string was fastened with a knot on the inside of one half. The two halves were taped together with more pasted towel strips and allowed to dry.

Paint it with a tempera design and a coat of clear varnish, or use enamels.

SANTA CLAUS BALLS

THELMA SMITH

CUT newspapers in extremely small pieces and soak overnight. Drain off the water, add paste, and mix well to a heavy dough. Give each child a lump as big as a grapefruit, on a pie plate he has brought. With gentle strokes, make the nose emerge from the lump. Round the cheeks and form a limp or flying cap. Dry in a warm place, sandpaper, paint, and hang with a screw eye. Trim with cotton.

Plywood SILHOUETTES

Gifts made by older boys and girls

GLADYS PENKERT SCHROEER
Teacher, Grades 5-8, District 21 School, Sleepy Eye, Minnesota

WE NEED: a movable light, paper and soft pencil, plywood 10″ x 14″, a coping saw, sandpaper, wood stain, and varnish or wax.

SILHOUETTES cut from black paper have long been cherished as keepsakes. Imagine the pride of parents who receive a gift of a wooden silhouette, not only made by their son, but also a portrait of him. Girls enjoy this project as much as boys do. Hanging the plywood profile likenesses in a single wall grouping is an interesting possibility, where there are several children in one family. Each child's gift will be individualized.

Children sketch each other's profiles on newsprint or manila paper that is tacked in a pack on the wall for padding. This works best in a darkened closet or nook. The model sits on a chair placed at a right angle to the sketch pad on the wall. Arrange a bridge lamp or bulb on a cord so that the profile of the model falls on the 12″ x 18″ paper and can be seen in a sharp outline. By adjusting the distance of the light and the model from the paper on the wall, the outline can be perfected.

It requires some skill to trace the shadow quickly on the paper before the model moves. Some children show more dexterity than others, but a little practice will give them all confidence.

Once the profile is obtained, each child traces his silhouette on a piece of plywood, cuts it out with a coping saw, and sands it. It can be finished by brushing a wood stain into the grain, or left natural if preferred. Rub down again with steel wool and apply a coat of varnish, shellac, or wax. Silhouettes to be hung as a group should be planned as to size and placing.

WOODEN BENCH or FOOTSTOOL

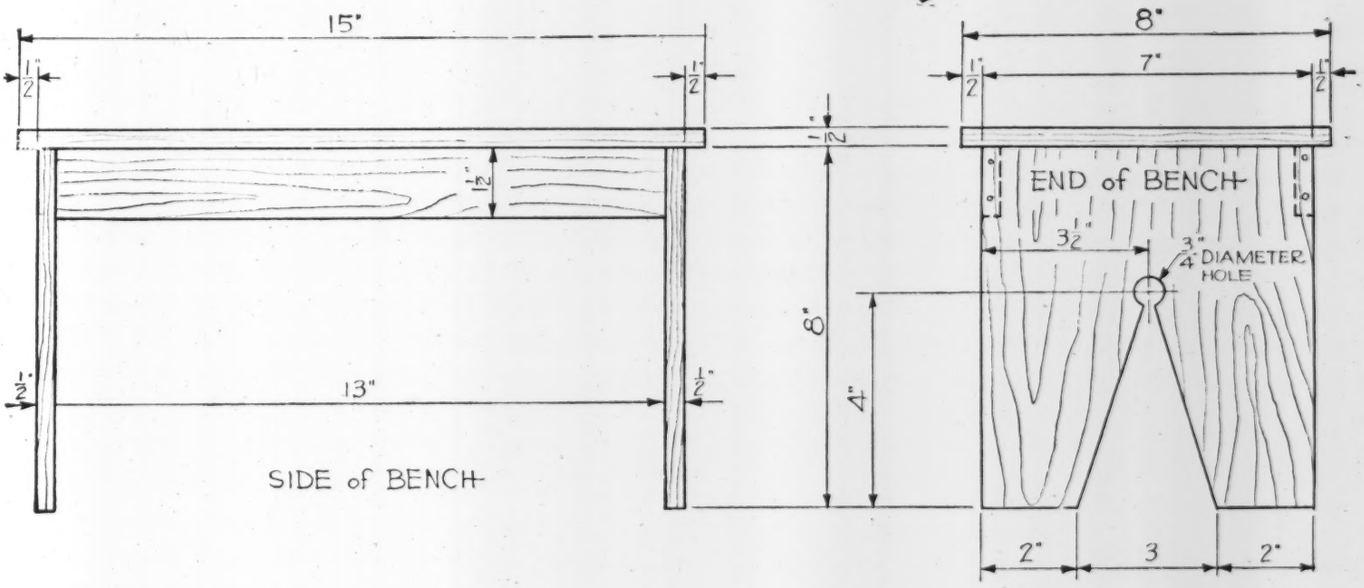
Jerome Leavitt

Assistant Professor of Education, State Extension Center, Portland, Oregon

ONE of the handiest items around a home, especially where there are small children, is a wooden bench. The bench described here can be made by elementary-school pupils. Use the directions in connection with the drawings. Collect tools and materials first. If you have many children in your class, and the supply of tools is limited, avoid long waits by dividing the class into smaller groups, each working on a different project.

TOOLS:

Ruler or yardstick	Claw hammer
Pencil	Plane
Try square	Brace and ¾ " bit
Crosscut saw	½ " paintbrush



MATERIALS:

1 top ½ " x 8" x 15"
2 legs ½ " x 7" x 8"
2 braces ½ " x 1½ " x 13"
1 sheet No. 1 sandpaper
1 sheet No. ½ sandpaper
2 dozen 1¼ " (3D) finishing nails
Paint
Upholstery material 10" x 17"
Padding

FROM a piece of ½ " three-ply fir, or ½ " pine, cut the top of the bench 8" wide and 15" long. Use a ruler or yardstick for making all measurements, and draw all lines along the edge of the try square with a sharp pencil or knife. Plywood can be cut best with a crosscut saw.

Cut the blanks for both end pieces from the same material and in the same manner as the top. Make each one 7" wide and 8" long.

In each end blank, drill a ¾ " hole 4" from the bottom, and 3½ " in from either side. In drilling these holes, put another piece of wood in back to avoid splitting.

From a point 2" in from the edge of each end, draw a line to the hole with a pencil and ruler. Then cut out this center "V" with a crosscut saw. The braces are cut from ½ " wood 1½ " wide and 13" long. Plane all pieces even; smooth with No. 1 sandpaper.

Nail the ends on to the braces with 1¼ " finishing nails. The braces should fit flush with the edges of the legs.

Nail the top on the ends, allowing a ½ " overlap. Use 1¼ " finishing nails. Sandpaper the entire bench in the direction of the grain, with No. ½ sandpaper. The top may be painted or upholstered. Paint the rest.

Old felt hats into

GREETING CARDS

Anne Schotzko

Teacher, Sixth Grade, Public Schools,
Pipestone, Minnesota

SOMETHING DIFFERENT, which upper-grade youngsters enjoy doing, are greeting cards with cutout felt motifs. The samples shown here speak for themselves.

Felt hats of all colors (discarded ones, or those purchased at a rummage sale for a small sum) are taken apart, cut to make flat pieces, washed in a machine, and when dry pressed with a damp cloth or steam iron.

Felt scraps are sometimes available in craft stores, or shoe-factories. Some hat-supply stores sell colored felts in fractions of a yard, so that you need not lack for a variety of colors.

The design is cut from paper, pinned to the felt, cut out, and cemented to construction paper.

DAY by DAY for DECEMBER

Ideas for teachers, old and new—substitutes too, by Esma Hackett

Instead of presenting a Christmas play in which set speeches must be learned, upper-graders will benefit more from writing and giving an original play or from preparing a series of dramatizations based on books with which the class is familiar. Scenes from The Birds' Christmas Carol, *by Kate Douglas Wiggin,* A Christmas Carol, *by Charles Dickens, and chapter two in* Little Women, *by Louisa May Alcott, are fine choices for use in assemblies this month.*

When the play or dramatization is in preparation, the children will probably require plenty of help with stage grouping. A few stage directions are always necessary and should be given when the need appears. Emphasis on a few fundamentals, like facing the speaker and using the hand away from the audience for gestures, will improve any stage presentation.

Early in the month, show your pupils how to look through music, text, and library books for songs, pictures, poems, and stories relating to Christmas. Third-graders will be able to list their own findings while younger children can use markers to indicate the pages on which the material is found.

Devote a language period to reports by the pupils on the material that has been located. List on the chalkboard the titles given and classify them under such headings as "Poems," "Stories," and "Pictures." In this way you will be showing the class how to list similar items in an orderly way.

In addition to using material from supplementary books, give the children an opportunity to read the Christmas stories that may be in the basic reader. Provide for extra help on new vocabulary words so that the group will enjoy the stories as they are read in an audience situation.

If you do not own any good pieces of pottery or copper which add to the appearance of your classroom, why not drop a hint to a relative or friend that you would welcome such an item for a Christmas gift?

Plan to invite other grades to visit in your classroom this month. Younger children will be thrilled to see the Christmas decorations and to hear about the activities being carried on. Older groups will enjoy singing carols and listening to records, stories, and poems with your pupils.

It's better not to hold up a learning experience in science or social studies that has been partially completed by your upper-graders in order to carry on research about Christmas customs. Instead, encourage volunteer committees to report briefly on their choice of the more colorful customs carried on in various countries. Such reports would be of special interest during opening exercises this month.

Have you helped your older children to understand that their reading rate should vary according to the type of material being read? Critical reading, skipping and skimming, and reading for enjoyment are three types of reading in which the individual rate of progress will differ greatly.

One source of information states that the first Christmas card was invented in England. In 1842 a young engraver's helper sketched his own design, and printed some cards for his friends. It was twenty years before British publishers began printing and selling Christmas cards. The first cards of this type sold in the United States are said to have appeared in a Boston store in 1875.

As the children begin to receive their Christmas cards, they may be interested in preparing a display. Different classifications can be indicated and the arrangement can be made so attractive that it will add to the appearance of a wall space or one of the bulletin boards.

Do you frequently change the committees that take charge of collecting room news? It will help the committee if you provide a box into which classmates can drop news items. Then it will be a simple matter for the children to select the items that are suitable for presentation to the class.

If an interest in the subject develops, guide the class in discussing the various things one should think about when selecting gifts for others. Help your pupils to realize that before deciding on a gift for a child they must know his age and what he is able to do. Then his tastes, hobbies, and desires can be considered.

Have you ever followed any of the suggestions for using wire coat hangers as foundations for attractive Christmas decorations? The hangers must be bent into the desired shape (triangles for trees, circles for wreaths) before evergreen twigs and branches are tied to the wire with strong twine. Tiny ornaments, big colored beads, or little bells will add a gay touch to the tree or wreath.

Have you ever tried having the class make a picture map of the stores at this time of year?

The cardboard cases in which soft drinks are carried can be converted into useful gifts. The partitions which separate the bottles can be removed before covering the case with paper on which attractive designs have been drawn.

The completed cases may be used for shoeshine kits, holders for baby's toys, tool kits for little brothers, and containers for small items in the kitchen. An accompanying card should state the purpose for which it is intended.

Plan to use the toys brought to school after the holidays for some worth-while learning experiences. In the primary grades, language stories, art work, handwriting lessons, and phonic games can be related to the gifts on display.

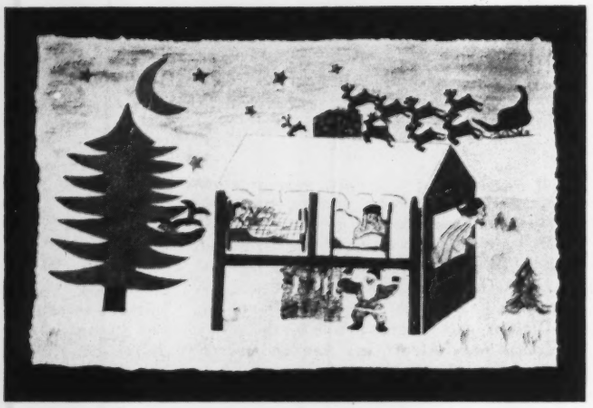
Would a unit on winter clothing interest your middle- or upper-graders? The effect that climate and weather have on dress, and the relationship between clothing and health, are two phases worth exploration.

Help your first-graders to become more independent readers by listing on the chalkboard the ways they have of helping themselves to recognize a new word.

In areas where winter sports are enjoyed, they will be a popular subject for art work at this time of year. A winter-sports mural is a fine group project for children of all grades. It suggests a springboard to the study of another country such as Canada or Switzerland, in which similar sports are enjoyed.

Some of your science activities may be related to the weather conditions which are common to your locality. Ice and snow are always of interest to small fry. Older children enjoy exploring weather maps, comparing radio weather reports, checking temperature, and measuring precipitation.

Enjoying Christmas with your Slow Learners



AN OLD FAVORITE PRESENTED IN A NOVEL WAY

Beatrice Cohen

WHAT brings a warmer response from a holiday audience than the traditional favorite, Clement Moore's "A Visit from St. Nicholas"? This poem can come to vivid glowing life by the use of a flannelgraph.

Every child in the class can take an important part. Even the shyest child loses his self-consciousness in the activity of changing the picture. With the encouragement gained from choral speaking, many learn to recite with ease and act in pantomime before an audience.

Preparation of Flannelgraph

White outing flannel is tightly stretched across a bulletin board and tacked along the edges of the frame. Around the edges, a ruffle of red crepe paper is tacked.

Upon the flannelboard a pale blue sky is drawn with pastel chalk. The ground is left white to suggest snow. Tufts of brown grass and a small green fir tree are drawn on the lower right side. Lines invisible to the audience are sketched on as guides for the future placing of smoke, roof, and large fir tree.

Preparation of Pictures

After making many sketches, the children draw final versions on bright-colored construction paper or manila drawing paper colored with crayons, tempera, or poster paint. The pictures are then carefully cut out. On the backs of these near the edges ¾" strips of medium-textured sandpaper are securely glued.

Presentation of Program

Members of the class are assembled on both sides of an easel which supports the flannelboard. Out of sight in back of the easel is a table upon which the pictures will be placed after they have been removed from the board.

When individuals or small groups are reciting, they step out from the large group. While the choral recitation is being given, and before each new picture is placed, much acting in pantomime is done by individuals, by small groups, or at times by the whole class. The removal of the pictures, however, takes place inconspicuously while new groups are proceeding with the narrative.

Prelude

Seven children recite the following stanza of an anonymous poem, suiting action to words.

First of all I put the smoke
Trailing up the sky.
Then the chimney underneath.
Next the roof. Then the house.
And every door and window
Watching like an eye.

ONE CHILD (*suiting the action to the words*)—
To make the picture complete
I'll put birds in the sky.
It adds to the scene
To see them fly by. (*Adds several birds.*)

TWO CHILDREN (*in protest*)—
Oh, but 'twas the *night* before Christmas!
At *night* birds wouldn't fly;
They'd be nestled safe and warm
In the fir tree near by. (*One child places a fir tree at line indicated; the other child places birds in the tree.*)

THIRD CHILD—
And no smoke in the chimney,
Or Santa would burn.
It must be big and wide,
So Santa can turn. (*Removes smoke, and replaces small chimney with a larger chimney.*)

SEVERAL CHILDREN—
'Twas the night before Christmas
And dark was the sky.
There were stars here and there
With the moon sailing by. (*One child darkens sky with dark blue chalk while the others place moon and stars.*)

A Visit from St. Nicholas

Entire class recites lines 1-4 while several children remove the front of the house, windows, and door, leaving roof and chimney and side of house. They replace these with framework exposing interior of house. Fireplace, stockings, and mouse are placed.

Three children repeat the lines 5-8 and place beds, with children and parents, in the bedrooms.

A child with a low voice gives lines 9-12 as he removes the father from his bed and places him peering out of the window.

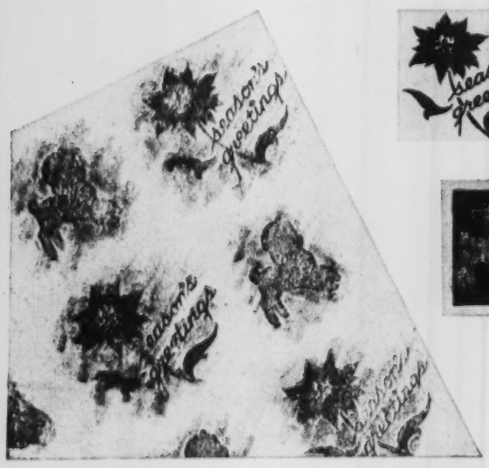
Nine children recite the lines 13-20 while a child places a sleigh with Santa in the sky.

The same children give lines 21-24. (*Recitation is interrupted after "Dancer" while Dasher and Dancer are placed. Repeat until all eight are placed.*)

SMALLEST CHILD—Oh, oh, you must not forget Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer! (*Stands on tiptoe and places Rudolph.*)

Large group repeats lines 25-28.

Three children give lines 29-34, while a fourth removes Santa from the sleigh and a fifth places Santa with pack on back near the fireplace. (*Continued on page 80*)



DECORATE YOUR OWN GIFT WRAPPING PAPER

Helen Park McBride

FROM your collection of old Christmas cards, select those that have raised parts—figures, trees, animals, greens, candles, stars, toys, and also words, such as **Greetings** and **Best Wishes.**

Take two sheets of plain white tissue paper (one sheet will tear too easily). Pick two cards, for example, one that says "Season's Greetings" and one that has a picture of a lamb. Place one card under the two sheets of tissue paper in one corner. Holding it firmly in place, rub over the raised surface of the design with the broad side of a short red crayon from which the paper wrapping has been removed. Using left-to-right strokes, continue until the word or picture is clearly visible.

Using the second card, proceed as above, but use a green crayon (or try other color combinations). Place the second design a well-spaced distance from the first. Continue until the paper is filled, alternating the designs.

Girls and Boys Section

A SANTA BOX

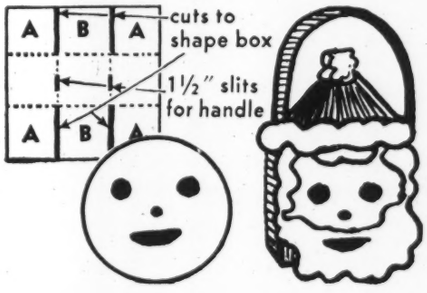
Doris Hammer

To make this box, first fold a 9″ x 9″ piece of red construction paper in thirds each way. Cut along solid lines as shown, making the two slits 1½″ long. Paste A behind B to form the box.

The handle is made of a strip of the same construction paper 2½″ x 15″ folded lengthwise. Slip it through the slits at the bottom of the box.

The hat is a circle of red 6¼″ in diameter, with a triangle-shaped piece cut out. Paste the edges together to form a cone. Cut two 1½″ slits in the sides and paste cotton around the brim and on the top to make Santa's cap.

The face is a 3″ circle of manila paper with black eyes and red nose



and mouth. Paste on a cotton beard and hair, and fasten the face on one side of the box.

Slip the handle through the slits in the cap and fasten the ends together with a brass fastener. The hat will slide up to allow candy to be put into the box and down again to cover up the contents.

TARGETS FOR DAD

Stanley Clark

Does your father like to practice his rifle marksmanship? Why not make some targets for him for Christmas? Mix plaster of paris with water until it is creamy. Pour it into shallow saucers. While the mixture is still soft, push a nail through it near the edge to form a hole for a piece of string. When hard, suspend the targets from a string.

If you like, food coloring mixed in while the plaster is still wet makes distinctive targets. A few spaced circles drawn around the platters with crayon or water colors after they are dry makes it possible to have a variety of scores.

A STOCKING TREE

Mabel C. Olson

A tree decorated with stockings is gay, and so easy to trim. Cut a paper pattern of the size stocking you want, depending on what you plan to fill it with; allow for a seam all around. Cut two pieces for each stocking out of red netting. Sew the pieces together, leaving the top open. It is not necessary to turn the stocking inside out after stitching. Fill with small candies.

Fold a piece of paper cut slightly wider than the stocking. Slip the fold over the top of the stocking and sew it shut. Make a loop that will slip onto a tree branch. Write a name on the paper, and the stocking is ready to hang.

JUMBLED CHRISTMAS TREE

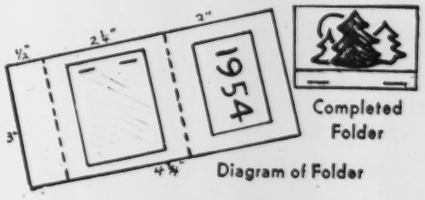
Lois Snelling

Let's imagine a Christmas tree. On it or under it are these ten objects but their letters are jumbled. Can you straighten them?

1. allb
2. otp
3. kobo
4. daync
5. irtan
6. lold
7. sclobk
8. murd
9. stasek
10. norh

A FOLDER FOR MOTHER

Bertha Mae Williams



Mother will like this handy little gift for her purse. Cut a piece of tagboard 4¾″ x 3″. Make two crosswise folds, one ½″ from one end and the other 2″ from the opposite end. Paste a small calendar pad on the inside of a 2″ section. Cut 5 pieces of waxed paper 1⅜″ x 2½″, place them one on top of the other and staple or sew them to the section below the calendar. These are for stamps.

Staple or sew the lower edge of the narrow section to make a flap. Cover the staples with tape or colored paper. Slip the edge of the cover under the lower edge, as is done with match folders. Paste a Christmas seal on the outside.

Sam and Sue Travel with Uncle Dick

LOOK! THERE'S A FROZEN RIVER BELOW.
IT'S THE MACKENZIE RIVER. WE'RE ABOVE THE ARCTIC CIRCLE NOW. HEY! REINDEER!
YES, THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT IMPORTED A LARGE HERD FROM ALASKA FOR THE ESKIMOS.
I THOUGHT ALL REINDEER HAD HORNS.
THEY LOSE THEM IN THE FALL. WE COLLECT THEM TO CARVE.
LOOK! THEY ARE PAWING THE SNOW WITH THEIR HOOFS TO GET MOSS TO EAT.
IS YOUR JACKET MADE OF DEERSKIN?
YES, WE EAT THE REINDEER, USE THE HIDES FOR CLOTHING, BONES FOR NEEDLES AND KNIVES, HORNS FOR FISHHOOKS AND SPEARS, AND TENDONS FOR THREAD.
YOU HAVE PET REINDEER?
YES, WE TRAIN THEM TO PULL LOADED SLEDS.
THESE MUST BE THE KIND OF DEER THAT SANTA USES.

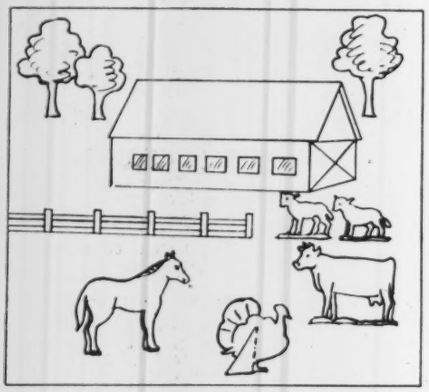
A Farm for Little Brother

D. Nathe Baltes

Would Baby Brother like to have a farmyard, complete with machinery, animals, and a barn, for Christmas? You can make one for him.

Take a long narrow box. Cut down the sides and shape ends to form peaks. Paint or crayon the doors and windows in the ends and sides. Measure your box from peak to peak, add 2″, and you have the length of the barn roof. Then measure up each slanting side of one end, add 2″, and you have the width of the roof. Cut this piece from cardboard, draw or paint the shingles on, and then bend the roof in half lengthwise. Set the roof on the gables and your barn is finished.

Find many pictures of animals and machinery. You'll also want a few trees and bushes. Cut the figures out and paste them on cardboard. When thoroughly dry, cut out the figures. For each object



make a triangle easel to paste to the back so the figure will stand.

Cut pieces of cardboard into long strips. On one side paint or crayon fence posts and cross rails. Along the back paste several easels.

Now set up the farm, ready for Brother on Christmas morning.

CHRISTMAS GAMES

Eddith Haggard

The players are in two teams. Two strings are put on the floor about 18″ apart with the players on their knees behind the strings. Cardboard Christmas decorations are put between the strings. As a leader calls each decoration, the two sides try to capture it but a person may use only the index finger to pull it to his side. The side getting the most wins.

Place a cardboard snow man at one end of the room with a pipe balanced in his mouth. Each player has ten turns to throw a ball at the pipe. The winner is he who knocks out the pipe the most.

One child leaves the room while a small gift is hid. Then the child comes back to look for it. The rest clap loudly if he is near the gift, and softly if he goes away. Continue until each has a gift.

BUDGET BANKS FOR GIFTS

Lucille Campbell

Big Brother or Sister will like a budget bank as a gift. Glue about eight small safety matchboxes into a small chest of drawers. Paint or paper and shellac them. On each small drawer write a different budget item—school expenses, church, recreation, candy, and so on. When the allowance is received, Brother or Sister can divide it into the drawers and spend it from there.

WHICH IS RIGHT?

Hazel Cederborg

Underline the right ending.

1. On Christmas Eve American children hang up (hats, coats, shoes, stockings).
2. On Christmas Eve Spanish children hide their slippers in the (garden, bushes, chimney, church).
3. French children leave on the hearth their (shoes, stockings, mittens, socks).
4. Belgian children fill china shoes for St. Nicholas' (reindeer, oxen, cows, horse).
5. The word *Yule* means (New Year's, tree, log, Christmas).
6. The yule log used to be lighted on Christmas Eve in (Germany, Sweden, England, Holland).
7. The time for giving gifts in France is (Christmas Day, New Year's Day, Christmas Eve).
8. The time for giving Christmas gifts in Sweden is (Christmas Day, New Year's Day, Christmas Eve).
9. Children in Norway find their gifts in front of the (fireplace, Christmas tree, front door).
10. Christmas songs are often called (ballads, hymns, carols).

ANSWERS TO QUIZZES

Jumbled Christmas Tree—

1. ball 3. book 5. train 7. blocks 9. skates
2. top 4. candy 6. doll 8. drum 10. horn

Which is Right?—

1. stockings
2. bushes
3. shoes
4. horse
5. Christmas
6. England
7. New Year's Day
8. Christmas Eve
9. Christmas tree
10. carols

Notes from *Aunt Grace*

Dear Girls and Boys,

Do you have your gifts wrapped? We have—all except two and we haven't decided what to buy. You see, we're having a UN Christmas. My nieces and nephews at college are bringing some of their friends from other countries with them.

They are eating Christmas dinner at our house and Agnes, Lucifer, Marshmallow, and I have that all planned. Now, Agnes and I must each select a typically American gift to put in the grab bag. Our guests will be bringing gifts from their native countries.

Please let us know what you think we should give. We are waiting to hear from you and worrying.

Affectionately,

Aunt Grace

Dear Aunt Grace,

My mother is writing this letter for me. I had polio last summer and cannot write very well. I am ten years old. I watch television, study my lessons, and read many books.

Kay Roberts, *Maine*

We are very sorry to hear that you were sick, Kay. We think you might enjoy one of our favorite books, *New World for Nellie* by Rowland Emett. Also you might like *Three Birthday Wishes* by Ruth L. Holberg and *The Wishing Apple Tree* by Jean Bothwell.

Dear Aunt Grace,

We've asked Santa for a baby alligator for Christmas but we don't know what to feed one. Could you help us?

Nan and Joe Wickham, *Florida*

Dear me (us), Nan and Joe! We've never seen a baby alligator, much less fed one. We suggest that you visit a zoo and talk to one of the keepers about a baby alligator's diet. Let us know what you find out because we're interested too.

We welcome, but cannot acknowledge, contributions for this department. Two dollars or more is paid for each item that is used except riddles, for which one dollar each is paid. Manuscripts (except seasonal) not heard from in six months should be considered rejected. Those with stamped envelopes will be returned. Address: Girls and Boys, *The Instructor*, Dansville, N.Y.

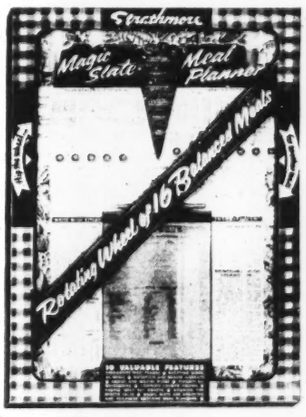
Strathmore GIFT SLATES for Personal Use, too!

Magic Slate BLACKBOARD

The big gift slate with 9 wonderful activity charts, all "flip-up" hinged above. Chockfull of simple art, alphabets, numerals and fun-game-ideas. Large writing and drawing area 11¼x17 **$1**

Small Fry Magic Slate

Good Habits Fun-Trainer. Hilarious cartoons plus daily check-up chart . . . make it ideal to teach good habits to pre-school boys and girls. To use in child's lap, on floor, table or hung on wall. Frame-Vue Gift Box. **$1**



Magic Slate MEAL PLANNER

Simplifies planning, shopping and cooking. Tasty eating . . . and better nutrition for all! 16 complete dinners show vitamin *and* caloric content in detail (by turning big red wheel). Also valuable food, cooking and health information. Magic Slate has weekly meal calendar and shopping check-list. Attractive Frame-Vue Gift Box. 11¼x17 **$1**

Select a Gift that Every Boy and Girl In Your Class Will Call WONDERFUL!

THEN get all set to hear tremendous outbursts of delight when you distribute the newly designed MAGIC School SLATES. Ideal gifts with great fascination. Practical, too, because they make writing and drawing fun and encourage classroom effort.

A truly economical way to remember every member of your class. Magic Slates are easy to use . . . black lines appear by moving pencil-like stylus across film. To erase just lift film and the slate is clean.

ERASE without an eraser

FREE—for $10 ORDER
Magic Slate SECRETARY
Attractive maroon leather-effect folder with hinged alphabetical index pages for names and phone numbers. Complete with generous Magic Slate.

SAVE ON YOUR ORDER
Magic School Slates are packed 5 to a package for $1.00. Order in units of 5 and remit cash or check with order and WE WILL SHIP PREPAID. Special case price on 6 dozen (72) in carton $13.50

SPECIAL for $1 GIFTS
The Case price on 1 dozen (12) in carton on each dollar item shown (items cannot be assorted) $9.60

If It's MAGIC Children Love It!

THAT'S why millions of MAGIC SLATES have already been sold . . . why their popularity continues to grow. They can be used over and over again . . . to provide endless hours of pleasure and heaps of benefits. **25¢ EACH**

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

PLACE YOUR ORDER *EARLY* . . . TODAY!

The STRATHMORE CO., Aurora, Ill.

Quantity — PLEASE SHIP ME THE FOLLOWING: — Amount

_____ MAGIC SCHOOL SLATES $_____
(Special Packing 5 for $1)

_____ Magic Slate Blackboards $1 _____

_____ Small Fry Magic Slates $1 _____

_____ Magic Slate Meal Planners $1 _____

Orders Accepted from U.S.A. and Territories Only. TOTAL $_____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY & STATE _____

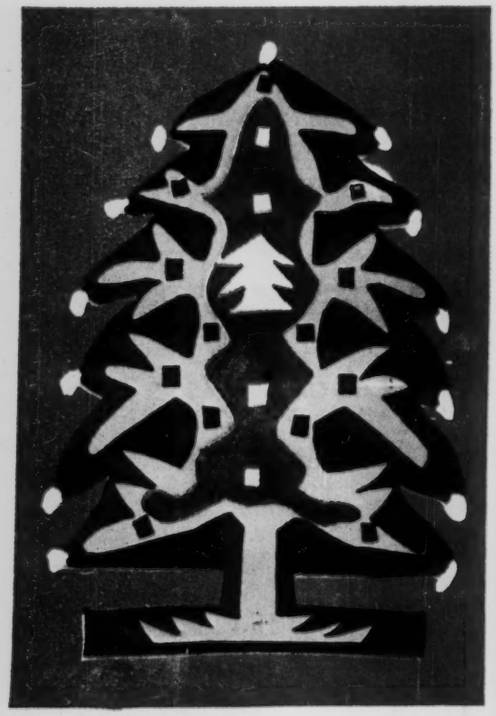
FREE MAGIC SLATE SECRETARY For $10 Order

Freely Cut Trees

ESTHER M. ANDERSON
Teacher, Fourth Grade, Public Schools, Phillips, Wisconsin

DESIGN TREES made a colorful border in our classroom, and every child was proud of his contribution. In a group discussion, we chose the colors of construction paper we would use. Then we went to work. On a 12″ x 18″ sheet of newsprint folded lengthwise, each child designed his tree as large as possible, cut it from a 12″ x 18″ sheet of blue construction paper, and mounted it on a 12″ x 18″ orange sheet. Next, a fanciful shape to suggest a spotlight shining on the tree was designed on the newsprint shape, cut from a 12″ x 18″ yellow sheet, and mounted on the blue. Finally, a shorter narrower design was cut from a 9″ x 12″ sheet of bright green, and mounted on the yellow. Tiny ornaments cut from metallic paper were added.

The colors gave a bright holiday effect. No two trees were alike, but the repetition of the colors made them look well together when they were arranged in the border.



Lumbering

POWER at WORK

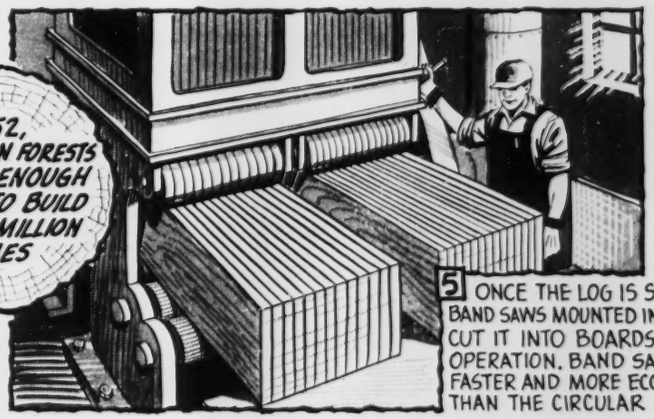
1 LUMBERMEN, CALLED FALLERS, CUT THE TREES WITH POWER SAWS. BEFORE THE SAWING STARTS, AN UNDERCUT IS MADE TO DETERMINE THE DIRECTION IN WHICH THE TREE WILL FALL. A POWER SAW WILL CUT THROUGH A TREE 6 FEET IN DIAMETER IN 10 MINUTES.

THE WOOD USED IN THE UNITED STATES EACH YEAR WOULD BE ENOUGH TO BUILD A WALK TWENTY FEET WIDE AND TWO FEET THICK FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON

2 IN THE FORESTS OF THE WEST, CUT LOGS ARE CARRIED ON A "SKYLINE" MADE BY STRINGING A CABLE BETWEEN TWO TALL TREES CALLED THE SPAR AND TAIL TREES. AFTER A HIGH-CLIMBER TOPS THE SPAR TREE HE ATTACHES THE BLOCK AND PULLEY THAT WILL BRING LOGS WEIGHING AS MUCH AS 20 TONS TO THE LOADING POINT.

3 IN THE LOGGING CAMPS OF THE EAST, CATERPILLARS WITH SKIDS DRAG THE LOGS TO A LOADING SPOT. CRANES LOAD THE LOGS ON TRUCKS OR FLATCARS AND THEY ARE HAULED TO THE MILL.

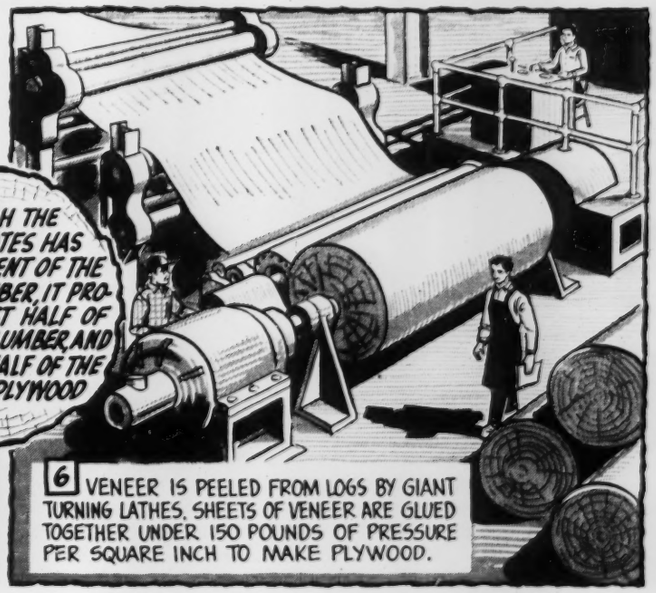
IN 1952, AMERICAN FORESTS PRODUCED ENOUGH LUMBER TO BUILD THREE MILLION HOMES



5 ONCE THE LOG IS SQUARED BAND SAWS MOUNTED IN GANGS CUT IT INTO BOARDS IN ONE OPERATION. BAND SAWS ARE FASTER AND MORE ECONOMICAL THAN THE CIRCULAR SAW.

4 LOGS ARE PULLED LENGTHWISE INTO THE SAWMILL BY A CONVEYOR CHAIN CALLED A JACK LADDER. SOME MILLS USE PRESSURIZED JETS OF WATER TO REMOVE THE BARK AND DEBRIS AS THE LOG MOVES ALONG.

ALTHOUGH THE UNITED STATES HAS ONLY 8 PER CENT OF THE WORLD'S TIMBER, IT PRODUCES ALMOST HALF OF THE WORLD'S LUMBER AND MORE THAN HALF OF THE WORLD'S PLYWOOD



6 VENEER IS PEELED FROM LOGS BY GIANT TURNING LATHES. SHEETS OF VENEER ARE GLUED TOGETHER UNDER 150 POUNDS OF PRESSURE PER SQUARE INCH TO MAKE PLYWOOD.

Keeping Warm and Cool

Paul E. Blackwood
Specialist for Elementary Science, U.S. Office of Education

To help you with your classroom science activities, Dr. Blackwood and Dr. Gould will present this science page each month.

IN DECEMBER some boys and girls are faced with the problem of keeping warm, while others, in different parts of the world, are trying to keep comfortably cool. To understand how people keep *warm* and *cool* one needs to know what heat is and how heat travels. This article gives information and suggests experiments on these two points.

What Is Heat?

All matter is made up of tiny particles called molecules. A chunk of wood is made of molecules; a bar of iron is made of molecules; water is made of molecules. And air consists of molecules of various gases. The molecules of all materials are in motion. The motion of the molecules can be either speeded up or slowed down.

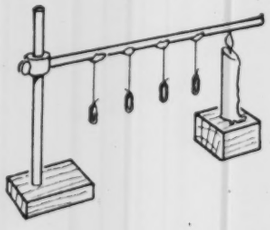
Scientists have learned that heat is molecules in motion. A piece of iron in which the molecules are moving very rapidly is hot. If the molecules are moving relatively slowly the iron is cool. Only when there is motion of molecules is there heat. *No motion* means *no heat*. *No heat* means *no motion*.

Using this idea of heat helps us understand how things are warmed or cooled. For example, it explains why a cool iron rod, one end of which is placed in a fire, becomes hot all along its length. The motion of the hot gases from the fire begins to bump the molecules of iron in the rod. The more the bumping, the faster the molecules move. Molecules of iron bump other molecules of iron until they are all vibrating faster and faster. Thus the iron becomes hotter. When the rod is removed from the fire, the motion of the molecules slows down and the rod "cools off."

How Does Heat Travel?

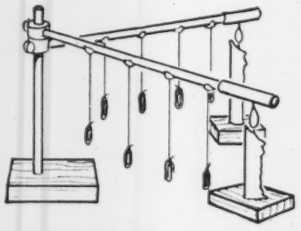
The idea of what heat is will help explain how heat is carried from one place to another. Here are some experiments to give you information on how heat travels.

Experiment 1: Hold one end of a cool iron rod, a nail, or a metal spoon in a pan of hot water for a minute or more. Does the outer end of the metal get warm?



Experiment 2: Tie several paper clips to separate pieces of thread of equal lengths. Using paraffin, attach the threads at intervals along the iron rod. Fasten one end of the rod in a clamp and heat the outer end with a flame. Watch to see what happens. The way heat travels along solids such as the iron rod is called *conduction*.

Experiment 3: Does heat move faster along an iron rod than along a wooden rod? Select a stick about the same size as the iron rod. Fasten paper clips and thread along both rods as in Experiment 2. Arrange both rods as you fastened the iron rod above. Put tin foil tightly around the outer end of each. Heat the outer ends of the rods at the same time until the clips begin to drop off one of the rods. Along which rod does the heat travel faster? That is, which material is a better conductor?

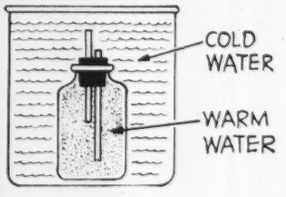


Experiment 4: Heat also travels through gases and liquids. How does it do this? Place a candle between two wooden blocks. Set a lamp chimney over the candle. With a thermometer measure the temperature of the air at the base of the chimney and above the chimney. Record the results.

Now light the candle. Again measure the temperatures below the chimney and above it. Where is it warmer?

Hold a smoking piece of string or a smoking piece of folded paper towel beneath the chimney. What happens to the smoke? Then hold the smoking material above the chimney. What happens to the smoke? The rising smoke is an indication that the heated air is moving upward. The colder air which enters at the bottom of the chimney forces the warmer air upward.

Experiment 5: Measure the temperature of the air near the floor and then near the ceiling. Where is it warmer? How can you explain this? The transfer of heat through moving air is called *convection*. When rooms are heated by warm air, they depend on convection to distribute the heat. *(Continued on page 73)*



SCIENCE in the Home - IV

HENRY GOULD Professor of Science, State Teachers College at Brockport, N.Y.

THE ELECTRIC FUSE

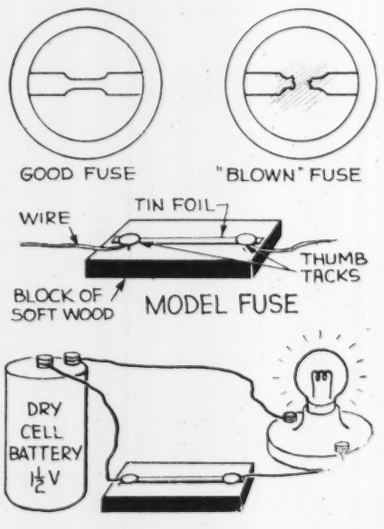
An electric fuse is a silent "fireman" who protects your home from possible fires. If too much current is flowing, or if too many lamps or appliances are being used at the same time, the fuse will melt. It is said to "blow" or "burn out."

A fuse is simply a short length of wire made of an alloy (usually lead and tin) that melts at a relatively low temperature. The size of the fuse indicates the maximum amount of current it will carry without blowing out. A 15-ampere fuse melts when more than 15 amperes flow through it.

To demonstrate the use of the fuse you will need:

3 dry cell batteries 1½ volts each
Insulated copper wire
2 thumbtacks
Narrow strip of tin foil or very thin, bare, copper wire for a fuse
Piece of soft wood
Small bulb of 3 volts
Receptacle for bulb

Set up your apparatus in series as shown at the right. If one battery does not light the lamp, try two batteries. Then connect the third battery and note the effect of too much current. If the fuse does not "blow," use a narrower strip of foil, or lighter wire.



SCIENCE VOCABULARY

Ampere: the practical unit of electric-current strength.
Ohm: the unit of resistance offered by a conductor to the passage of the current.
Volt: the unit of force, or pressure required to cause a passage of one ampere through a resistance of one ohm.
Series: batteries connected by wire from the center pole of one battery to the outer pole of another battery.

WINNER OF THIRD PRIZE
1953 Travel Contest of THE INSTRUCTOR
On
"Where I Want to Go on My Next Trip, and Why"

RUBY WEINBERG
Teacher, Fifth Grade, Route 22 School,
Mountainside, New Jersey

Lake George Adventure

The author would like to repeat vacation experiences such as this.

In January, again, Contest winners will be represented in THE INSTRUCTOR. "Your Next Trip" is on page 83 of this issue.

LAST year, two tenderfoot scouts—my husband and I—went camping in the wilderness. This year, we hope to make the same trip, motoring leisurely along the palisaded Hudson, up through Albany and Saratoga. Now we shall travel with new insight, and some know-how.

On our route, roadway signs will boast many a tale with which to flavor history lessons. Stories about Colonial Wars and the Revolution will come alive when we inspect Saratoga's battlefields, the Schuyler Mansion in Albany, and Fort William Henry ruins.

Rounding a bend in the Adirondack foothills, we shall come upon . . . Lake George! The first white man to see it was the French missionary, Father Jogues. He marveled at the "Lake of the Blessed Sacrament." Blessed it is!

All is green here, for the water bed is clear and sandy. The mountains reflect on the surface, making it look like a great green tablecloth. Islands are bouquets of wooded land amid the swells.

At Bolton Landing, we park our car, and arrange to occupy one of the islands. The camping fee is only $3.00 a week, and we are able to rent full equipment for $25.00. . . . Off we go, put-putting a good-bye to civilization!

Time is extinct on the island, where you sun-bathe on a rock, or dive into cool water, without deadline, without pressure. Here, dormant human senses live again, as a big bass, your supper, squirms on the line; as the lid of night covers you, and songs and stories spill out at the snoring fireplace.

This year, I shall think of the lake as a path for the Iroquois. I shall think of red-coated English soldiers, pursued by and pursuing their enemy, the French. I shall think of historic Fort Ticonderoga—the "place of two waters" at the cascading outlet of Lake George into Lake Champlain—built by two thousand Frenchmen and subsequently held by British troops and Americans.

Over a period of more than a century, members of the Pell family devoted themselves to preserving the ruins, restoring the fort, and building up a museum with old weapons and uniforms, Indian relics, and pioneer articles. In 1931, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Pell turned the property over to the Fort Ticonderoga Association.

Today, one passes through Ticonderoga's arched gateway, which long ago was entered by Washington and other famous leaders, and one can stand on the steps where Ethan Allen and his forces called for surrender, "In the Name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

All these things are part of the Lake George adventure—precious experiences, to be revived when, in school, we live again the Story of the New World.

On a visit to the restored Fort Ticonderoga, one vividly pictures stirring events in our history.

Along Lake George, there are many charmingly restful spots. . . In the Schuyler Mansion at Albany, Alexander Hamilton was married.

Photos from Division of State Publicity, New York State Department of Commerce.

A day's boat trip reveals the full beauty of Lake George, framed in wooded mountains.

Here, on Saratoga Battlefield, Americans won a decisive victory in the Revolution.

TEACHERS' HOA CLUB

Help One Another

ARTICLES for this department should not exceed 300 words. We prefer them typed, double-spaced, each on a separate 8½" x 11" sheet. Put your name and address on each sheet and on every photograph or sample. Address: Teachers' Help-One-Another Club, THE INSTRUCTOR, Dansville, N.Y.

Articles cannot be acknowledged or returned. Items (except seasonal) not heard from in six months should be considered rejected.

We will pay two dollars upon publication for each article used and an additional dollar for a photograph or a drawing.

Keep your contributions coming!

TREE FOR GIFTS

Lavila E. Smart

HAVE each child purchase an artificial Christmas tree from the dime store. Then supply old Christmas cards and a few old magazines, glue, scissors, and paper stars. It is easy for children to use initiative from this point and decorate the tree with tiny angels, candles, and so on, all cut from the cards and magazines. They are not hard to stick on if a big blob of glue is used and time is allowed for drying.

When this is done, the child may add items to his tree for family gifts according to his taste and allowance. Stamps wrapped in cellophane and hung with tiny floss loops, a package of needles, a tiny bottle of perfume, earrings, wee plastic toys, and doll shoes are some suggestions.

Tied to the stem of the tree may be an envelope with a note of thanks for gifts received or an expression of love from the giver. To keep the tree in shape until the big day, wrap it in cellophane and tie the top with a bow. Such trees can be put in a stocking, or on the family's tree, or on a breakfast tray.

RECIPE BOOKS

Lucile C. Gross

EACH of my third-grade pupils brought a recipe for the food his mother cooked which he liked best. The recipes varied from fried chicken to coconut bonbons. Each child wrote his name at the bottom of the recipe, which was typed on a master copy for hectographing. Two recipes were hectographed on each sheet of 8½" x 11" paper. Then the pages were cut in two on the paper cutter.

We used a bell design from an old Christmas card for spatter-painting a cover for the cookbook. Placing the bell on colored construction paper, we sprayed it with thin white powder paint using an ordinary glass fly sprayer.

When we removed the bell we had a Christmasy-looking cover. The recipe sheets were stapled inside the cover. The mothers were delighted with the gifts. Reports came back frequently telling of the good food which mothers had cooked from the new recipes.

CHRISTMAS ANGELS

Joseph Charles Salak

USING sheets of cellophane, lightweight colored cardboard, cellulose tape, pipe cleaners, marshmallows, ribbon, wire, pins, and crayons, you can make attractive Christmas angels.

The base of the angel is made from a 20" circle of cardboard (with a quarter section removed) shaped into a cone 3½" in diameter at the base and secured with tape.

Five 20" circles of cellophane are used for the skirt. Cut a small hole in the center of each circle and drape them one by one over the cone, pinching them together handkerchief style. Fasten pieces at front, back, and sides. A small cardboard cone is made to fit over the top of the skirt as a bodice.

To make the head, insert a pipe cleaner into a marshmallow and draw features with crayons. Wrap the finished head in cellophane.

Two pipe cleaners bent at right angles 3" from one end form the arms, which are fastened to the pipe-cleaner neck with wire. The loose end of the neck pipe cleaner is inserted into the point of the cone. Two small cardboard cones, 2¾" long, are fastened to the body with tape to form sleeves. Wings and halo are of cardboard, about 1" x 3¼", folded in the center and taped to the pipe-cleaner hands.

Gather a small circle of cellophane and attach it through the center of the halo with one pin. The angel is finished with a ruffle of cellophane tied about the neck with a ribbon.

GIFT TILES

Marguerite Williams

MY FOURTH grade did so well in finger paintings that I used the method for decorating tiles for Christmas gifts. From a ceramic shop I obtained the tiles, glaze, and china paint. On the underside of a tile each child wrote with a fine brush, "To Mother from——" and the date, before beginning the painting.

The tiles were then painted with glaze and fired. Next each child, using a large powder-paint brush, covered the top of his tile with china paint (taking care not to mix in too much oil), and made whatever design he wished with his fingers. If the design was unsatisfactory, it was brushed out, more paint applied, hands cleaned, and another design made.

Then the tiles were fired once more. Wide transparent gummed tape was pasted on the bottom to make them scratchproof and they were ready to take home.

PROGRAM FOLDERS

Esther K. McElroy

LAST Christmas when my school was giving an entertainment, I used old Christmas cards for folders on which to print the program. I used a four-fold type and cut out the inside half, leaving the front and back intact. On the inside of this I hectographed the program. These made attractive as well as cheery program folders for the audience.

STAR SANTA CLAUS

Marion Van Winkle

ONE of my pupils got the idea of making Santa Claus out of a star. He showed us all how to do it as follows. First, make a five-pointed star. Then, holding it so that one point is up, draw a face on this point. On the other points mark off an area for mittens and for boots. Then draw a band across the star for a belt. Color suit, cap, boots, and mittens with crayon. Paste on bits of cotton for Santa's beard and for trimming bands on the cap and suit. Spread glue on the suit and sprinkle artificial snow over it to produce a glistening effect. Adding a belt of tin foil or aluminum paper is the last step. A buckle is drawn on it.

This school rule helps America rule the skies

Jet plane being refueled in flight: Three squadrons of Republic F-84G Thunderjets like this completed a historic 10,895-mile flight from Turner Air Force Base, Georgia, to Tokyo. Each is powered by the famed Allison J35 engine.

SOMETIMES you may wonder why you have to learn and remember equations like F equals MA—(force equals mass times acceleration).

Well, if you're interested in jet engines, this basic law of physics is mighty important to know. For that's how they work.

Air is taken in the front end of the plane and ducted to the engine. There it is compressed, mixed with fuel and ignited. As the gases from the combustion expand, they rush out of the tail pipe at very high speed. Then applying another textbook rule, Newton's third law of motion*, the reaction from the action of the escaping gases thrusts the airplane forward.

The amount of this thrust, or force, is equal to the mass of the air blown out, multiplied by its change of speed relative to the tube. Or F equals MA.

Working with the principle, our engineers have advanced the quality and performance of jet engines, built by the Allison Division of General Motors, far beyond the standards of the original models. And what's more, these Allison jets have accumulated more than 3,000,000 hours in the air—an unsurpassed record that includes experience in every condition of training, alert and combat.

So, it just goes to prove once again that many of today's great scientific advances have their beginnings in elementary classroom physics or math or chemistry.

And that explains why General Motors will continue to find a need and a place for budding engineers who learn their classroom lessons well.

**"Every action produces a reaction, which is equal in force and opposite in direction."*

GENERAL MOTORS

"More and Better Things for More People"

Your Key to Greater Value—The Key to a General Motors Car

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC
BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE • GMC TRUCK & COACH • GM DIESEL • UNITED MOTORS SERVICE • AC SPARK PLUGS • ALLISON

NOTE TO TEACHERS: Reprints of this advertisement, which appears in current issues of American Farm Youth, Scholastic Magazines and Boys' Life, are available upon request. Also in limited quantities the interesting booklet, "Precision—A Measure of Progress," may be obtained free by writing General Motors, Department of Public Relations, Detroit 2, Michigan.

Kleenex Tissue Box Covers make extra special Christmas presents

Free! **For classes and clubs**

Complete set of 12 patterns...by Mary Brooks Picken

—celebrated sewing authority and one of the founders of The Fashion Group

Right now's the time to start the girls sewing on the slipcovers of their choice! They're *such* delightful, useful gifts. They offer each girl the opportunity to use her fashion ingenuity in creating something different and really unique.

As girls sew, they learn –

For grades 6 through 12, this project is specially planned to teach the fundamental sewing principles, by hand and by machine. Patterns clearly illustrate such basic steps as measuring fabric, basting, finishing edges, binding and others!

"Silks, satins, calicos, rags"

Half a yard makes 2 slipcovers, easy to remove for sudsing or cleaning. Use any type fabrics. You'll find other suggestions in the folders! Then, too, you can add such trimming as sequins, monograms, and, for a holiday touch, bells and holly.

Send, today, for the complete set and look it over. Have each girl choose a pattern. Then we'll promptly send the extra copies that you need.

FREE! clip—mail back today

INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO.
Educational Dept. I-123-K
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

Please send me the set of patterns for Kleenex tissue box covers, and the order blank, so that I may send for extra copies.

*Name*_____

*School or club*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*_____ *State*_____

Kleenex—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Bonny's Bethlehem Star

Martha V. Binde

The characters are: BONNY, a first-grader; TED, her older brother; their MOTHER; and MR. and MRS. STEVENS. The setting is outside the children's house. Scene 1 is early evening sometime before Christmas. Scene 2 is the same hour on Christmas Eve.

Scene 1

(*Ted and Bonny stand outside their door looking at the stars.*)

TED—We should go back in the house, Bonny. It's cold.

BONNY—All right, Ted, in just a minute. The night is so pretty.

TED—I know, but Mother told me to see that you didn't get cold.

BONNY—I see our star! It is just coming out.

TED—The same star?

BONNY—Look! There—(*Points.*)

TED—Yes, I see it. I wonder if it has a name.

BONNY—A name! Why, stars don't have names!

TED—They do, too. They have names, like Jupiter and Saturn and the Dog Star, and others. I read about them in a book.

BONNY—What funny names! The Dog Star! They are so pretty they should have better names than that.

TED—You have funny ideas!

BONNY—One star shone brighter than all the others on the night that the Baby Jesus was born. Do you suppose it was this star?

TED—I don't know.

BONNY—Well, I'm going to pretend it is. I'll call it the Bethlehem Star.

TED—Silly girl!

BONNY—I don't care. Maybe it knows we watch for it. And maybe it watches for us.

TED—Maybe it does. Now come on. I don't want you to start coughing when Mother isn't here. She will be late tonight.

BONNY—I wish she didn't have to work so hard.

TED—I wish I were older and had a job so that she would not have to work at all.

BONNY—Then perhaps we could have more Christmas presents.

TED—Perhaps. (*Pause.*) Bonny, shame on us! We should not think that. You are getting well and Mother has a job. That is enough without having presents.

BONNY—That's right. We don't need so many Christmas presents. I've got my new warm overshoes.

TED—And I have some new mittens to keep my hands warm. Come on, now, let's go inside.

BONNY—Good night, beautiful Star. Shine for us tomorrow night.

(*Both children exit.*)

(*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Stevens from another direction.*)

MRS. STEVENS—That dear little girl and her Bethlehem Star! I hope she didn't catch cold.

MR. STEVENS—The way the boy took care of her showed what a nice lad he must be.

MRS. STEVENS—From the way they talked, they won't have much of a Christmas.

MR. STEVENS—No, I guess not, though no doubt their mother does her best to provide the necessities.

MRS. STEVENS—Christmas means more than necessities. They ought to get toys and nuts, candy, books, and lots of other things.

MR. STEVENS—Yes. If we had not stopped to see if we had a flat tire, we would not have heard them talking. I was thinking—

MRS. STEVENS—So was I.

MR. STEVENS—As long as we know about these children let's do something for them.

MRS. STEVENS—We can get dolls and books and toys.

MR. STEVENS—An electric train, some candy, nuts, and fruit!

MRS. STEVENS—Something for the mother, too.

MR. STEVENS—I'll be sure to remember where this little house is located.

MRS. STEVENS—Here comes someone. It must be the mother.

(*The Stevens exit.*)

MOTHER (*enters*)—Bonny! Ted! Are you all right?

(*Children meet her at the door. Ted takes bundles.*)

TED—Yes, Mother, we're all right.

BONNY—I'm so glad you're home!

(*All exit.*)

(*Curtain is drawn, or lights are dimmed to show lapse of time.*)

Scene 2

(*Mr. and Mrs. Stevens enter carrying boxes.*)

MRS. STEVENS—It is a beautiful Christmas Eve. There is the star the little girl called the Bethlehem Star.

MR. STEVENS—I believe these bundles will be safe here.

(*They place boxes in front of door to house.*)

MRS. STEVENS—They may be out soon to see their star.

MR. STEVENS—I'd like to watch them, but it would be best to do it as we planned, secretly.

MRS. STEVENS—Let's go before they hear us.

(*They exit.*)

(*After a few moments, Mother enters.*) *(Continued on page 80)*

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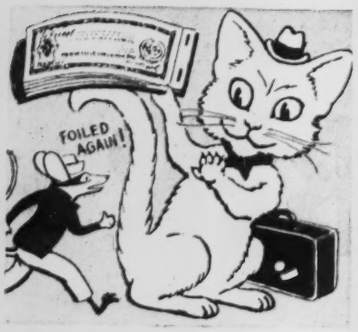

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Spotlight on *Canadian Schools*

JOHN HENRY PEPPER

Teacher, Sixth Grade, Essex Junior School, Toronto, Ontario

SASKATCHEWAN

SASKATCHEWAN is Canada's central prairie province. Here the highways run for miles across the flat or gently rolling country and the people are as friendly as the highways are straight.

Perhaps the open nature of the country has given the teachers a forward-looking attitude; throughout the province there is a readiness to originate new educational ideas or adopt new techniques.

The most important educational advance in Saskatchewan is the interest being shown by the teachers and citizens generally in the planning of the curriculum. This movement is based on the supposition that if parents and teachers can be encouraged to participate in planning they will become interested in the philosophy and the subject matter of the schools, and in the process will develop into effective partners in education.

Spearheading this movement is Mr. H. Janzen, Director of the Curricula of the Department of Education in Regina. He is using two methods to involve co-operation between the rank-and-file teachers and the public. One is the appointment of lay persons from widely representative groups to a General Advisory Committee on Education, and the other is the development of the Summer School Workshop for teachers. The General Advisory Committee representatives are exciting an intelligent interest in the school amongst business men, farmers, and homemakers.

The Summer School Workshop is conducted by the University of Saskatchewan. Participants in the six-week workshop receive credit towards a higher professional certificate and towards the B. Ed. degree.

In the mornings the workshop meets as a large assembly to listen to lectures aimed to stimulate interest in basic educational problems. In the afternoons small groups are formed. Each one is led by a staff member, and together they work out solutions to the problems which they think are important. Usually each group develops a statement of the broad purposes of the school. This is followed by a critical examination of the scope and sequence of the content of the curriculum. Groups interested in various subject fields continue the study of their own specialities and develop resource units by using the materials and visual aids at hand.

The workshop then examines and evaluates the responsibilities of the department, the normal schools, the superintendents, principals, and teachers in planning the curriculum.

The Saskatchewan Workshop aims to make teachers feel their importance, their responsibility, and their opportunity. It is part of the democratic movement in education designed to do away with the hierarchy of educational position, leaving only differing degrees of service. It is based upon the realization that teachers are the key individuals in educational planning.

WORKSHOP FOR JANITORS

THE school janitors of Lethbridge, Alberta, held a workshop recently. This two-day meeting featured a welcoming address by the Chairman of the Lethbridge School Division, a lecture on the duties and relationships of janitors by the Secretary of the Lethbridge School Board, and a talk by the Fire Chief on fire hazards and fire-fighting equipment in the schools.

In the afternoon there were panel discussions on such topics as use of racks for rubbers and overshoes; the care and sanitation of washrooms; use of vacuum cleaners and polishers, and the part played by janitors in redecorating problems. On Saturday a representative of an equipment firm spoke on the care and operation of various types of heating plants.

Sounds like an idea that could be profitably repeated in other Canadian municipalities.

CURLING

CURLING is one of Saskatchewan's most popular winter sports. Last year an Ontario principal, Mr. Allan Quirt of South River, Ontario, imported the idea of juvenile curling leagues from the prairies and had a most successful bonspiel on two ice surfaces at the back of the school. The school had twenty-five rinks (teams) from grades 5, 6, 7, and 8.

Curling makes an ideal winter activity during physical-education periods as well as at recesses, noon hours, and after school.

Mr. Quirt solved the equipment problem by marking the scoring areas in red paint and making birch blocks replace the stones. A large tree provided a considerable number of nine- to sixteen-pound blocks that were shaped similarly to the regulation stones. Sixty cents' worth of spikes driven into the blocks and then bent made admirable handles. Brooms were salvaged from the mothers' cleaning closets. South River School is on the way to becoming the cradle of Canadian curling for school children.

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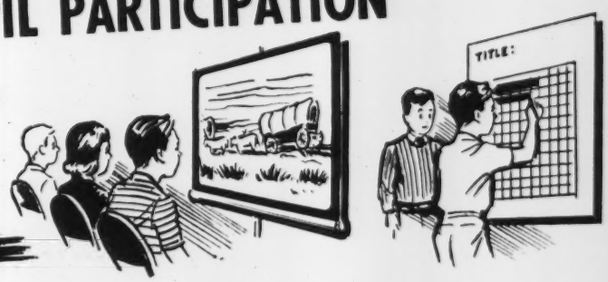

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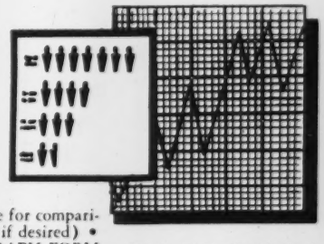

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The Better Putz

(Continued from page 12)

Emily left the cloakroom. Now there was no escape. Surely she would have to tell Mother, and the thought of worrying Mother added to her misery.

When Emily got home from school, she found she needn't tell Mother right away after all, for Mother had gone to the hospital and Emily already had a new little brother. Daddy was home, very happy and gay, to tell her that Mother had sent word that she and the baby would be home in time to help Emily and Daddy trim the tree on Christmas Eve.

Christmas Eve was very gay. Daddy carried Mother downstairs for the tree trimming. Emily thought she looked very beautiful in her blue robe. It was just the color of the bluest sky and Mother's golden hair was like the sun shining out of that blue sky. While Mother sat in the big chair with the new baby in her arms, laughing and calling out directions, Emily helped Daddy trim the tree. It was a beautiful tree, all dripping with silver tinsel and bright with colored balls. At the very tip of the tree, Daddy fastened a big silver star.

"The Star of Bethlehem," Mother said thoughtfully, "to show us where the Baby lay."

She laughed delightedly and whispered something to Daddy, who ran up the stairs, two at a time. Presently he reappeared, carrying the little old-fashioned cradle that had been Emily's great-grandmother's. He put it at the foot of the tree. Very gently, he lifted the sleeping baby from Mother's arms and laid him in the cradle.

"It's like the Manger," Emily cried. "We have a Manger all our own."

In a few minutes, Daddy started a fire blazing in the fireplace, and they sat in front of it as Mother told the ageless tale of the Babe of Bethlehem. In those blessed moments, Emily forgot that the next morning she must again face the problem of the putz.

Christmas morning, not even the presents heaped beneath the tree could make Emily forget about the putz. It was a heavy-hearted little girl who started off to the homes of her schoolmates. She hadn't even mentioned the troublesome word to Mother. She had just said, very casually, "Some of the children want me to see their Christmas trees. May I go, Mother?"

Mother agreed that it was very important that Emily see Mary's and Anna Marie's and Johnny's Christmas trees before she and Daddy went to church. "Why not ask the children in to see your tree this afternoon?" Mother called as she trudged off to her friends' homes.

That settled one part of her problem very nicely. At least Mother wouldn't be surprised when her friends came that afternoon! But what would she do when her friends found out that she didn't even know what a putz was?

Happily, Emily was spared that shame. She was so delighted when she found out what a putz was that for the time she forgot the other humiliation that awaited her when her friends found out that she had none of her own. Under the Christmas trees of her friends she found their putz, and she had not the least trouble knowing them for what they were. There, spread out under the trees, almost filling the rooms, were the loveliest little manger scenes. Not only were there the usual figures of the Mother and the Babe in the Manger, but there were also elaborate snow-blanketed landscapes, and settings for tiny villages. Johnny's was a medieval village at the end of whose street of small thatched houses stood an exquisite miniature church, with vaulted roof and stained-glass windows. On the roads were small horses clipping along with little sleighs behind them. All sorts of forest animals stood in the snow, as if they were about to scamper off to pay homage to the Christ. Anna Marie's putz had a modern touch: lights shone at the windows of the little houses, the street was lined with miniature street lights, and the cross on the church was studded with gaily colored bulbs. There was even a small train chugging its way across one of the fields.

Mary's was, just as she had promised, an even better putz. Its little figures glowed with the mellow color that bespoke their age and the loving care with which they had been, each of these many years, unwrapped from their cotton-wool covering. There were the sheep browsing in the snowy fields, as gently as the devout German peasant who two centuries ago had brought them from his war-torn home in the Palatinate (Bavaria) whence he had come to Pennsylvania, to found a new home in peace. As fascinating as those sheep were, what Emily really loved most was the Mother. Her robe was exactly the same shade of blue that Emily's Mother had worn on Christmas Eve and her halo the same color of gold as Mother's hair.

Suddenly Emily's small heart filled with joy, for she knew that when the girls came to see her putz that she had a *better* putz to show them—a Mother in a robe of blue and with a halo of gold, a Babe in the old cradle, and a Star of Bethlehem looking down upon them all.

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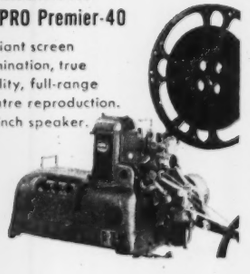


Music Fills the Air

(Continued from page 31)

But as nations and churches grew, the songs became more numerous and more beautiful. Because Christmas was built around the birthday of a child, the little children came to represent the spirit of Christmas, and the Christmas tree is their emblem of joy.

(Processional of Little Children, possibly carrying small Christmas trees. Any appropriate Christmas song for little folks may be used.)

NARRATOR—One of the thrills of the Christmas season is the appearance of the carolers, who in song and with instruments come out into the night on Christmas Eve, and lend enchantment to the holiday by their hearty singing.

(Singers, costumed like English Waits if desired, give vocal and instrumental numbers of their choice.)

NARRATOR—In other countries also, Christmas is dramatized in song. From *(Name of Country)* comes this group of singers to tell us of Christmas as it is glorified in music by the people of their land. The history of this holiday custom is—

(Here a specific Christmas custom and native song of some foreign country will add variety and color to the play. This part may be omitted, however.)

NARRATOR—But the church is the shrine toward which the humble and the great move at Christmastide. Magnificent Christmas music is one of the dearest possessions of the church. The choir now brings you the sanctity and beauty of the season in song, as it has done since its earliest days.

(Singers, in choir robes or identical capes, sing a sacred Christmas number.)

NARRATOR—But, you ask, what inspires all this sound—the gay and the happy, the solemn and the glorious, musical themes of Christmas? My friends, it is the same simple scene that inspired Rebecca and Abraham to tell the world they had found a baby who would become a king. It is the birth of Christ and the message of Christmas.

(Curtain opens on Nativity scene, with all the Singers grouped around. Shepherds, Angels, Wise Men, and Rebecca and Abraham are on stage also. All sing "Silent Night.")

"Dear Santa"

(Continued from page 28)

SANTA CLAUS *(reading)*—"Hello, Santa, I have always wanted a jack-in-the-box, one that really jumps. I hope you can bring me one. Jack."

MRS. SANTA—Good! We have just one left. Here he is. *(Opens the box.)*

(Jack-in-the-Box pops up, extends his right arm up stiffly, then brings it down, repeats with left arm, and both arms.)

(Mrs. Santa pushes him down in the box and shoves the box up to Santa's sack.)

SANTA CLAUS *(reads to himself)*—Ho! Ho! These children live near a lake which freezes over every winter. They wish for ice skates.

(Skaters enter to music of "The Skaters Waltz." Holding hands, they skate around in couples. The leading couple start them down the center. They separate at middle front, one going each way. At the front corners they turn and cross diagonally, alternating at center stage. Couples meet at center back, join hands at rear to start an arch through which each couple passes and adds to the arch. The last two go singly. The rest, who were forming the arch, drop hands and follow singly, holding on to the waist of the person ahead, thus forming one long chain. At the end half the Skaters go on each side of Santa and sing "He's a Chubby Little Fellow." Then they exit into the sack.)

SANTA CLAUS—And listen to this. These boys want clowns for their circus.

(Clowns enter, do some tumbling stunts, and exit into the sack.)

MRS. SANTA—Here is your last letter, Santa.

SANTA CLAUS *(reading)*—"All of my little friends want Teddy bears for Christmas. With love, Ann." Bless their little hearts! They shall get Teddy bears.

(Good-Night Group enters. They sing and act out "Me and My Teddy Bear." Then they exit into the sack.)

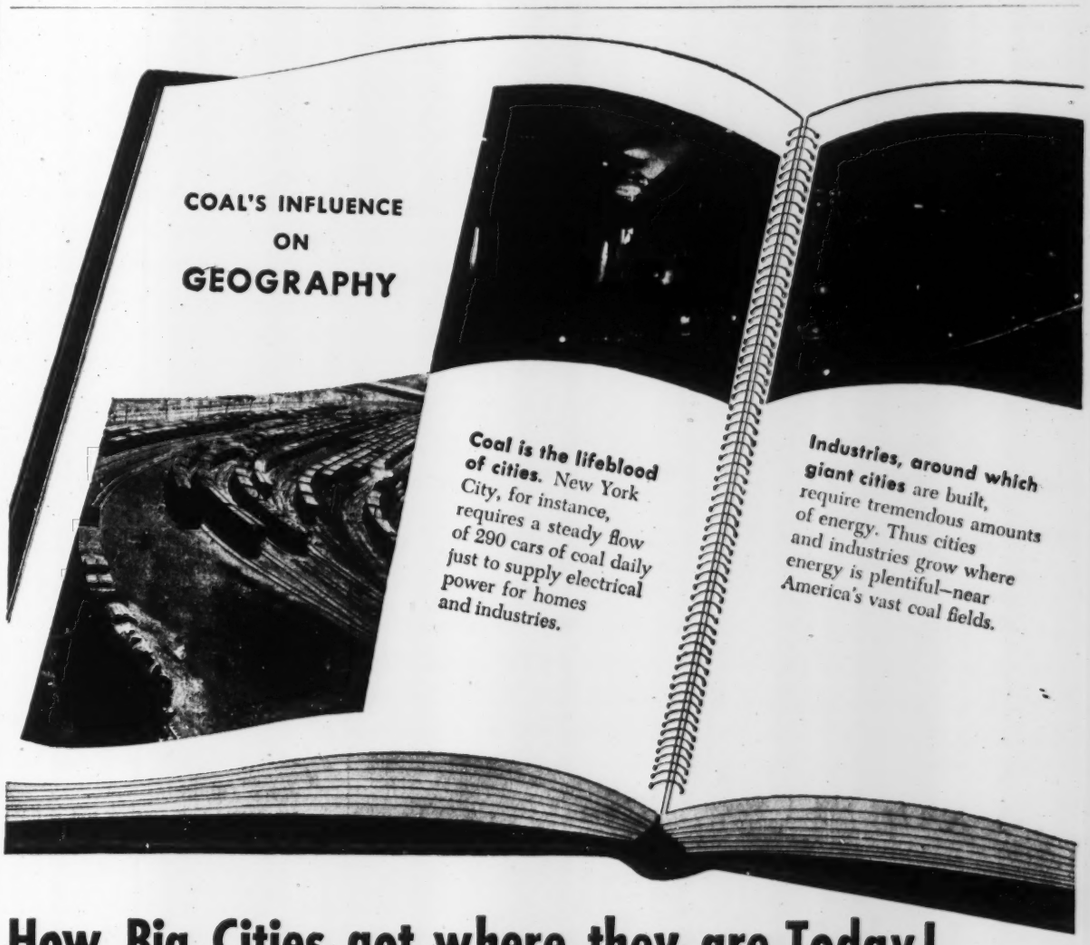
SANTA CLAUS—Well, I guess I am ready now. I'll get my helpers to put my sack in the sleigh.

(Curtain closes.)

MRS. SANTA *(rushes out in front of the curtain and waves and calls)*—Good-by, Santa. Good luck!

(For the finale, all performers go back on stage, except Santa. As they sing "Up on the Housetop" or "Here Comes Santa Claus," out walks Santa, waving to actors and audience.)

MUSIC REFERENCES: The following three songs are on Columbia records—"When Santa Claus Gets Your Letter" No. MJV-75-2; "He's a Chubby Little Fellow" No. MJV-84-2; "Me and My Teddy Bear" No. MJV-70-1. Music for the Dolls' appearance might be Victor Record No. 20—2818. The following two are also Victor Records—"Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" No. 25-0005; "The Skaters Waltz" No. 25-1019. "Up on the Housetop" is in the *Golden Book of Favorite Songs* (Hall & McCreary Co., Chicago 5). Your local sheet-music dealer should be able to supply a copy of "Here Comes Santa Claus."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A Bomb for Santa

(Continued from page 32)

Oh! Oh! Poor Santa! Oh, me! Oh, my! Hal–lup!

(Other Elves and Mrs. Santa come running.)

ELVES—What is it? What is it?

(Pee Wee stands pointing at the pack. His mouth opens and shuts, but no words come out.)

MRS. SANTA *(goes up to Pee Wee and shakes him)*—Now stop this nonsense, Pee Wee. What's the matter?

PEE WEE *(pointing)*—Bomb! Bomb! Measley—put—bomb—Santa's—pack!

ELVES—Oh, my goodness! A bomb! Measley put a bomb in Santa's pack.

MRS. SANTA—Are you sure, Pee Wee? You weren't dreaming?

PEE WEE—Oh, no, Mrs. Santa. It's there. *(Points.)* Right there in that sack. *(Starts to cry.)* He's going to blow Santa to kingdom come, he said. And do away with Christmas for good.

MRS. SANTA *(angrily)*—Well, I'll just fix that. I'll get that old bomb and throw it as far as I can. *(Starts for the bomb, but they all cling to her and hold her back.)*

ELVES—No! No! Mrs. Santa! You'll get hurt!

MRS. SANTA *(determined)*—Well, we can't leave that bomb where it is. What can we do? *What can we do?*

PEE WEE *(whining)*—We can't stand here and do nothing! The bomb might go off! We'll all be killed!

MRS. SANTA *(stops abruptly and claps her hands together)*—I have it! The Good Fairy!

ELVES—Of course! The Good Fairy! She will help us!

NIXIE—The Good Fairy left some magic words for us to call out when we needed help. All we have to do is to say those magic words real loudly and she'll come at once.

MRS. SANTA—Santa made *someone* the keeper of those magic words. I wonder who it was.

(Everyone assumes a thinking pose.)

ELVES—Now, *who* could it be?

(Pee Wee gets down on his hands and knees and starts crawling toward the pack to hide.)

NOXIE *(triumphantly)*—I remember! Santa made *Pee Wee* the keeper of the magic words! *(He pulls Pee Wee back by his leg and stands him on his feet. Pee Wee acts uncomfortable.)*

TUPPER *(excitedly)*—Yes, it *was* Pee Wee! What are the magic words?

PEE WEE *(sadly)*—I can't remember!

ELVES *(amazed)*—Can't remember!

MRS. SANTA *(soothingly)*—Oh, surely you can, Pee Wee. Think hard!

PEE WEE *(stands with head down, digging his toe in the floor)*—I can't remember. I knew them yesterday, but now, they're scared right out of me.

ELVES *(disgusted)*—Oh, Pee Wee!

MRS. SANTA *(sadly)*—This is a sad state of affairs. I guess there'll be no Christmas anymore. We'll never hear those sweet words spoken again.

NIXIE—What sweet words?

MRS. SANTA—Why, "Peace on earth, good will to all." *(Speaks very distinctly.)*

(There is a flash of light and the sound of a siren. The Good Fairy comes running out to center stage from the right wing, her retinue behind her.)

GOOD FAIRY—I heard the magic words, "Peace on earth, good will to all," and I came without delay.

PEE WEE *(excitedly)*—I remember *now*. Those are the magic words.

MRS. SANTA *(gratefully)*—Oh, how can we ever thank you for coming so quickly, Good Fairy?

GOOD FAIRY *(to the point)*—But the bomb? Where is the bomb? Let us attend to that without delay.

ELVES—How did you know? Who told you?

GOOD FAIRY *(knowingly)*—I have ways of knowing such things. *(Goes to pack and prods around with her wand. She reaches in and brings out the bomb. They all fall back as she deposits it in center stage.)* There is nothing to fear now, my good friends. This wicked bomb is completely harmless now. It will hurt no one.

ELVES *(draw nearer)*—Good! Good! Wonderful!

GOOD FAIRY—You may open it now, if you wish. It is perfectly safe.

(Tupper moves forward gingerly and unties the bomb. He draws out paper strips with LOVE, JOY, HAPPINESS, and PEACE *printed on them in large letters. He holds them up.)*

MRS. SANTA—Wonderful! How did you do it?

GOOD FAIRY—With my magic wand I turned the evil inside the bomb into something good. Hate I turned into Love; Sorrow into Joy; Unhappiness into Happiness. Then I put in a dash of Peace for good measure.

MRS. SANTA—It is all very wonderful, and we can't thank you enough.

GOOD FAIRY—I'm always happy to help you out. But put the bomb back together, my good Elves. I think I hear someone coming. *(Mysteriously.)* And I have an idea.

(There is a scuffling noise and two Elves come in, holding a wriggling Measley between them. He is brought to center stage, pulling back every step of the way.)

TUPPER—Here he is, Good Fairy. This is Measley. He put the bomb in Santa's pack, and then he ran away. But we caught him.

GOOD FAIRY—Let him go, boys.

(Measley straightens up and looks about him belligerently.)

GOOD FAIRY—So you would make an end to Christmas, Measley? You would spoil that happy day for all the waiting boys and girls? What have you to say for yourself?

MEASLEY—It wasn't a very big bomb, Good Fairy. *(Small voice.)* It was only a little teeny bomb.

ELVES—Oh, it was large!

MEASLEY—I didn't run very far. I got tired.

ELVES—Oh, listen!

MEASLEY—This cowboy suit is tight. And I got lonesome. I—I want to stay here. *(Starts to cry.)* I don't want to be a cowboy.

GOOD FAIRY—Very sad, indeed! But that doesn't mend the matter of bombing Santa. *(Thinks.)* I'll tell you what you must do if you wish to stay here with Santa. You must remove the bomb you put in his pack!

MEASLEY *(alarmed)*—Oh, no, Good Fairy! Please—can't you think of something a little easier? I'm afraid of bombs—they go off!

GOOD FAIRY *(sternly)*—Do as I say! Do you think such an evil deed can go unpunished? *Remove the bomb, Measley!* *(Points with her wand.)*

MEASLEY *(goes toward the bomb very gingerly, taking long, tip-toeing steps, turns and makes one last plea to the Good Fairy)*—Please, Good Fairy, I'm sorry. I'll never do it again. *You* remove the bomb; it won't hurt *you*.

GOOD FAIRY—I *command* you to remove the bomb, Measley. *(She points the wand in his direction.)*

(Measley moves with speed. He rushes in and grabs the bomb, holding it far from him. He runs out the left exit, squealing in panic.)

GOOD FAIRY—There! That will make an end of that matter!

(Elves laugh heartily, and at the same time Santa enters.)

SANTA *(rubbing his eyes)*—I had a most horrible dream, Mama. Most horrible! I thought I had forgotten to leave a present for a little girl, and there she was, sobbing and crying for a cowboy outfit. Are you sure we have remembered everyone on the list?

MRS. SANTA—Quite sure, Santa. I checked and double-checked—and triple-checked, come to think of it.

SANTA *(with a sigh of relief)*—Good! *(Sees the Good Fairy.)* Ah, the Good Fairy has joined us.

GOOD FAIRY—I'm just about to leave, Santa.

TUPPER—See what fell out of Measley's bomb. I found it by the door. He must have dropped it as he went out. *(He unrolls a strip of paper with "Peace on Earth, Good Will to All" printed on it in large letters.)*

(The Elves take the strip and place it in the hands of the little Fairies who have formed a line downstage. They hold the words in front of them for all to see.)

TUPPER—The magic words that brought the Good Fairy to us!

SANTA—What is all this talk about bombs and magic words?

MRS. SANTA—That is a long story, Santa, and we can't go into it now. But these are the magic words of Christmas time, and let us hold them high for all to see.

(The little Fairies raise the magic words higher. All but the Elves and Santa draw in to make a grouping behind the Fairies on the stage.)

SANTA—Ah, yes the magic words! And now we must do our part to make those words ring magic in every heart. Come, my good Elves; we must be on our way.

(The Elves pick up the bundles that go in Santa's sleigh. They sling them over their shoulders and turn as if they were going to exit. Santa also turns as if he were about to leave, and he and the Elves wave farewell. All sing the chorus to "Dear Santa" repeating the last two lines.)

Sandy's Reindeer

(Continued from page 21)

"He is nice," Sandy said, "but I am too big for a cuddly toy."

"Would you like a reindeer game?" asked the clerk at the counter where games were sold.

"No thank you," said Sandy politely.

Over at the record counter, the phonograph was playing a song about Rudolph and his reindeer pals, but Sandy didn't listen very long.

Suddenly Sandy stopped. Straight ahead of them was a toy elephant almost as big as he was. A little girl was sitting on the elephant's back.

"I want a reindeer that big," said Sandy.

That night Sandy asked Marjorie to write to Santa Claus for him. This is what he told her to say: "Dear Santa, I want a big reindeer that I can ride on. Thank you, Sandy."

Every day Sandy wondered if Santa would bring him the reindeer. On Christmas morning he ran to the living room where the Christmas tree stood. By the tree was a drum. On the floor was a little dancing man. But Sandy hardly looked at them, for there was a reindeer big enough for a boy to ride on. It had a little red blanket folded on its back for a saddle. It had a white tail. It had beautiful big antlers. But best of all, under the reindeer's feet were rockers. Sandy had a rocking reindeer. He climbed on and rocked and rocked. He pretended he was riding his reindeer away into the sky.

When school began again, Sandy's daddy took the rocking reindeer to the kindergarten room. All the children took turns riding him. They all thought Santa Claus had given Sandy a wonderful present.

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BRITISH RAILWAYS

Christmas Beckons to the Future

(Continued from page 36)

proceedings. Then the "Piñata Song" was sung in Spanish, and the scramble for gifts took place as the piñata was broken by a blindfolded child.

The German children contributed their own miniature Christmas tree, drawn in a small red wagon by two fourth-grade boys. The group sang "O Christmas Tree—You Speak of God, Unchanging" with great reverence and spirit. Diane told of German traditional beliefs regarding the origin of the Christmas tree, and all sang "O Come, Little Children"—a traditional German carol.

Now the scene returned to "Mother," who awakened the sleeping child who had dreamed all the foregoing. Finally, carolers singing "O Come, All Ye Faithful," entered. They also sang, in Latin, "Adeste Fideles." The performance concluded with each national group wishing "Merry Christmas" to all in the native tongue of its own country, and all joining in the English "We Wish You a Merry Christmas."

My earnest hope and expectation for the future concerns the possibility of expanding upon the theme of our Christmas offering. Does it not seem logical, if children can interest themselves in traditions and customs of others in that most joyous of celebrations, then surely they have capacities for consideration of more material problems? Children are possessed of abilities to feel deeply; let us never destroy those, for the world surely needs human beings who still retain a love and compassion for humanity.

We at Tularcitos School hope that other children are intersted in our ways as we have been in theirs, and that as we develop greater creative powers, we will gain new insight and generosity toward the needs and welfare of others as well as ourselves.

NOTE: "Our Christmas Pie" is in *Music in the Air*, published by C. C. Birchard & Co., Boston 16. The "Pinata Song" is from *Pedro, the Angel of Olvera Street*, by Leo Politi, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York 17. All other songs may be found in *Christmas—Its Carols, Customs and Legends*, published by Hall & McCreary Co., Chicago 5.

Keeping Warm and Cool

(Continued from page 62)

Experiment 6: How does heat move through a liquid? Fill a large jar with cold water. Put two glass tubes in a two-hole cork or rubber stopper, putting one tube higher than the other. Fill a small bottle with *warm* colored water. (A little red ink will do.) Put the stopper into the small bottle and place on the bottom of the large jar. Let it stand for a while. Watch carefully to see what happens.

This experiment shows that warm water rises and cool water settles. Circulation of water results. This is the way heat is transferred in liquids. This is called *convection*. As in air, the warmed molecules move from one place to another.

The above experiments tell us that heat travels by *conduction* in solids and by *convection* in air and liquids. A third way in which heat is transferred from a source of heat to another place is called *radiation*.

The direct light from the sun is the source of much of the heat which warms the earth. This energy travels through space even where there is no air, liquid, or solid. It travels as radiant energy. When it strikes the atmosphere of the earth and the earth's surface, the radiant energy of the sun turns into heat. You can feel this heat if you stand in the bright sun.

If you hold your hands in front of a fireplace, or a bonfire, or an electric heater you will feel warmth. Even though the air between you and the source of heat is cool, you can feel the warmth. These are examples of radiant energy striking you and changing into heat energy.

Experiment 7: Some materials absorb radiant heat rapidly, some more slowly. What kinds of materials absorb heat best? Get four tin cans the same size. Paint one of them black on both the inside and the outside. Leave one of them unpainted. Wrap a third can with dark cloth. Wrap the fourth one with white cloth. Cut cardboard disk covers for each can. Punch a hole in the center of each cardboard through which to place a thermometer.

Next fill each can with cool water. Measure the temperature of the water in each can and record it. Now place the cans in bright sunlight or in front of a reflector-type electric heater. Read the temperature of the water in each can every fifteen minutes. From your observations what kinds of surfaces seem to absorb heat best?

Experiment 8: What kinds of surfaces lose heat faster? Use the same cans as above, covered in the same ways. This time fill each can with hot water. Place the cans in a cool place away from the sun. Put on the cardboard lids and measure the temperatures. Record each temperature. Measure the temperature of the water in each can every fifteen minutes.

What do your observations show about the loss of heat from different

(Continued on page 74)

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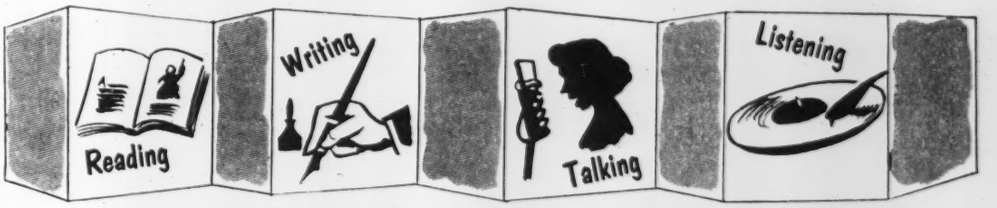

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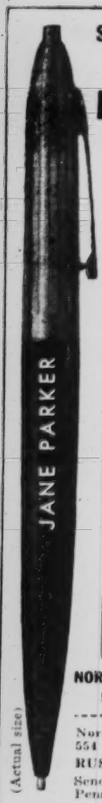

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See Other Side

Keeping Warm and Cool

(Continued from page 73)

kinds of surfaces? Usually rough surfaces and dark surfaces absorb heat more quickly than shiny or white surfaces. Surfaces which absorb heat faster also tend to lose it faster. Is that what you found?

Some materials, such as air, which transfer heat easily by convection do not transfer heat very well by conduction. Materials which will keep heat from passing through walls of houses or refrigerators are called heat *insulators.*

Experiment 9: This classroom experiment compares different insulating materials. How fast is heat lost through different materials? First of all, test air. Obtain a large tin can and a small one. The small one should fit inside the large one with at least ½" space all around. Put a small wooden block on the bottom of the large can. Then put the small can in the large one.

Cut a cardboard lid to cover the top of the large can. Punch a hole in the lid to put a thermometer through it. Heat water nearly to boiling and fill the small can with it. Place the cardboard lid on the large can and take the temperature of the water. Every three minutes for a half hour measure the temperature of the water.

In the same way test other materials such as sawdust, cotton, wool, steel wool, and water by placing them in the space between the two cans. Be sure to start each time with water at the same temperature you used the first time. Which of the materials permits the heat to escape most rapidly? Which keeps the heat longest?

How warm or cool a person "feels" depends upon several things besides temperature of the air around. In general, when a person loses heat rapidly from the body, he feels cool. When he does not lose heat from the body, he feels warm. Can you see how knowledge about heat absorption and heat loss can be applied in choosing clothing, in building homes, and in other ways of keeping warm and cool?

The Particular Little Shop

(Continued from page 13)

The four walls watched and watched, but they just couldn't figure out what was in any of the boxes. By lunch time the men in red overalls had brought in every box and package. Mr. Twiddleby gave them shiny coins and sent them home for their lunch of hot muffins and honey.

Then Mr. Twiddleby opened a box, and took out a blue checked tablecloth which he spread on his tiny table. Out came a teapot and a blue cup and saucer, and then some little frosted cakes. In no time at all a copper teakettle was boiling and the very sound of it made the four walls shiver with delight.

After Mr. Twiddleby had finished his cakes and tea he picked up the little checked cloth by the four corners, and holding it carefully, pulled the bolt on the windoor and threw it open. He shook the cloth, calling out, "Come on, birdies! Here are some crumbs for your lunch. Have lunch with me every day." Then he closed the windoor and bolted it.

"Certainly he will unpack the boxes now," thought the four walls; but Mr. Twiddleby didn't seem to be in a great hurry. When the china teapot and the blue cup and saucer and the silver spoon were washed and polished and placed on the little corner shelf, he slowly opened a box and pulled out a varnished board with bright letters and a picture on it, and some brass screws.

As if time didn't matter at all, Mr. Twiddleby put on his checked coat with the velvet collar, his little fur cap and bright muffler. He carried a short stepladder through the front door.

"He's going to hang a sign on the brass holder," said Front Wall.

"Tell us what it says!" cried all the other walls at once.

"Oh, dear! He's stopped to talk to a little boy in the street. He must have said something funny for the little boy is laughing," said Front Wall.

At last the sign was fastened to the holder.

"The sign is beautiful! It has the picture of a— of a—" said Front Wall with eyes popping.

"Yes? A what?" asked the others.

"A jack-in-the-box! And the sign says, 'The Twiddleby Toy Shop.'"

What do you think the four walls did then? They joined hands and danced round and round the room.

However, when Mr. Twiddleby carried in his stepladder and took off his checked coat and little fur cap and bright muffler, he couldn't tell that anything had happened at all.

"That December wind is pretty cold," he said to himself as he warmed his fingers at the grate. "I guess I'd better get busy. Christmas is right around the corner, and I have some things in these boxes that would look nice under a Christmas tree."

Mr. Twiddleby unpacked boxes for days. There were shiny flutes and red drums and tinkly music boxes. There were elephants with bells around their necks, monkeys with green caps, and fat Teddy bears with yellow eyes. There were dolls and dolls and dolls!

There were wagons and carts, marbles, balls, and bright balloons. There were clowns and lead soldiers.

Mr. Twiddleby seemed to think the toys in his shop were alive for he talked to them often. One day he said, "Well, Mr. Organ-grinder, I believe we're ready to open up our shop. I'll put a sign in the window tomorrow morning."

Then he turned to one of the dolls on the shelf and said, "Miss Annabelle, would you do me the honor of having tea with me this afternoon? I have placed two cups and saucers on my table for I feel like having a guest."

The copper kettle was boiling so merrily that at first Mr. Twiddleby did not hear the tap on the window. But when the tap was repeated, he turned around. And who do you suppose was smiling and waving through the sparkling window? Miss Suzanne Teaberry!

Mr. Twiddleby threw the door open. "Come in, come in!" he cried.

Little Miss Teaberry brushed the snow off her cape, slipped off her red boots, and popped in. She walked slowly around the shop as she took off her knitted mittens.

"Oh, Jonathan! Everything is lovely! Perfectly lovely!" she exclaimed. "And what beautiful toys! How the children will love them! Did you make any of them yourself?"

"The ones that are made of wood—the carts, little workbenches, tables and chairs, the toy rolling pins, croquet sets, and little wooden figures," said Mr. Twiddleby. And then he asked, "Would you join me in a cup of tea in honor of your first visit to the Twiddleby Toy Shop—your old shop, and my new one?"

"Thank you, I'd like it very much," answered Miss Teaberry. Then she glanced at the table in the corner with its fresh cloth and the two cups and saucers. "But you're expecting someone else!"

Mr. Twiddleby laughed and said, "I didn't feel like having tea alone today so I invited Miss Annabelle. But she can come another day when I'm alone." Miss Teaberry looked very puzzled until Mr. Twiddleby introduced her to the doll on the shelf. How she laughed then!

While Mr. Twiddleby was making the tea, little Miss Teaberry walked to the back of the shop, pulled the bolt on the windoor and opened it wide. "What a beautiful day it is!" she said. "The trees, covered with snow, look like a picture on a Christmas card!"

"Let's have music to go with the picture," said Mr. Twiddleby. He picked up a music box with three little Christmas carolers on top. He turned the key and wound the spring. As he set the music box down, the three little men began to turn, and the shop was filled with happy Christmas music!

SPECIAL EVENTS

Dec. 2—Chanukah, Jewish Feast of Lights
Dec. 7—Anniversary of Pearl Harbor
Dec. 17—50th Anniversary of Powered Flight—Wright Brothers at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina
Dec. 21—First day of Winter
Dec. 25—Christmas; also birthday of Clara Barton, Founder of American Red Cross
Dec. 31—New Year's Eve—Watch Night

Our Party Is Different

(Continued from page 21)

Some ask for assistance with the rolling pin; someone else is ready for me to lift the cookies that he has cut out. They have been told to stay in their places all the time—even when they are finished. Surprisingly, they do.

When most of the dough has been rolled and cut we stop. The remaining dough usually has been overworked or has too much flour in it. The children remove their aprons, get their boxes, and sit on the floor. I pass the cookies and each child counts out six cookies. I point out that we are saving some for our party Friday.

They may eat their cookies if they want to, but some want to take every one home. The mothers report that the cookies are distributed with pride at home.

Soon after his arrival Thursday morning, each child has one cooky to hang on the tree. The red gelatin dessert is made after the lunch period. There is a bowl for each table. One child opens the box and pours in the gelatin, another gets hot water, another gets the spoon and stirs. Later I take the bowls of gelatin to the refrigerator.

The Friday before Christmas is a noisy one. The children take their places just as they do every day for lunch. We have our customary prayer. I serve the gelatin in paraffin picnic containers. The hostess at each table passes the cookies.

Making cookies is an experience that enriches a child's Christmas season. Kindergarteners are quite capable and do love it so! Every kindergarten has mothers eager to help. They would like to be asked—and would have as good a time as their children. Try it this Christmas!

A Log Cabin Christmas

(Continued from page 34)

JIMMY—I got the biggest load.

PETER—No, I did.

MADGE—I fell in a snow pile.

SARAH—Set the dishes on the table, Madge.

(Madge sets the table, Grandma knits, and Father and boys warm themselves at the fire.)

SARAH—Everything is ready for a real good Christmas Eve meal—venison stew, corn bread, and squash pie. I wish they'd come!

MADGE—Mother, may I put a candle in the window?

SARAH—A good idea, Madge. A light for Christmas Eve.

MADGE *(places candle)*—Look! Look, out there! They've come!

JIMMY—Look! Indians! Indians!

GRANDMA—What in the world would the redskins be doing around here?

JOHN *(rushes to the door, calling back over his shoulder)*—It's all right, Ma, it's the wagon folks! The Indians must be with them.

(Simultaneously from without come the sounds of the arrival of the Carters, Smiths, and Johnsons.)

SAM—Hello in there! Hello!

ROB—Unbar the door! Let us in!

MARY—We're here, Sarah!

JUD—We've made it!

JOHN—Come in, neighbors!

ROB—Let Grandpa Carter in first. He's almost frostbitten.

(Rob and Sam help Grandpa Carter and place him in the big chair by the table and stand behind him.)

SARAH—Oh, Grandpa Carter, are you all right?

GRANDPA—Yes, Sary, but I'm cold as Greenland.

(The other visitors troop in laughing and exchanging greetings. All are carrying bundles of food and gifts. The children give their gifts to one another and cluster together at the fire.)

MARY *(to Grandma)*—It's good to see you, Grandma Hawkes.

GRANDMA—It's good to see you.

ANN *(greets Sarah with a hug)*—Oh, Sarah, it's been so long.

SARAH—I thought you'd never get here, Ann.

ANN—I've brought you some of my plum pudding, Sarah.

SARAH—Thank you, Ann. Oh, Amy, I'm so anxious to see the baby.

AMY *(showing them the baby)*—I worried so for fear he'd catch cold, but thank goodness he's safe and warm.

GRANDMA—Give me that baby, poor little mite! *(Amy places baby in Grandma's arms.)*

(As the visitors have come in and greeted the Hawkes family they have unobtrusively placed themselves in a casual semicircle on the stage. As the last of the white people enter, the two Indians stalk in solemnly and stand by Grandpa's side.)

JOHN *(who has been ushering in the men and boys)*—Tell us, Sam, what happened. Where's your wagon?

SAM—Broke a wheel. We've walked since noon.

AMY—Then Grandpa got lost and we thought he was gone for good.

JOHN—Lost in this storm! How did you ever find him!

SAM—Why, along came these two big Indians, and first thing we knew, they sized up the situation and began to track. They brought Pa back safe and sound.

GRANDPA—Well, I was plum turned around.

AMY—Land sakes! Those Indians scared us at first, but they were friendly as you please.

SAM—They said they were hungry, so we just brought them along with us.

SARAH—I'm glad you did. I know you're all hungry, every blessed one of you. We've got a big pot of venison stew—enough for all.

JOHN—Take off your wraps and make yourselves comfortable. Sarah will dish up the stew fast as she can. There won't be room for all to sit at the table but you can handle a bowl and a spoon wherever you are.

MARY—We brought our own eating tools in the wagon. Will you fetch 'em, Rob?

Scene 2

(Sarah, Ann, and Mary are washing dishes. Amy is rocking the baby in the rocking chair, Grandma and Grandpa are seated side by side on a bench visiting. The children are tossing a beanbag back and forth. The men stand together.)

SAM—I sure feel fine after eating all that good food.

JUD—This is the biggest Christmas Eve west of the Mississippi. We ought to have a little music 'long about now.

ROB—You're right, Jud. Let's have a tune. How about "Daniel Boone"?

JOHN—Sure enough. Come on, you start us off, Jud.

(All the men sing "Daniel Boone," suiting their actions to the words.)

MARY *(joins the singers followed by the other women)*—Let's all sing "Wagon Wheels" as we did when we left Santa Fé. Come on!

JOHN Now for a dance. I'll call the turns. Get your partners! Come on, children, join in!

(They dance the Virginia Reel—or any other lively dance of the frontier at this period, humming their accompaniment. Indians stamp and circle round each other with loud yells. At end of dance all grownups find places to sit, while they catch their breath.)

GRANDMA—Seems like the young'uns are the only ones with any breath left. How about singing for the visitors the Christmas song I taught you?

(Peter, Jimmy, and Madge sing "Silent Night." All thank them.)

MARY—Our Margaret has a Christmas song she can sing.

MADGE—Oh, please sing, Margaret.

(Margaret sings "This Is the Day the Child Was Born." She may give a poem instead. All thank her.)

JOHN—Well, now that the children have given us the real Christmas spirit, how about a word of prayer before we turn in? Grandma, will you say a few words?

(Grandma bows her head and folds her hands in her lap and prays. At the end Grandpa says "Amen.")

COSTUMES: Only the rich dark colors of the pioneer period are used—soft browns, muted reds, and dull blues. The groups are arranged so that there is a satisfying harmony of color on the stage at all times.

The girls and women alike wear shawls and capes and long full skirts borrowed from their older sisters or mothers. Long hair is brought up and in some cases a scarf conceals a modern short bob, thus eliminating the need of wigs or false hair.

The boys and men wear woolen or leather jackets. Some have caps with ear flaps. Some wear coonskin caps or black felt hats. Grandpa's cap is tied over his ears with a woolen scarf and a three-cornered shawl covers his shoulders. Each Indian wears a plain dark blanket or a blanket with Indian designs and a simple band with one feather as a headdress.

REFERENCES: "Daniel Boone" is in *The American Singer, Book V* (American Book Co.). "Wagon Wheels" and "This Is the Day the Child Was Born" are in *New Music Horizons, Book IV* (Silver Burdett).

EDITORIAL NOTE: The author and her sister are taking time off from teaching this year to complete a historical novel for young people, tentatively titled *Apache Friend and Foe.*

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Gifts Like Shining Stars

(Continued from page 14)

"I'm sorry about Christmas," she said, just as if she could see right into his mind. "But maybe something nice will happen."

The next morning at school everyone was talking about the Christmas program that evening.

"You're coming, aren't you, Dan?" Will Keester asked. "There's going to be a tree and singing and fiddle playing and they're going to give everybody an orange."

"I'll get there someway," Dan said, but he knew his father wouldn't have time to bring him in. Still he knew he *had* to come. This program at the school was almost the best part of Christmas. Besides, if he could come and get an orange he would have a splendid present for his mother! When he asked his father, the answer was what he expected.

"I can't take you, Dan. The doctor's coming in tonight."

"I could walk," the boy pleaded.

"But it's snowing and very cold."

"I don't mind, Father. It isn't even quite three miles and I walk in the daytime. I can put newspapers under my coat to keep warm. You see there's going to be a Christmas tree and—"

"All right, Son, but don't stay late."

Dan rushed to pull on the heavy socks his mother had knit and boots dipped in tallow to make them waterproof. He tugged the stocking cap down over his ears and tucked a newspaper under his jacket, then tied a big red muffler around his neck. Then he stepped out into the snow. He ran until he was out of breath, and when he slowed down, he thought he heard the distant tinkle of sleigh bells. A few minutes later, around the bend came a sleigh with bells shaking as the horses jogged down the snowy road. Then he heard his name called.

"Dan! Come on and ride with us!"

It was the Keesters and they had come that way just to pick him up! Now he had the wonderful feeling of snuggling under the buffalo robe with friendly company.

The windows of the little school were bright with lights, and inside there was a crowd and much holiday excitement. The tree, hung with popcorn strings and alight with homemade candles, made the school look as if it had been touched by a magic wand. Boys and girls spoke pieces. Everyone sang. The fiddlers played, and finally Santa Claus appeared with a sack and called each child to the tree where he gave him an orange *and* a sack of candy. Dan clutched his gifts as though they were made of gold.

After the crowded schoolhouse, with its roaring woodstove, the cold air felt good on his cheeks. Back in the Keesters' sleigh, Will began chattering about their Christmas.

"What are you getting, Dan?" he asked suddenly. "Have you peeked?"

Dan shook his head, wordless.

"Don't you know?"

"We're not having any presents," Dan confessed. "With the grasshoppers and Mother sick—"

"No presents!" Will was stunned and for once couldn't think of anything to say. Then, after a moment's hesitation, he squirmed around and reached down under the robe.

"Look, Dan. That's terrible! We got a barrel from our cousins in New York state, with a lot of clothes and things in it. You take this; then you'll have a present."

Will put something in his hand. Dan felt it and held it up so that the moon caught its surface with a bright luster. It was a brand-new jackknife.

"Oh, Will! Thank you!" There weren't any good words handy, but Will understood.

"I have an old one I'm more used to anyway," Will said casually, but the boys understood each other.

There was a cutter standing in front of the house when the Keesters let Dan out. A big man in a fur-lined coat, fur cap turned down over his ears, was just coming out the door.

"Well, Dan," his voice boomed, big and cheerful in the still night. "I have good news for you. Your mother's going to be well and strong again right soon. Merry Christmas, Son."

Dan flew in the door as though there were wings on his clumsy boots, and headed for his mother's room where the lamp was still burning.

"Look, Mother!" He held out the orange. "I *do* have a present for you after all."

He couldn't understand why she smiled and had tears in her eyes all at the same time. Then he looked at his father and saw almost the same look on his tired face. All at once Dan felt very sorry for him, with the grasshoppers and all. He hadn't meant to give away the bag of candy, but the first thing he knew, he was holding it out.

"This is for you, Father."

His father put a strong hand on Dan's shoulder.

"Thank you, Son. Next year will be different."

"And, Mother, *what* do you suppose? I have a present, too!" He held out his hand with the precious jackknife. "Will gave it to me because I didn't have any."

"It's beautiful, Dan." She held it in her thin hand. "It's like a shining star."

Dan was not surprised. His mother's thoughts weren't always everyday thoughts like other people's but he was puzzled.

"What do you mean, Mother?"

"Danny, dear—" she held the knife in one hand and the orange in the other. "Some gifts are like shining stars. They never grow dim and, no matter how old you get, they still keep on shining whenever you think of them. This is because they are extra-special gifts from someone who cares. When you are an old man, this pocketknife will keep right on shining just like a Christmas star."

"That's right, Mother. I'll never forget it as long as I live. When I grow up I'll even tell my children about it and then it will keep on shining even longer."

"And tell them about the orange and the candy," his mother added gently. "I want them to know about those, too."

And so when Dan grew up he told his children the story of the jackknife and they told their children and they will tell theirs. The little knife has long since dropped into some rusty oblivion, but who knows how long its memory will continue to shine like a beautiful Christmas star?

The Little Fir

(Continued from page 15)

"What did I tell you, Little Fir? You see, nobody wants you." All the trees joined in the yellow pine's laughter.

The little fir no longer bothered to shake the snow from its branches, or to try to attract attention. It knew now that the big trees were right. It would never be a Christmas tree.

Then late one afternoon the three children returned with their father. "We must hurry to find a pretty tree for Grandma. It will soon be dark," said the father.

While the others were looking for a tree, Andrea ran to the little fir. "I'd like to have you for my Christmas tree," she said, shaking the snow from its branches. The little fir raised its head proudly.

"What are you doing, Andrea?" asked Susie as she and Stephen came along with their arms full of greens.

"I was wishing I could decorate this little tree right here in the woods."

Stephen whooped, "How could you put lights on it in the woods?"

Daddy heard the laughter as he came up carrying Grandma's tree. "What's the joke?" he asked.

"Andrea wants to decorate this little tree for Christmas right here in the woods," Stephen explained.

"I think it would be nice to have a Christmas tree in the woods," Andrea said.

Just then a rabbit hopped past, going slowly in the deep snow. "Andrea might trim a Christmas tree for rabbits," said Daddy.

"I could put carrots and cabbage leaves on it. The rabbits would like it." Andrea was serious.

"It might not be a bad idea," Daddy agreed, "but now we must hurry home with Grandma's tree."

When they were gone, how the big trees laughed! A Christmas tree for rabbits! It was too funny! The little fir did not mind their laughter. It was happy to think it had been noticed.

The next day the children and their father returned. Andrea carried a star cut from wood. It had been painted and was sparkling with silver dust. Stephen had punched two holes through the center so that it could be tied securely to the tree. While Andrea fastened the star to the topmost branch of the little fir, Susie and Stephen were busy tying bits of carrot, lettuce, cabbage, and apples to the lower [illegible]. Andrea wound several strings of popcorn and cranberries among the upper branches.

"I hope the birds will notice it," she said as they left for home.

The big trees did not laugh now. "The little fir really has a star on its top," said the blue spruce.

"And gifts on its branches. Whoever would have imagined that such a thing could happen?" added the white pine.

On Christmas Day, while Mother was putting the finishing touches to their dinner, Daddy and the children came to see how the little fir was doing. As they came along the path, Stephen, who was ahead, put his finger to his lips, "Sh-ush! Be quiet. Don't scare them," he said.

There stood the little fir, its star shining in the sunlight. Two rabbits were eating the carrots, another was nibbling cabbage leaves. Three birds were busily pecking away at the cranberries and chirping gaily.

"Look how much of the food is gone!" Stephen exclaimed.

"We'll have to bring more tomorrow." Andrea was all excited.

Daddy laughed, "I think you have an all winter's job. We'd better go now. Our dinner must be ready." They went quickly, for Christmas dinner must not be kept waiting.

While the snow lasted, the children kept the little fir supplied with food. Hunters stopped in surprise to look at the little tree with a star on its top. When they noticed the food, they too, added bits of bread, meat, and apples. Every day the small forest animals and the winter birds came for food and they were never disappointed.

All winter the little fir held its head erect so that the star might catch the sunlight. Now the big trees looked with pride at the little tree whose wish to be a Christmas tree with a star on its top and gifts on its branches had come true.

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Christmas Co-operation

(Continued from page 15)

"Couldn't we share them with Fred Becksmith?" she asked.

Her father sounded even more surprised. "Well, young lady," he said. "Since when are you trying to help out the Becksmith shop?"

"I can't help it," Evie replied. "He needs them for the Episcopal Church."

Her father seemed to chuckle at the other end of the wire. "Listen," he said, "you tell Fred to get five extra dozen of white chrysanthemums. I still have the frame of the bell we made five years ago. With pompons in it, it'll look brand-new."

"But you'll let him have the poinsettias, too?" asked Evie anxiously.

"Oh, yes," replied her father. "You talk to him now and then come on back to town."

"I just called my father," said Evie to Fred Becksmith. "He's going to share the poinsettias with you to decorate the church."

"I think I ought to give the job up and let him do it," Mr. Becksmith replied. "I've been so busy getting my shop started that this job's just proved a little too big for me."

"My father could take it over," replied Evie slowly, "but I don't think he would want to do it that way. I could show Betty how to make ropes of smilax. Then perhaps you and my father could work together."

"Do you think your father would be willing to decorate the church with me?" asked Mr. Becksmith.

"Gee, I know he would," answered Evie. "In fact he said to bring five dozen pompons along and he would give you a frame for the bell. Mother always helps him fix it."

"My wife helps me, too," said Mr. Becksmith.

"I'll tell you what," said Evie excitedly. "Thursday night we can all go to the church together. With the six of us, we should have the church decorated in a couple of hours. And you know what else I think," she added. "I think the Episcopal Church is going to be more beautiful this year than it's ever been before."

Christmas—Thanks to Jeb

(Continued from page 16)

piece of paper. "Jeb," he said, "last night at the meeting, Captain Halleck and the men decided that there would be no presents except for the children under fourteen years of age. That includes you since you won't be fourteen till next week."

"I don't need any Christmas presents," replied Jeb stoutly.

"Oh, you only get one," his father answered with a smile. "We decided that no child in the wagon train would get more than one gift.

"I have written three things on this paper," his father continued, "and you may pick one of them."

Jeb's eyes almost filled with tears as he read the list. The first gift was his father's coonskin cap, a favorite he had gotten from an old trader at St. Joseph.

The next gift was a whistle. It was really a family treasure that Big Dan's grandfather had made many years before. Jeb had heard his father and mother joke about it. Big Dan had carried the whistle when he went courting, and he would blow it to let Jeb's mother know that he was on his way.

Then Jeb's eyes fell on the last item. It read, "Five shots with my gun." Jeb knew what a sacrifice this was, because ammunition was getting low.

"Five shots all my own," Jeb mused. "You mean I could go out by myself right now and take the gun?"

Jeb's father laughed. "As soon as you've eaten your pancakes," he said. "But if you pick that one, you must make every shot count."

Jeb could hardly wait to gulp down his breakfast. Soberly his father handed him the gun and, with a light heart, Jeb started off toward the brush as quietly as an Indian.

A few minutes later he saw a rabbit, took careful aim, and killed it. When he picked it up, it looked so small that he was disgusted. "Wasting a bullet on just a couple of mouthfuls," he said, but then his thoughts brightened. After all the rabbit would make a good stew for Christmas dinner.

He heard a rustle in the leaves, saw another rabbit, and shot it. "That will be for the Captain's Christmas dinner," he said with satisfaction.

Then Jeb thought he saw a deer. Carefully he fired, but it turned out to be only a tree with dead wood that looked like antlers. He was disgusted that he had wasted a shot. "Father told me not to get excited," he said. He picked up his game and walked to the edge of the bluff.

Then his eyes turned to the right. Suddenly his heart quickened. About five hundred yards away, he saw—yes, a buffalo grazing in some tall grass.

"Only two bullets left," thought Jeb. He reasoned with himself. "Could I get it? Should I go back to the camp and call the men?" A buffalo would mean fresh meat for the wagon train for several days.

"I think Dad would want me to try," he said out loud. Quietly he climbed a tree and put the rabbits in a notch to protect them from other wild animals. He also removed his shoes so he could move more silently.

Jeb started out, going around the bluff in a wide circle, and then he began to steal closer. When he was about a hundred yards away, he knelt down and fired. The shot was true but the buffalo seemed only stunned for a moment, and he started away with a wild rush, leaving a bloody trail behind him. Finally he slowed down almost to a walk. "It's now or never," Jeb thought, as he aimed and shot his last bullet. The buffalo fell over and Jeb ran toward it. Then he ran to the camp, shouting "Buffalo! buffalo!"

"Where?" called one of the men, grabbing his gun.

"You don't need your gun. I've shot it," replied Jeb.

Just then Captain Halleck came up. "Come quick," Jeb called and raced back to the buffalo.

When they reached the huge carcass, Captain Halleck turned to the others. "Cut it up and take it back to camp," he said. "There will be no march today. Our wagon train will have a real Christmas celebration—a family wagon-train dinner." And his voice almost broke as he spoke.

He turned to Jeb and extended his hand. As Jeb looked into Captain Halleck's face he realized the strain that the captain had been under in keeping the wagon train together.

"A Merry Christmas to you, sir," said Jeb. Then he looked down at his feet. "I'd better get my shoes. I took them off on account of the buffalo."

The Captain grinned. "Where are they?"

Jeb pointed to the tree on the top of the bluff.

"I'll go for your shoes," Captain Halleck said pulling out his knife. "Here," he added, "take this. You can help the other men cut up the buffalo."

Jeb could hardly believe his ears. "Help the other men," the Captain had said, and he wouldn't be fourteen for another week. He squared his shoulders and looked over the prairie. This Christmas celebration would be even better than the one back in Ohio.

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Late for Dinner?

(Continued from page 17)

boy had come up the street and said, "If you're looking for Harl he's out fishing. He waited for you all day yesterday, but he said he couldn't wait today. He won't be back until it's dark tonight."

"We'd better go back to the ship and wire for orders," his father had said to Olaf, and when he contacted Mr. Steveston, the answer was to wait for the blades, even if it meant being late for the Christmas dinner. Without the blades the men would be unable to continue their lumbering.

The afternoon had seemed interminably long. Olaf and Captain Allerton had kept busy checking the diesel motor. Tad had scrubbed the deck and Tam had polished the big brass bell on the poop. It was after dark when Harl Crotan had come and this had meant staying at Margaret Bay until morning.

That night Captain Allerton had studied the ship's charts. "If the fog holds off we should get to Rocky Island by noontime on the twenty-fourth."

Olaf had looked at the Captain grimly and then added, "And if the channel isn't frozen over, we could get up to Swanson Bay that night but those are big if's."

Tad thought now how little they had known about the biggest *if* of all. At noon, there had been a loud noise and the ship had rolled around. Olaf had gone over the side to look. Just as he had feared, a blade of the propeller was broken. Now they were in Ocean Falls hoping that they could find someone to repair it.

"There's no other way," Tad said to himself. "We'll just have to get to Swanson Bay a day late. I guess they'll think my father is a poor captain. For five years the boat has gotten there on time."

Just then he could see Mr. Turner coming on board with his father and Olaf. "We'll look in the specification book but I'm sure I'm right," he was saying. Mr. Allerton unlocked the ship's chest and handed him the book.

"Are you ever in luck!" Mr. Turner exclaimed after a moment. "I ordered a propeller for a ship like the 'Wish-Me-Well' about this time last year but before the fellow got it up here to be repaired the ship burned and I've had the spare part on hand ever since.

"If you will help," he continued, "we can lift the stern out of the water with my hoist and have the new screw on in four or five hours."

The three men left the ship. Tad stood on the bridge disconsolately. Down the street he could see his mother and Tam with their arms full of packages of food.

Suddenly Tad got an idea. In a flash he went down the rope ladder to the dock and ran toward them shouting, "Was there a bakery in town?"

"Yes," his mother replied, "we've got fresh bread for supper."

"Do they have more bread?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied. "Why?"

"Would they have twelve loaves?" he asked. And then he told them his plan. "I think we could do it, Mom, don't you?" he said. "It would mean working around the clock and someone would have to stay up all night, but it would be worth it . . . . I'd take my turn," he added.

"All right," his mother finally consented "but you'll have to kill them yourself, and you'll find that picking six turkeys is no easy job."

Tad almost scuttled his plan for a moment—he had forgotten about dressing the birds. Then he thought of the men at the camp. "You go back for the bread," he said to Tam, "and get what else we need to have. I'll see about the turkeys," he added, squaring his shoulders.

Several hours later the "Wish-Me-Well" was full of activity. Six turkeys had been killed and were quickly losing their feathers. Tad's plan was to roast them one by one in the oven of the tiny galley so that if the "Wish-Me-Well" could possibly get to Swanson Bay by Christmas night the turkeys would only need to be warmed and the lumber camp would have its Christmas dinner.

By three o'clock in the afternoon, the "Wish-Me-Well" was able to pull away from Ocean Falls. It went back down Dean Channel and headed for Milbanke Sound. "Full steam ahead," Tam called to her father, "Swanson Bay by Christmas or bust."

Inside the galley Tad was having a different experience. He pulled a bloody hand from the inside of the turkey. "Ugh," he said making a face, "I don't think I want to be a butcher when I grow up."

The turkeys were big birds weighing eighteen to twenty pounds apiece. One was all they could hope to do at a time, and with six birds to roast that would mean working right around the clock. By six o'clock that evening the first turkey was filled and into the oven. Soon the delicious odors began penetrating the galley.

"Golly, it makes me hungry," said Tad. "Do you think we have time to stop and get supper?"

"Yes," replied his mother. "It will be ten o'clock by the time that one will be done."

Mrs. Allerton made some fish chowder and when Tad carried cups of it on deck, he found Olaf fastening some floodlights to the bridge. Overhead the stars were shining and there was a bright sliver of moon, too. "If you can roast turkeys all night, maybe we can sail all night, too," he explained.

At ten o'clock that night when the first turkey came out, the "Wish-Me-Well" was still traveling. It was making only about six knots an hour, but every hour counted.

Around four o'clock the fog dropped and Olaf, who was at the wheel, called a halt. "It's not safe," he said, "but I think the fog will be over by seven in the morning and we can start in again."

Tam came sleepily out of the galley. It was her turn to be watching the turkey. "By six o'clock we'll have three done," she said, "and then in goes the fourth one. They still smell awful good but I'm getting tired of smelling turkey."

Her father laughed. "All you need is a little sleep," he said. "I'll take your turkey out at six oclock."

"No," she protested, "you need your rest."

"It will do Olaf and me good to get our bones warmed," her father replied, urging her down the companionway.

Captain Allerton and Olaf rested in the warm galley. At six o'clock out came one turkey and in went another, and when Mrs. Allerton came to the galley an hour later, she found the two men with their heads on the table sleeping soundly.

"Merry Christmas," she said as she shook them. "There'll be Christmas pancakes in a few moments and none too soon," she added, "because I think the fog is lifting."

Soon the "Wish-Me-Well" was under way again. As they bore toward Price Island, they could see huge piles of snow.

"That's a bad sign," said Olaf, who was steering.

"Never mind," replied the Captain. "There's been a lot of snow, but if the ice isn't too thick we'll make it."

"We'll have to," Olaf said with a grin. "We have a turkey dinner on board ready to serve, and the chefs are counting on us."

About an hour later the Captain called everyone on deck. They watched as the "Wish-Me-Well" left the Sound and passed through the channel between Klemtu and Roderick Islands.

"Up we go towards Swanson Bay," shouted Tad. "I feel real Christmasy," he added, and he pulled a tiny bell from his pocket and tied it on the end of his cap.

Just then a louder bell rang in the galley. "Ten o'clock—time to take out the turkey. I set the alarm so I'd be sure not to forget it."

Five brown birds now rested on the galley shelf, and together Tad and his mother put the last one in the oven. "Don't they look good!" he said. "I wonder what the men up in Swanson are thinking about right now."

"They're probably thinking we've let them down," his mother replied, "but maybe we'll surprise them yet."

"Ice," shouted Olaf, and Tam and Tad rushed toward the bow. In some shaded places the river was frozen over, but the "Wish-Me-Well" went bravely along, breaking through the crust.

"As long as it's no worse than this, we'll be all right," answered the Captain from the bridge. "We should make it now by two o'clock."

"Golly, I hope so," said Tam. "It wouldn't be much fun if we had to eat all those six turkeys ourselves."

The next two hours seemed to go terribly slow. Tad kept asking his father about the time and how soon they would get there, till his mother called from the kitchen. "I need potato peelers," she said. "We want to have them ready to cook." Tad and Tam went to work.

"You'll be all practiced up for K.P. in the army," said Tam with a giggle when the first kettle was done.

All of a sudden the children heard the fog horn of the "Wish-Me-Well" sounding over and over again. They dropped their paring knives and rushed to the deck. Ahead of them was the Swanson Bay Camp.

"We made it," shouted Tad.

"We're here," echoed Tam.

At the sound of the horn, the men left their shacks and came running toward the boat.

Tad looked down at his watch. It was only two o'clock and in another hour a piping-hot Christmas dinner would be on the table for the men. Then he grabbed Tam by the arm and went back to the galley. "Hurry up with those potatoes, mate," he said, "we've got a lot of hungry mouths to feed and nobody wants to be late for dinner on Christmas Day."

Do You Need a Key?

(See page 9)

1. Mary Owen
2. Margaret Mason
3. Bill Conklin
4. Ruth Birdsall
5. Louise Englehardt
6. Rosie Sahrle
7. Else Bartlett
8. Betty Noble
9. Marian Owen
10. Jim Palmer
11. Cynthia Amrine

Karen Fixes It Up

(Continued from page 17)

church that morning. Finally I decided to talk the matter over with Sock.

Now that I think about it, I don't know why I was so dumb, for sure enough when I talked to Sock that afternoon in the barn I could tell something was up. Sock looked around to see no one was near and then he took me up in the loft to the men's workshop. Over in one corner was the prettiest makings of a saddle you ever saw. Boy, was it neat!

"Who's making that?" I asked excitedly.

"Listen," replied Sock, "if you had been working on that saddle ever since the first of September to give it to a certain young lady at Christmas time, wouldn't you want to be here to give it to her yourself?"

Then it struck me—that's why Tim didn't want to go home for Christmas. He was practically eating his heart out over my big sister, Ellen, who was away at college but would certainly be home for the holidays.

As I continued to look at the saddle, the telephone rang downstairs and Sock started after it. "Slam the door, when you come out," he called, "and don't stay up there too long."

I really should have gone down with him, but I couldn't bear to leave the saddle. It's the kind I dreamed of making myself sometime. We do leather work in our 4-H Club and some of us do some pretty nifty stuff, but I never saw anything as fine as that saddle. I was so busy looking it over that I didn't hear some footsteps behind me.

"What are you doing?" demanded Tim and I whirled around to see him behind me.

"How did you get up here?" he asked.

I couldn't tell on Sock so I changed the subject. "Where did you ever learn to do such beautiful leather work?" I asked, pretending I didn't even know who the saddle was for.

"I went to an Industrial High School in Chicago," he replied. "I took leather work for three years and I guess I just sort of have a knack for it."

"Gee, Tim, you're clever," I said admiringly, making a mental note to tell Sally Jean all about it.

But Tim must have been reading my thoughts for he said to me fiercely, "Look here, Karen, if you tell anybody that you saw this saddle, I'll tell your father that you were up in the workshop."

"You wouldn't," I sputtered.

"No, I guess I wouldn't tell on you, but just the same, how about keeping it a secret?" he asked.

"I will, Tim," I replied, "I promise, absolutely promise."

I had plenty to think about that night and it was a long time before I went to sleep. The next morning the snow had drifted so deeply that the radio announced there would be no school. When all the morning chores were done and I saw Tim head for the barn, I bundled up and started after him. Sure enough, the workshop door was open. "Tim," I called. He appeared at the top of the steps and eyed me suspiciously.

"What do you want?" he said.

"Look," I said hurriedly. "I'm sure you're making that saddle to give to Ellen at Christmas time. I think it will be terrible if you are not here. Ellen would be awfully disappointed."

That caught Tim off his guard. "What do you mean she'd be disappointed?" he demanded. "She doesn't even know I exist."

That gave me a good cue. "No, she doesn't know you exist, not the big, strong Tim you are now. She only saw that scrawny little guy that asked for a job."

Tim turned to me fiercely. "What possible excuse do I have for staying here at Christmas?" he said. "Your father has practically ordered me to go to Chicago and he's trying to do something nice for me. I can't refuse to go when he has been so kind."

Suddenly I got an inspiration. "Suppose Ellen wrote to Father and asked him to have you stay for Christmas—"

"And how would she know to do that?" asked Tim.

"I'd write and tell her," I replied.

Tim grabbed me by both shoulders. "Look here, Karen Martin, if you ever for one minute write your sister and tell her to make such a request I'll never speak to you as long as I live."

"Relax," I said, shaking myself loose.

"Well, stop bothering me," replied Tim, starting back up the stairs.

Suddenly I called after him. "I have a proposition. If Ellen writes to Father without my telling her about you and the saddle and how you feel, and asks him to have you stay here for Christmas, will you be man enough to tell Father why you really want to stay and put up a fight so you won't have to go to Chicago?"

I guess the words "man enough" sort of stung him because he looked at me angrily. "I will," he promised and there almost seemed to be a little hope in his eyes.

Just then Mother called from the kitchen, that since I was home all day it would be a good time to make Christmas cookies. I was glad to be busy for I had a lot of thinking to do. I don't believe I said three sentences all morning.

As soon as supper was over I sat down at Pop's desk. The number of letters I write aren't many, especially to Ellen when she is away to school, but this letter had to be good, so I decided to write it first in pencil and then copy it in ink. Willy Quigley, the boy who sits in front of me at school, is always talking about being subtle, and if I was ever subtle in my life this was it. I borrowed Pop's train schedules and it took me until ten o'clock to write my letter.

The next move was to sit back and wait for an answer. If Ellen did what I suggested everything would be fine. But if she didn't—in fact if she made one little slip—everything would be terrible. The following Friday morning, Tim came in with the mail and right on the top was a letter from Ellen. His face flushed and I knew he was wondering if I had been up to anything. Pop opened the letter and read it to Mother and I practically held my breath all the time. I noticed too that Tim stopped filling the woodbox or at least he put the pieces in awful slow so he could hear what Pop was reading. "Dear Pop," Ellen had written, "School is closing late this year because we missed some time in November with the flu epidemic. In fact, I won't get away until the afternoon of the 23rd, but if I leave my last class five minutes early I could catch the Great Northern train instead of coming by Northern Pacific. This means I could get home almost a day early if Tim would come to Flathead Junction, to pick me up. . . ."

There was more to the letter but I didn't bother to listen to that. For once Ellen had come across and my eyes were fastened on Tim. At the conclusion of the letter Father looked up at Mother slowly. "That would be a good idea," he said, "the only trouble is Tim is leaving the day before for Chicago. I could send Sock but I promised him the day off."

I looked fiercely at Tim's back as he put the last stick of wood in the box. "Go to it," I thought. "Now is your opportunity." The suspense was too great and I ran out of the room.

Tim came through though, for as I fled, I heard him say to Pop, "It's good of you to want me to go to Chicago for Christmas with my family, sir, but I'd like to stay here. You see, you're the best family I've ever had."

Dad must have looked bewildered for after a moment's pause, Tim kept right on. "There's a special reason too," he said. "I'd like to show you something I've made if you would come out to the workshop with me."

The next thing I heard was the kitchen door slam and I knew that Tim and Pop were going to the barn together. I dashed back to the kitchen so excited that I grabbed Mother and danced around in a jig. "You must be getting the Christmas spirit very early," she said.

"I certainly am," I replied solemnly. "Do you know what I've decided? Christmas is a good time of the year to have a lot of love. In fact if somebody loves somebody else, Christmas would be a good time to tell them so." Then I went dancing off to think over the whole matter.

It was a close shave, believe me. I had to tell a little fib when I wrote that letter to Ellen. In fact I said that I liked the stationmaster's son at Flathead Junction and that was one reason why I wanted her to have Tim come to meet her there. I asked her to please not let on to Father that it was my idea, because he wouldn't approve of my having a boy friend. I said I was going to ask if Tim wouldn't take me along without saying anything to Father.

And really, it was half true at that, because it's Willy Quigley's father who is stationmaster and I do think Willy is pretty nice. To tell the truth, I've been knitting him a pair of socks and if I'm not too bashful I'm going to ask Tim to take them over to Willy for a Christmas present when he goes to meet Ellen. . . . . Wait a minute, Tim's calling me right now so I'll go see what he wants before I finish the story.

Now guess what. Tim asked me to ride along with him to Flathead Junction. I told him I thought he ought to be alone with Ellen but he doesn't want to rush things. He'll have plenty of time during the Christmas vacation.

Well, maybe I should go with him because I want everything to go smoothly. But I don't think I'll get out of the car when we get there—I'll just send the present in to Willy by Tim. . . . No, I don't think that would be setting Tim a good example. I'll get out of the car and take Willy's Christmas present right up to his house at the station and say "Merry Christmas, Will." Maybe he'll come to see me during the Christmas vacation. It would be fun to pop corn and make some molasses candy.

Thank-You Contest WINNERS

SEPTEMBER 1953 AWARD to Vita Packard, for "Blueprinting Is More Than a Method."

INSTRUCTOR subscription for the best letter to Rosella Carson, Cheyenne, Wyo.

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Coupons in this issue are on pages 80, 82, 84.

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FREE **GENERAL MOTORS, Dept. of Public Relations.** Please send me, for myself and my pupils, ... reprints of your advertisement which appears on Page 65. Also a copy of your booklet "Power Primer."

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FREE **STATE FINANCE COMPANY, Dept. H-133.** Please send me, in a plain envelope, complete information about your Borrow-By-Mail service for teachers, as described in advertisement on Page 3.

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FREE **INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., Educ. Dept. I-123-K.** Please send me the set of 12 patterns for Kleenex tissue box covers. Also include order blank so that I may request extra patterns for individual girls.

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FREE **THOMPSON'S.** Please send free sample of Stik-tack Miracle Discs so that I may try them for putting up charts, maps, children's papers, etc., on walls, windows, blackboards, without tack or tape damage.

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FREE **AMERICAN CRAYON CO.** Please send me FREE your colorful four-page ART ACTIVITY SECTION reprinted from the September INSTRUCTOR.

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FREE **GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES INSURANCE COMPANIES.** Please send me your informative new booklet, FUNDAMENTALS OF AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE - for the future drivers of America.

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Bonny's Bethlehem Star

(Continued from page 66)

MOTHER—Ted! Bonny! I'm home early. Where are you?

(Children appear.)

TED—Oh, Mother! Good! You came home early on Christmas Eve.

BONNY—Oh, I'm so glad.

MOTHER—Isn't the night beautiful? Let's look at it a minute.

TED—There's our star. It is prettier than ever.

BONNY—The Bethlehem Star!

TED *(stumbles on packages)*—Look, Mother! I've found something.

BONNY—What?

MOTHER—I don't know. *(Picks up a package.)* Perhaps it's a doll. It says, "To Bonny."

BONNY *(takes package)*—Oh, oh!

TED—Maybe this is a train. *(Opens package.)* It is, and it says "To Ted" on the card.

MOTHER—More boxes! This says "To the mother of Bonny and Ted." Who do you suppose?

TED—I wonder—

MOTHER—Here are more packages and no name on anything.

BONNY—I know! The Bethlehem Star showed the Wise Men where we lived. Oh, thank you, beautiful Bethlehem Star.

The Magic Candle

(Continued from page 38)

WILMA—I don't want him to see me. *(Children move into the shadows.)*

DAVID *(goes up to candle, reads notice)*—Greetings, little magic candle, from the best singer in town. Some people say my voice is magic. Let's see whether it will light the magic candle. *(He sings a Christmas carol of his choice, but the candle does not light. He exits.)*

JENNIFER *(enters carrying artist's supplies which she proceeds to set up; then she addresses the candle)*—I heard about you, you quaint little candle! I want to do a picture of the village on Christmas Eve. There are lights in the houses and in the shops and church windows, but my picture needs this point of light in the square. It's an honor to be in one of my pictures. I'm quite a famous artist, so do oblige me and produce just a bit of glow. *(Rachel, Wilma, and Earl are edging closer to see the picture.)* Goodness! Children, what are you doing here? Run along, you'll spoil my atmosphere.

EARL *(ignoring her)*—It's a pretty picture, but the candle didn't light.

JENNIFER *(annoyed)*—No, it didn't and I'm all out of the mood for painting. I might as well go home. *(She gathers up her supplies and leaves.)*

(The children watch her go.)

RACHEL—She wasn't a very kind person, was she?

WILMA—Kind! That's the answer! I know just the one who can light the candle.

EARL AND RACHEL—Who?

WILMA—Mary, the girl who comes in and sits with my granny and reads to her. She's kind.

EARL—You're right! She comes in and helps my mother wash the clothes sometimes because she says we have such a big family to wash for.

RACHEL—And she tells stories to the little children who are too young to go to school.

WILMA—Let's get Mary and ask her to try to light the candle.

EARL—I'll find some of the children and grownups who know Mary. They will want to be here when she lights the candle.

(Earl exits in one direction as Wilma and Rachel go off in another.)

YOUR COUNSELOR SERVICE

This page is omitted in December, to make room for Christmas material.

The counselors are listed on page 2 of this issue. You may send your questions to them as usual, addressed in care of THE INSTRUCTOR, Editorial Department, Dansville, N.Y.

(A brief pause while the stage is empty may be filled with a musical interlude.)

(Wilma and Rachel enter, each holding Mary by the hand. They look up at her and she smiles at them. Meanwhile the Townspeople enter, led by Earl. Those who tried to light the candle are in the group also. Music may continue as they assemble. They should converse in a low murmur of voices.)

MAYOR *(raising his hand for silence)*—I understand that several attempts to light the magic candle have been made without success. Now, by special request, another of our citizens will try. Let us hope she succeeds. Mary, come here, please. *(He bows to Mary as she comes forward.)*

MARY *(to Mayor, almost apologetically)*—It's just to please the children, Your Honor.

BILLY *(from the crowd)*—Go ahead, Mary.

MARY *(goes up close to the candle)*—Long ago, in a stable, there must have been a candle burning where a baby lay asleep on the hay. Here in this village, we need the light of a candle to help us remember that baby. Little candle, won't you shine for us? We need love and kindness glowing in our hearts. Shine on us, little candle, and show us the way.

(The candle lights up, and the Townspeople burst into spontaneous applause which is reverent, not boisterous. They say: "Beautiful," "Mary knew what to say," "Kindness lit the candle," and so on.

(If desired, David may sing the second verse of "Cantique de Noel," or he may lead the Townspeople in singing "O Come All Ye Faithful.")

NOTE: "Cantique de Noel" is in *357 Songs We Love to Sing*, published by Hall & McCreary Co., Chicago.

An Old Favorite Presented in a Novel Way

(Continued from page 56)

Each phrase in lines 35-40 describing Santa is given by a different child. If desired, a large figure of Santa may be built up separately as these lines are given. The large evergreen tree could be removed to make room for this large Santa.

A large group gives lines 41-46 in unison, with pantomime.

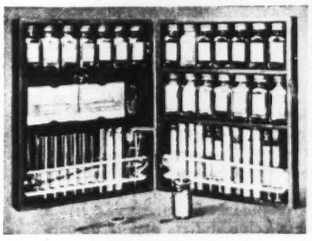
As one child repeats lines 47-48, the Santa figure is replaced by a back view.

Three children remove Santa, the sleigh, and reindeer during the group recitation of lines 49-54 and replace them so that they appear to be leaving the vicinity of the house. (The reindeer are attached to one another to facilitate placing.)

One child gives the *next-to-the-last line* as a solo, followed by the entire group repeating the *last line*.

EDITORIAL NOTE: This program was originally developed by a third grade. It appealed to us as equally suitable for a group of slow learners, for Clement Moore's poem is a favorite of all ages, and the flannelgraph is a visual device that has no age limits.

Gifts TO GIVE TO Girls AND Boys*



Gilbert Senior Laboratory

With the Gilbert Senior Laboratory there is a possible total of 379 real experiments. The two-compartmented hinged chest stands 11½" high and when folded measures 9¾" wide and 2¾" deep. The apparatus and chemicals total 67 pieces. An 84-page "Fun with Gilbert Chemistry," a "Gilbert Home Chemistry" book, and a booklet on glass blowing are also included. The set sells for about ten dollars at most toy centers and is made by The A. C. Gilbert Co., Erector Sq., New Haven 6, Conn.

Three-Dimensional Viewer Set

What child doesn't love a fairy tale! The 3-D Viewer Set will make the stories thrilling, for Jack climbs the beanstalk and Cinderella dances with Prince Charming right before amazed eyes. The set sells for $1.25 at most local toy dealers or can be obtained by writing to Craftsmen's Guild, 1001 N. Orange Dr., Hollywood 38, Calif. Besides the viewer, there are one hundred stereo slides in full color, including "The Three Little Pigs" and "The Night Before Christmas."

A Typewriter

A typewriter now is a good investment for years to come. Homework is much neater as well as more fun to do. The Underwood Rhythm Touch De Luxe is smooth, quick, and light to the touch. Instead of the standard nine-inch writing line, this model has the extended ten-inch line. The cylinder is also removable for a more thorough cleaning.

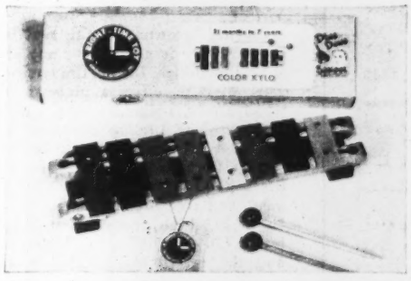
Ask the nearest typewriter dealer for information about prices.

"Star Explorer"

The "Star Explorer" was such a popular seller at the planetariums in New York and Chicago that the Junior Astronomy Club of the Hayden Planetarium, Central Park West, New York City, has offered the "Explorer" for nation-wide sale. A black inner disk with the constellations printed in white revolves inside a holder 9" square.

The "Explorer" was designed by Dr. Hugh S. Rice and can be obtained from the Junior Astronomy Club for fifty cents.

Color Xylo and Music



Even the very young can play a melodious Color Xylo. Simple sheet music is keyed by color to the notes on the instrument. It costs $2.75. This Right-Time Toy is distributed by Childhood Interests, Inc., Roselle Park, N.J.

A Novelty Game

"Bill Ding" is a game without an end! The No. B77 Set includes fourteen balancing clowns, including "Bill Ding" himself. Each clown measures 4½" high. A book of "Bill Ding" games and tossing rings is included. The game costs about three dollars and is distributed by Strombeck-Becker Mfg. Co., 51st St. and Fourth Ave., Moline, Ill.

The "Clothes Horse"

Tidy clothes habits are easily cultivated with a "Clothes Horse." It contains a large drawer, convenient shelf and hanging space for clothing on hangers. The "Clothes Horse" is made of honey-tone pine or mahogany finish and measures 19" x 14" x 10" deep. Send your order with $14.95 to Yield House, No. Conway, N.H. Express charges are collect and no C.O.D. requests are filled.

The Alphaset for Alphabetizing

The Alphaset contains 192 pieces including 52 capitals, 120 lower-case letters, and 20 numbers. The letters and numbers are die-cut from heavy yellow board with velour backing. The 9" x 12" easel workboard has a contrasting velour cover. Alphaset can be put to other creative uses, such as sign making. This is a Judy Co. product (310 N. Second St., Minneapolis 1, Minn.) and costs $2.50.

Games for Fun and Learning, Too

Word "Wise" is a game for eight to eighty-year-olds. The players simply build words with letters and puns on a large playing board 18⅜ inches square. The game, for two to four players, consists of four hardwood letter racks, one hundred pressed board letters, and forty picture puns. It costs two dollars.

Other educational as well as entertaining games from the Milton Bradley Co., Springfield 2, Mass., include "Game of the States," which aids in learning the state locations, capital cities, important products, and industries. This costs about two dollars.

"Quizmo," a number combination game, affords practice with the simple arithmetic processes.

For young misses, the "Stitch 'N' Stuff Dog" is a colorful sewing project. It costs one dollar.

Amaco Art Supplies

Quality art supplies are the by-word of the American Art Clay Co., 4717 W. Sixteenth St., Indianapolis 24, Ind. Gift suggestions should certainly include Amaco Wash-off Crayons for the very young. Eight crayons cost only twenty cents, are nontoxic, and can be washed or wiped off many surfaces. Sixteen crayons, each a different color, cost forty cents.

A modeling enthusiast will appreciate a Permoplast Modeling Clay Set, No. 62 costs fifty cents and includes six bright colors of nontoxic, nonhardening clay, two wood modeling tools, and one two-piece Setstone mold. For this and other Amaco products, inquire at your art-supply dealers.

Picture-Taking Equipment

A perfect combination—the Brownie Hawkeye Flash Outfit and the Kodak Field Case especially designed for Brownie Hawkeye.

The flash outfit comes complete with Kodalite Flasholder with Flashguard, two Size C Photoflash batteries, eight No. 5 Photoflash lamps, and two rolls of Kodak Verichrome 620 film. The price? $13.95.

The carrying case which helps keep the Brownie Hawkeye handy for the unexpected but best shots permits full use of the camera while in the case. Even the Flasholder may be attached to the camera at the same time. The front flap of the new case is completely removable if desired. The case costs $3.25.

For the more adept camera amateur, the Kodacraft Advance Photo-lab provides complete developing and printing equipment. The lab costs about $14.

For Real-Life Play

For the actual study of the oil industry nothing surpasses the Model Oil Well Kit produced by Models of Industry, Inc., 2804 Tenth St., Berkeley, Calif. The kit contains a handbook, drawings, and most material for the construction of oil derrick, drill pipe, traveling and crown blocks, "Christmas tree," jeeps, pipe lines, workmen, and many other pieces of miniature equipment. Each kit costs $2.95 F.O.B. Berkeley, Calif., and is shipped in a screw-cap mailing-tube container. An unusual addition to home or school collection.

The BMC De Luxe Tractor is chain driven, has unique BMC knee-action front assembly, and ball bearings in wheels, rear frame, and drive sprocket. The seat can be adjusted for three- to eight-year-olds. Mud guards cover the rear wheels and step-platforms provide for a second rider. BMC Trailers, Dump Carts, Fire Fighters, and Graders can be attached. The tractor sells for about thirty dollars in most toy stores. It is manufactured by BMC Manufacturing Corp., Binghamton, N.Y.

*** Here are 21 carefully selected items to recommend to parents or keep in mind for your own gift list.**

Helpful Teaching Materials for You

MAIL TODAY

FILL IN COMPLETELY and CLIP SEPARATELY the coupons for the items you want. *(Copied coupons are not acceptable.)* Send in one envelope—with any required remittance—to *Coupon Service, THE INSTRUCTOR Magazine, Dansville, N.Y.*

Coupons in this issue are on pages 80, 82, 84.

FREE **SIFO COMPANY.** Please send me your free illustrated Sifo educational toy catalog, giving the recommended age and full explanation of what and how the children learn.

Ins. **248**

Name ..... Grade .....

Street or R.D. ..... School .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-53

FREE **GILBERTON CO., INC.** Please send further information about Classics Illustrated in the classroom.

Ins. **63**

Name ..... Grade .....

Street or R.D. .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-53

FREE **F. E. COMPTON & CO.** Please send me information about unusually interesting and profitable vacation positions.

Ins. **73**

Name .....

Street or R.D. .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-53

FREE **AMPRO CORPORATION.** Please send me your new audio-visual teaching aids:
☐ "Teaching with an Ampro Tape Recorder,"
☐ "Teaching with 16mm Motion Picture Projectors." (Check one or both.)

Ins. **428**

Name of School and Address .....

Attention of ..... Position .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-53

FREE **MILTON BRADLEY COMPANY.** Please send me free of charge your folder entitled "New Number Aids."

Ins. **325**

Name ..... Grade .....

Street or R.D. ..... No. Pupils .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-53

FREE **THE O-P CRAFT CO., INC.** Please send me without cost your colorful, descriptive catalog, "Art Craft Magic," full of suggestions for making articles of practical purpose in the classroom.

Ins. **253**

Name ..... Grade .....

Street or R.D. ..... School .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-53

FREE **BITUMINOUS COAL INSTITUTE.** Please send me the recently revised and up-dated "Map of Coal Areas of the U.S.," an excellent wall chart, in color.

Ins. **160**

Name ..... Grade .....

Street or R.D. ..... No. Pupils .....

City ..... County ..... State 12-53

FREE **BRITISH AND IRISH RAILWAYS.** Please send free illustrated folders, maps and other material, with details of special tickets available for American visitors to Britain.

Ins. **188**

Name .....

St. or R.D. .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-53

FREE **NORTH CAROLINA DEPT. OF CONSERVATION & DEVELOPMENT.** Please send me a copy of "Variety Vacationland," containing 100 pages, 200 pictures.

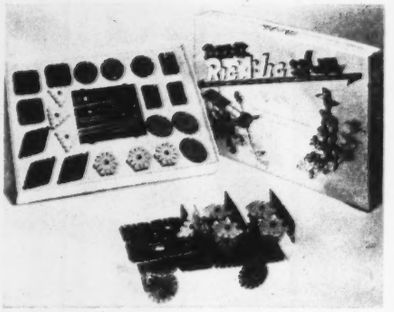
Ins. **231**

Name .....

Street or R.D. .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-53

Rig-A-Jig



"Bright and colorful," "basic shapes," and "entertaining for grownups as well as children" hardly describes Rig-A-Jig. Cars, trucks, merry-go-rounds, dolls, furniture, can be made from this plastic toy. The No. 300 De Luxe Set (shown at right) sells for $3.00 at retail outlets or by check from the Landfield Co., 1017 W. Van Buren St., Chicago 7. A full-color instruction book comes with each set.

A Playskool Product

Peg Blox, Playskool's newest creative construction toy, is now available. The new assortment of shapes, sizes, and colors is designed on a multiple-unit system that allows freedom of imagination. An unlimited number of realistic models can be made by fitting the many pieces together. Abstract figures can also be assembled.

Each tube of Peg Blox contains approximately 74 pieces and has a set of instructions. The set costs about three dollars and is distributed by Playskool Mfg. Co., 200 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N.Y.

Ball-Point Pen

The B.B. Pen Company of New York and Hollywood announces a new model, the B.B. Rol-Rex ball point. For an inexpensive ($1.69) but quality product, look for the famous "Red Head" ruby crown. The new pen comes in white, blue, magenta, green, and black. There's also a ten-year guarantee. B.B. Perma-Dri ink refills are available. The new pen also has an engraved cap and metal sleeve retractor button. Ask for Model No. 1700.

Carving and Modeling Tools

For fine shaving and detail work, Craftools, Inc., has recently introduced their new, high-tempered, hardened steel tools. There are eight tools with 16 different heads in each set. The sets are made in three sizes—6 inches retailing at $5.95; 8 inches at $7.95 and 10 inches at $9.95. Every tool is fully guaranteed. Further information, including catalogue sheets, is available from Craftools, Inc., 401 Broadway, New York 13, N.Y.

"Play House" Toys

Playing "grownups" with real housekeeping furniture is a thrill for any child. Creative Playthings, Inc., 5 University Pl., New York 3, N.Y., offers a pint-size stove with wood knobs, painted grates, and a bottom drawer. The lifelike cupboard has a red linoleum worktable, drawer for silver, and storage for pots and pans. The refrigerator has a good representative ice-cube compartment and freezing unit. The stove (12" x 16" x 24" high) costs about $17; the cupboard (10½" x 18" x 43" high), about $23; and the refrigerator (12½" x 18" x 37" high), about $21.

Toilet Water

When little girls play "being ladies" they want to smell nice, too. White Lilac, a Mary Chess fragrance, is a delightful one with which to introduce the use of cosmetics. Mary Chess also recommends Toilet Water with or without an atomizer as a good starter for learning how to apply scents gracefully and with wisdom. For other Mary Chess cosmetics such as creams, soaps, dusting powders, perfumes, and sachets, visit one of the numerous Mary Chess shops or write Mary Chess, Inc., 654 Madison Ave., New York 21, N.Y.

Ideal's Smokey Bear

The Ideal Toy Corporation, national distributor of toys for children, is cooperating with the U.S. Forest Service in presenting Smokey Bear. He has a plush and blue twill cuddly body, vinyl mask face, Forest Ranger-like hat, badge, belt, and spade. Models of Smokey cost from five dollars up. Each boy and girl owner can become a Junior Forest Ranger, with a badge, stickers, identification card, and many other privileges.

The Ideal Toy Corporation has centers in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, and Dallas.

Modern Building with Plastic Bricks

The patented peg-and-socket feature of American Plastic Bricks assures permanency of construction. The plastic is unaffected by weather, room temperature, or moisture, the scale miniature planning demands true bricklayers' practices, and each plastic piece is washable, highly polished, and all edges smoothed. Other realistic touches include sliding overhead garage doors, doors and windows which open and close, and embossed roofs simulating green asphalt shingles.

Plastic Brick sets range from two to fifteen dollars and are sold in department stores throughout the country. Halsam Products Company sales office is located at 200 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N.Y.

Suggestions to help you in planning . . .

YOUR NEXT TRIP

CENTENNIAL. The State of Washington has been celebrating its Territorial Centennial during 1953, with many gala events. One of the summer features was the Seattle "Seafair" Celebration, July 30—August 11. Even in December, Tacoma is able to schedule two water events—sailboat races on the 6th and 27th—thanks to an equable climate.

FOLK ART. The recently opened Museum of International Folk Art in Santa Fe, N.M.—housed in a beautiful new building on the city's outskirts—contains priceless collections of folk art from fifty foreign countries and possesses the most modern facilities for display and research. The institution, founded in 1950 by Miss Florence Bartlett of Chicago, is being listed as one of the state's most important attractions—one which will have constantly increasing usefulness.

THE BIG CITY. Perhaps you're in a tizzy over the prospect of a visit to New York City during the Christmas holidays. Or maybe you'll wait till Easter or later. But of course you'll be going someday. And you'll hope to avoid being in a tizzy while you're there. That's why you would do well to get, in advance, a 64-page book which is chock-full of information on how to have what the publishers call "lots of fun for little money." *How to Make a Little Go a Long Way—A Guide to Free, Inexpensive, and Unusual Entertainment in New York City* contains 175 separate suggestions on movies, plays, concerts, lectures, forums, socials, dances, night clubs, and restaurants. The material has been compiled with painstaking care, and the information on each recommendation is specific. This is the fourth annual edition of the book, which speaks well for it. Price, $1.00. Address: Young's Research Service, P.O. Box 72, Gracie Station, New York 28, N.Y.

FLIN FLON. In Manitoba's northland, six hundred miles northwest of Winnipeg, they have an annual four-day Trout Festival at Flin Flon. This year the winning fish was a 36-pounder that measured 41 inches long and 27 inches wide. It was hooked by a 58-year-old fisherman.

WAYS WEST. Planning a Western trip for next summer? If so, you will find a wealth of helpful suggestions in a 48-page booklet entitled *40 Ways and More to California and the North Coast.* It gives not only routes—via a combination of rail lines—but round-trip fares from Chicago. (These latter, of course, should be currently verified.) To obtain the booklet, address: J. R. Brennan, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago and North Western Railway Company, 400 West Madison St., Chicago 6, Ill. . . . Another railroad issues a handsome brochure in color, *Wonderful Ways West*, picturing the Sunset, Golden State, and Overland Routes to the Pacific Coast, as well as the Coast Routes. Address: C. E. Peterson, Vice President, System Passenger Traffic, Southern Pacific Lines, 65 Market St., San Francisco 5, Calif.

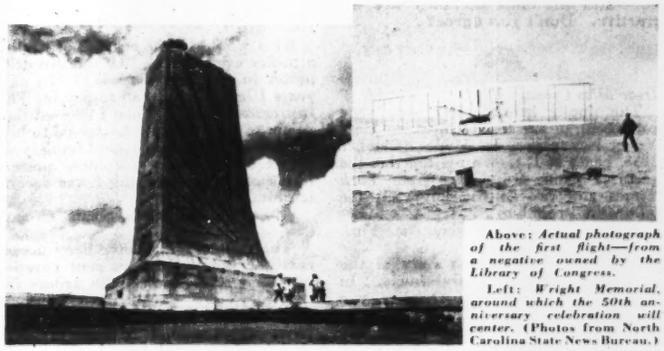
OLYMPIA. The new 24,000-ton flagship of the Greek Line is named for the ancient Olympia, scene of the original Olympic games and important in the religious and political history of Greece for centuries before the Christian era. German excavations at Olympia, started in 1875, brought to light sculptures from the great temple of Zeus, the Winged Victory by Paeonius, and the Hermes of Praxiteles, one of the greatest masters of Greek sculpture.

It Happened 50 Years Ago!

Kill Devil Hill, on North Carolina's Outer Banks, is the same hill it was fifty years ago; but on December 17, 1953, it will hardly recognize itself. At this once obscure spot, just half a century ago, Wilbur and Orville Wright—almost unnoticed—achieved the first powered flight of an airplane with pilot. Four flights were completed at that time. On the fourth, Wilbur remained aloft 59 seconds, flying a little more than half a mile through the air.

This year, a golden anniversary celebration, international in scope, is being held (December 14-17). State and national committees are planning a program which will reach its climax in formal ceremonies at the Wright Memorial Monument on the 17th.

The runway used in 1903 will be rebuilt and the entire historic scene restored so far as possible. A model of the Wright plane (named the "Kitty Hawk" for the nearest community) will be displayed. Overhead will fly the latest in civil and military aircraft. At 11 a.m., the approximate hour of the first flight, airliners all over the world will note the observance on their loudspeakers.

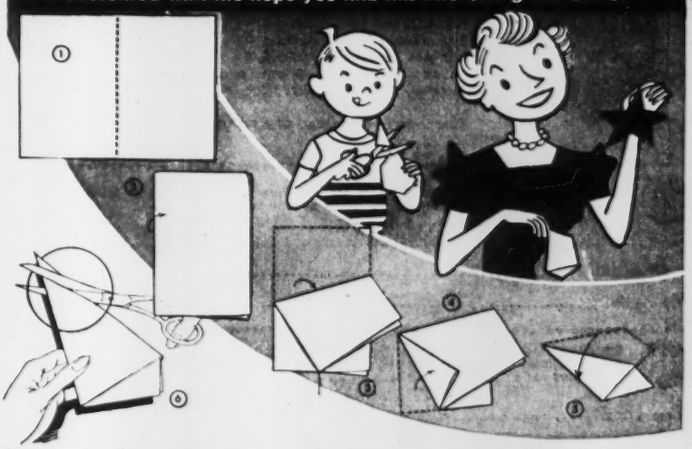


Above: Actual photograph of the first flight—from a negative owned by the Library of Congress.

Left: Wright Memorial, around which the 50th anniversary celebration will center. (Photos from North Carolina State News Bureau.)

Stars to Brighten Your Program

Presented with the hope you find this interesting and useful



Five-Pointed Star *with* One Snip *of the* Scissors

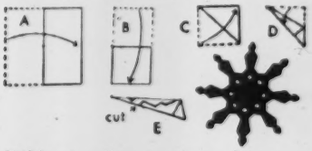
Here Are Easy Directions To Make This Five-Pointed Star

Use any paper with 8½"x11" proportions. Follow above diagrams from 1 to 5. Snip according to 6. And there's your star.

More Creative Stars Are Also Easy to Make

Stars (snowflakes, too) not to be copied, each unique, is a satisfying project for any child. And the whole class enjoys applying the designs to windows, pupil-created greeting cards, tags for gifts and book covers.

BASIC DIRECTIONS FOR THESE CREATIVE STARS:—You must begin with a square (any size) of any kind of paper. Use gold, silver, white, colored. Colored cellophane designs, especially overlapped, give impressive effects.



Fold according to above diagrams A to D. Cut (see E); no two cuts alike; do not cut side edge nor across angle.

If further interested: Directions for "Five-Pointed Star with One Snip" is from POPULAR MECHANICS CHRISTMAS HANDBOOK of ideas, toys, gifts you can make.

A DELICIOUS IN-BETWEEN MEAL TREAT that really satisfies is refreshing Wrigley's Spearmint Gum. The lively flavor gives you a little lift. And the pleasant natural chewing helps keep teeth bright, breath sweet. *Try it.*

Santa is using CRAYON SHARPENERS this year.

SHARPENS CRAYONS JUST LIKE NEW

The most practical gift item of 1953

Sold by Variety, School, Drug, and 10Cent Stores. 10¢

LEEDS SWEETE PRODUCTS CHICAGO 10

BIG CLUB PROFITS

FOR YOUR CLASSES WITH REPUTABLE AND ESTABLISHED

VINTEX products

FREE sample offer:

Send today for FREE sample dish cloth—one of the top quality nationally known household helps with which thousands of schools are piling up club profits. Choice of 10 items. Write for full details and FREE sample today.

Serving organizations for over a quarter century

VINE ASSOCIATES, Beverly 9, N.J.

Design and decorate these attractive, useful TEA TILES - WALL PLAQUES. Easily colored - full 6" diameter. Excellent for personalized—distinctive gifts. *Your choice* 25 *Round, Square, Octagon or Assorted.* $1.75 POSTAGE EXTRA

COLORFUL CRAFTS CATALOG listing many attractive items all ready for designing and decorating.

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FILL IN COMPLETELY and CLIP SEPARATELY the coupons for the items you want. *(Copied coupons are not acceptable.)* Send in one envelope—with any required remittance—to *Coupon Service, THE INSTRUCTOR Magazine, Dansville, N.Y.*

Coupons in this issue are on pages 80, 82, 84.

FREE **F. E. COMPTON & COMPANY.** Please send me free copy of your large full-color poster, "Emblems of our Nation," for my classroom bulletin board.

Ins. **308**

Name ..... Position .....

Street or R.D. .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-53

FREE **EDUCATIONAL PROJECTIONS, INC.** Please send information on "PREVIEW PARTY - The Most Sensible and Effective Way to Choose Filmstrips." Contains complete details on how to arrange for a "PREVIEW PARTY."

Ins. **148**

Name ..... Grade .....

Street or R.D. ..... School .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-53

FREE **THE STRATHMORE COMPANY.** Please send me your color Catalog of Educational Toys and Magic Slates for school use.

Ins. **282**

Name ..... Grade .....

Street or R.D. ..... No. Pupils .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-53

FREE **UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY.** Please send me illustrated lesson on: ☐ Public School Music (Beginner's); ☐ Public School Music (Supervisor's); ☐ Piano (Teacher's Normal Course); ☐ Piano (Student's Course); ☐ Ear Training and Sight Singing; ☐ History and Analysis of Music; ☐ Choral Conducting. Send also booklet about your courses.

Ins. **156**

Name .....

Street or R.D. .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-53

FREE **REVERE TAPE RECORDERS.** Please send me information about Revere Tape Recorders including your new model, BALANCED TONE REVERE NO. T 700, as shown in advertisement on second cover.

Ins. **431**

Name ..... Grade .....

School Name & Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-53

FREE **J. C. LARSON CO., INC.** Please send me your latest illustrated catalog of leathercraft kits, projects, supplies, leather, tools and instruction books.

Ins. **478**

Name ..... Grade .....

Street or R.D. ..... School .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-53

FREE **NATIONAL COTTON COUNCIL, Box 76.** Please send ..... copies (limit 25 per class) of your "1953 Pattern Service for Sewing with Cotton Bags," suggesting ways to re-use thrifty cotton bags in home sewing and class projects.

Ins. **71**

Name ..... Grade .....

Street or R.D. ..... School .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-53

FREE **THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.** Please send me ..... copies (specify number wanted) of your free booklet "The Science of Bathroom Sanitation." (See advertisement on Page 78.)

Ins. **301**

Name ..... Grade .....

Street or R.D. ..... No. Pupils .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-53

$1. **CHRISTMAS ART SERVICE.** Send me postpaid your big giant size 1953 Christmas Art Packet for lower grade pupils. I understand it comes PRINTED actual size on colored stock and includes Complete Holy Night Scene, Calendar Picture, Wall Size Santa Claus, CHRISTMAS List Book, Gift Cards, Table Angels, Greeting Cards, Candles, Hot Dish Holder, etc. Scores of things children enjoy making. ☐ I enclose $1.00.

Ins. **121**

Name .....

Street or R.D. ..... School .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-53

Dear Miss Owen,

This morning we were discussing the Nobel Prizes in our class in social studies when one of the boys inquired, "Would *The Instructor* ever win a Nobel Prize?" His reason for asking was that our pupils have made friends in many countries through the facilities of your Club Exchange. I think you will be interested to know the high regard in which my students hold *The Instructor* and the importance they place on international friendship.

Anatole Brigé, *Quebec*

We feel very humble and also very proud about this letter. The importance of world friendship can never be overstressed, and we are proud to have a part in furthering any such project.

Dear Miss Owen,

Our community choir is using your *Hymn for the Nations* which you had in the October issue of *The Instructor* (page 53). The song is in one of our school music books and we had intended to use it from that source. Then when yours arrived with the lovely descant we changed to that. Do you have a tape recorder? I would like to send you a tape of our rendition.

Phyllis C. Barrows, *Illinois*

Yes, we have a tape recorder—couldn't do our job without one. We are looking forward with pleasure to hearing Miss Barrows' recording of this song.

Dear Miss Owen,

For sure did fifth-graders braid the hats in the picture in *The Instructor* (October, page 39)? I have seventh-graders and we can't even braid the stuff in a continuous rope, let alone making the hats. We can think of a lot of uses for the braided husks and everyone in the class including the boys was enthusiastic at first. Now our spirits are a little dampened.

Cora C. Dempsey, *Texas*

We suggest that Miss Dempsey and anyone else who had trouble with the project write directly to Miss Phillips who submitted it to us. We were incredulous ourselves, at first, but she absolutely attests to the project—and the hats certainly are attractive. Don't you agree?

Dear Miss Owen,

The pupils in my class were very interested to see the pictures on How Your Newspaper Is Made (October 1953, pages 16-17). We noticed that the pictures came from *The New York Times* and two of the boys sell the *Times* in Brooklyn. . .

Janice A. O'Brian, *New York*

The two pages on the story of the newpaper were especially timely. In case you didn't know, October was National Newspaper Month. Our local editor used the pictures from my magazine for a display in the newspaper window.

William Arno, *Nebraska*

Yes, we knew it was National Newspaper Month. In fact that is why we scheduled the pictures for October. Our only mistake was failing to call it to our readers' attention.

Dear Miss Owen,

Remember me? Two years ago I was mad about an article in *The Instructor* and cancelled my subscription. I wrote a very nasty letter to the circulation department which somehow got to you and you answered it, but I ignored your reply. Well, I'm ready to eat turkey—I've used my neighbor's copy so much that she is griping, so I've decided to order my own again. You can pass on my four dollars. . . .

Ellen R. Warfield, *Florida*

We welcome you back to the fold, Miss Warfield! We've passed on the subscription money with the utmost speed so that relations with your neighbor won't become any more strained.

Dear Miss Owen,

Bravo for you and your comment on Bill Threatt (October 1953, page 4) and his wonderful pictures. Everyone here in California, at least all the elementary teachers, are proud of the fine work he is doing. I am certainly glad to see him recognized on a national basis.

Ted Riscot, *California*

It looks as though all we said about the Threatts must have been true, except that we didn't say half enough. You should meet them! We have!

Dear Miss Owen,

The painting, "Grain Field," that appeared in your magazine (October 1953, page 77) was very impressive. I have seen the clouds in Kansas have this very foreboding appearance more than once in my lifetime. (I am an old woman past eighty years of age.) I think you could have given the picture a better title. I wouldn't want anyone to think that the sun doesn't shine very often in Kansas.

Mrs. Peter N. Calhoun, *Kansas*

Anyone who looked at the golden grain would know that the sun must have shown warmly for many hours. We were really touched by an unsigned postcard from a juvenile reader which said, "Did the farmer get the crop harvested in time? Two years ago my father didn't."

Dear Miss Owen,

What would be the chances of having a poster every month like the fire drill poster in October (page 15)? In past years I have always had to pay for *The Instructor* myself. When I showed that poster to my principal, he agreed to buy my subscription from school funds. . . . Please be sure to have more posters like that or he will think I was deceiving him.

Pauline E. Sloate, *Oregon*

That poster must have been a success for many teachers sent complimentary letters along with orders for reprints. We didn't have them to supply but we used up all the pages from unassembled magazines until the supply was exhausted. We really published Miss Sloate's letter to remind you that your school could be paying for your subscription. Did you ever actually try presenting the advantages of the bulk plan to your principal or supervisor? We are confident that there will be many satisfied subscribers.

The MAGIC FORMULA for Classroom Interest

"After 16 years of classroom teaching I find reference materials more helpful and important than ever. I turn to Compton's for refreshment—for both teacher and pupil."

NEW JERSEY HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER.

"I use Compton's to intrigue, instruct, inspire both the quick learner and the slow. For all creative work—painting, modeling, making maps, murals, dioramas, or puppets—it is my 'ace in the hole'."

CALIFORNIA CLASSROOM TEACHER.

"Let's look it up in Compton's!" is a magic formula that brightens the eyes of every youngster. It is the modern "open sesame" that starts today's students on up-to-date adventures in learning.

The wise teacher always encourages students to look up the answers to their own questions, thus developing research skills so important in modern education.

Teachers and librarians like to send students to Compton's. They know that with a minimum of instruction and with the aid of the never-failing Fact-Index at the back of each Compton volume students find the answers to their questions more quickly than they can find them in any other way.

Students of any grade when looking up information in Compton's find vividly illustrated, interestingly written material on their own reading levels.

This dramatic presentation of information makes young students eager to learn. It enriches every school subject on every grade level from the lower elementary grades through high school.

Compton's unique features—easy-to-use Fact-Index; simple but brilliantly written text; clear, beautifully reproduced pictures with interest-impelling captions and legends—account for Compton's recognized leadership for over 30 years.

Help your students form the look-it-up-in-Compton's habit early. Get Compton's for your classroom as well as for the school library.

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Give these red and green striped pencils in Christmas colors, for gifts this year. Three high quality 5¢ pencils and a 6" ruler, packed in a handsome Xmas Box. Each pencil stamped in gilt with your choice of "Greetings from Your Teacher" or Season's Greetings."

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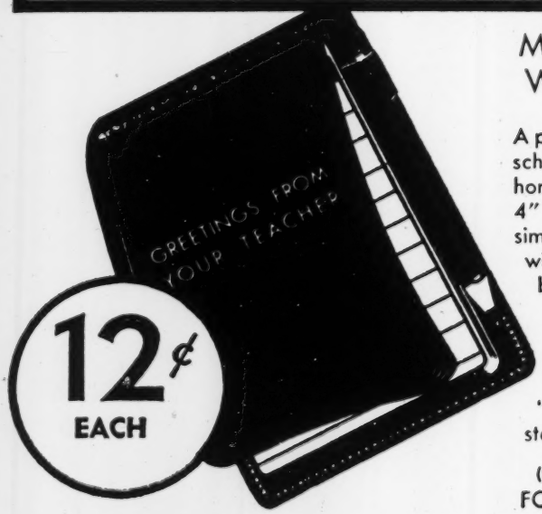

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